BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY
1939

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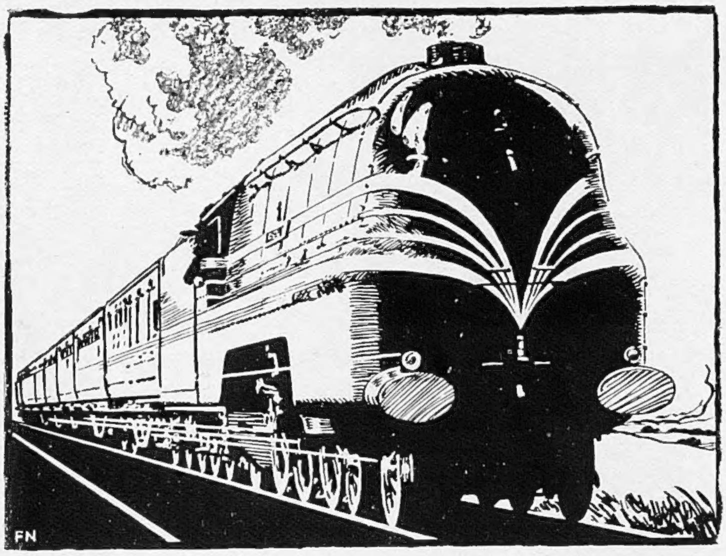

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FROM EUSTON (L M S)

WEEKDAYS

10.0 a.m. "The Royal Scot"—Edinburgh and Glasgow. See note **C.**
10.5 a.m. Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen. See note **D.**
1.15 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Glasgow. See note **A.**
1.30 p.m. "The Coronation Scot"—Glasgow. See note **E.**
1.30 p.m. Glasgow, Runs Friday July 28th and August 4th only.
1.30 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Sats. only. Edinburgh. See note **B.**
1.35 p.m. Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness (except Sats.).
2.0 p.m. "The Midday Scot"—Saturdays excepted. Edinburgh.
2.0. p.m. Glasgow. See note **F.**

SUNDAYS

11.10 a.m. Glasgow. Runs on July 30th only.
11.20 a.m. Glasgow, Stirling, via Glasgow.
11.35 a.m. Glasgow and Edinburgh (Princes Street), also to Perth, Aberdeen and Inverness, via Glasgow.

Notes : A—Will not run after September 2nd. **B**—Also to Glasgow, commencing September 9th. **C**—Edinburgh portion leaves at 10.5 a.m. on Saturdays July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive. **D**—On Saturdays from July 22nd to September 2nd inclusive, leaves at 10.10 a.m. **E**—Saturdays excepted. Will not run on July 28th nor August 4th and 7th. **F**—Applies Monday, August 7th only.

FROM KING'S CROSS (L·N·E·R)

WEEKDAYS

7.25 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth Dundee and Inverness. (On Saturdays 5 minutes later).
9.20 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow. (Saturdays only, 8th July to 2nd September.)
10.0 a.m. "The Flying Scotsman." Edinburgh (non-stop) arr. 5.0, Dundee arr. 6.37, Aberdeen arr. 8.15 p.m.
10.5 a.m. Edinburgh (except Saturdays, July 15th to August 26th), Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.10 a.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Saturdays only, July 15th to August 26th.)
11.20 a.m. "The Queen of Scots" Pullman. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen.
11.50 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, (Saturdays only and not after September 9th)
1.5 p.m. Edinburgh and Glasgow (Saturdays only).
1.20 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth (Inverness—Saturdays excepted).
2.30 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow (Saturdays only and not after September 9th).
4.0 p.m. "The Coronation." Edinburgh (arr. 10.0 p.m.). Glasgow arr. 11.43 p.m., change at Edinburgh. (Saturdays excepted.) Will not run on Friday, August 4th, nor Monday, August 7th.

SUNDAYS

11.0 a.m. "Sunday Scotsman" Edinburgh (non-stop), Glasgow and Dundee. (Not after September 10th.)
11.10 a.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.
1.0 p.m. Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Inverness.

FROM ST. PANCRAS (L M S)

WEEKDAYS

9.5 a.m. "The Thames-Forth Express"—Edinburgh, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.
10.0 a.m. "The Thames-Clyde Express"—Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Ayr, Turnberry.
12.0 noon. Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Ayr, Glasgow (St. Enoch), Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen (and Inverness and Oban—no arrival on Sundays).

SUNDAYS

10.30 a.m. Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Edinburgh and Glasgow, Perth, Inverness and Aberdeen via Glasgow.

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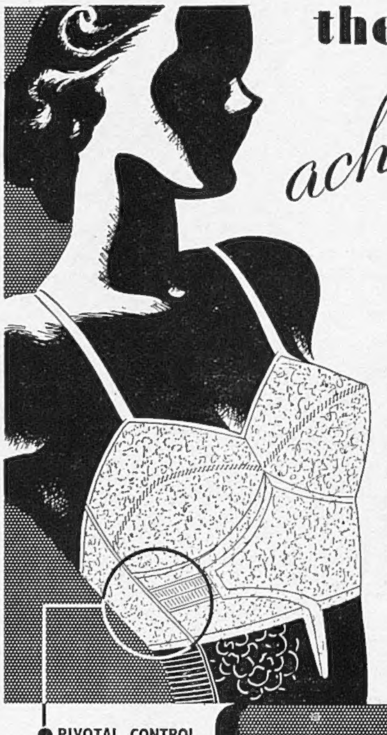

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 19, No. 1. JULY, 1939

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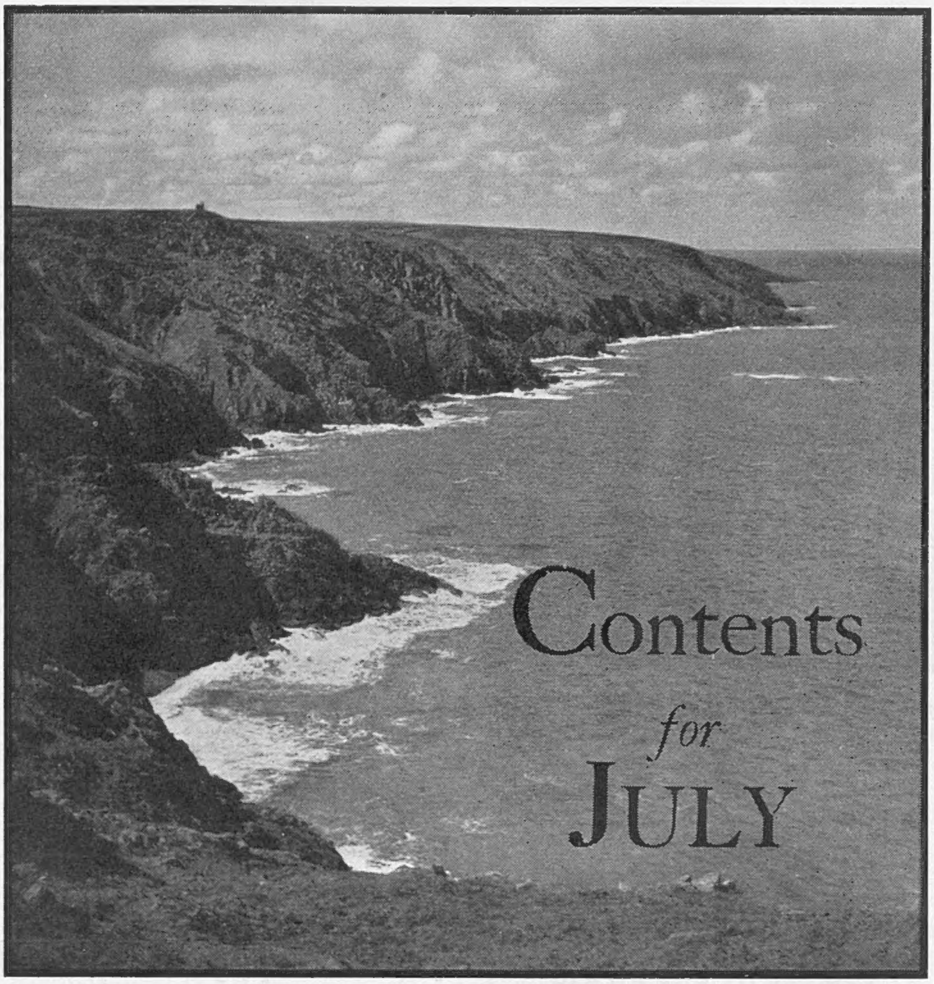

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 126. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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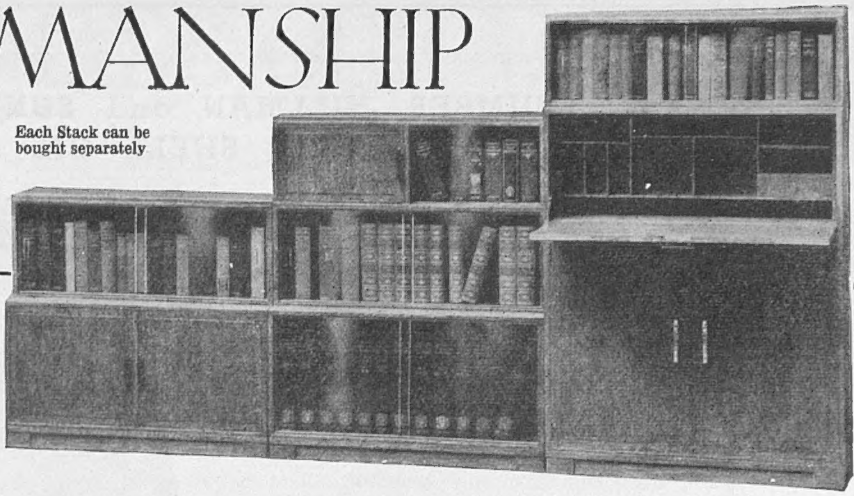

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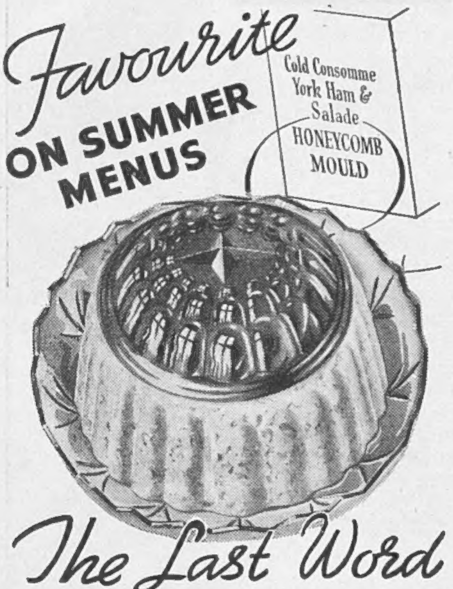

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STARTING
RUNNING

IT

STAYS ON THE JOB

THEY MADE OUR WORLD

CAFE CYRANO

The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

"BECQUEREL'S rays—there is the subject for my thesis."

Pierre Curie smiled agreement and nodded his little beard.

The discovery by Röntgen of X-rays was fairly recent. Becquerel, pursuing the study, was investigating uranium, a rare metal, when he discovered it was emitting an unknown ray. He published his discovery, and the unknown ray was called "Becquerel's ray."

An ardent young Polish science student at the Sorbonne, who had married the physicist, Pierre Curie, saw in the new ray the heaven-sent subject for her thesis. What caused it? Nobody knew. She would probe the mystery.

Working through all substances, she selected pitch-blende, uncovered layer after layer of its elements by chemical analysis, measured the radio-activity of each. At length she concluded that the mysterious ray must be emitted by a new and unsuspected element. But physicists and chemists shrugged when Marie and Pierre announced the probable existence of this element. Plausible, but doubtless an error in experiment and calculation. "Show us," they said. "Give us the atomic weight of your new element."

The tale of the struggle that began then is one of the heroic sagas of science. Without money or aid, in a rain-soaked shed in a Paris back-street, the two stoical young scientists worked to make pitch-blende yield its ultimate secret, the source of its radio-activity, the enchanted new element, *radium*. The element they were hunting down represents one-millionth part of pitch-blende ore. Eight tons of residue yields one gramme. They did not know that then!

PIERRE worked in the shed at the more delicate problems in physics. Marie worked in the open courtyard on the ore. Two brains, four hands—and a woman's will! The frail little woman, wife and mother, stirred the vats with an iron rod as big as herself. She was chemist, physicist, engineer, and manual labourer. Her flesh melted under the toil. But at last Marie and Pierre looked on the miracle—tiny specks of the ultimate extract of pitch-blende, radium, spontaneously luminous, gleaming magically in the dark of the shed-laboratory.

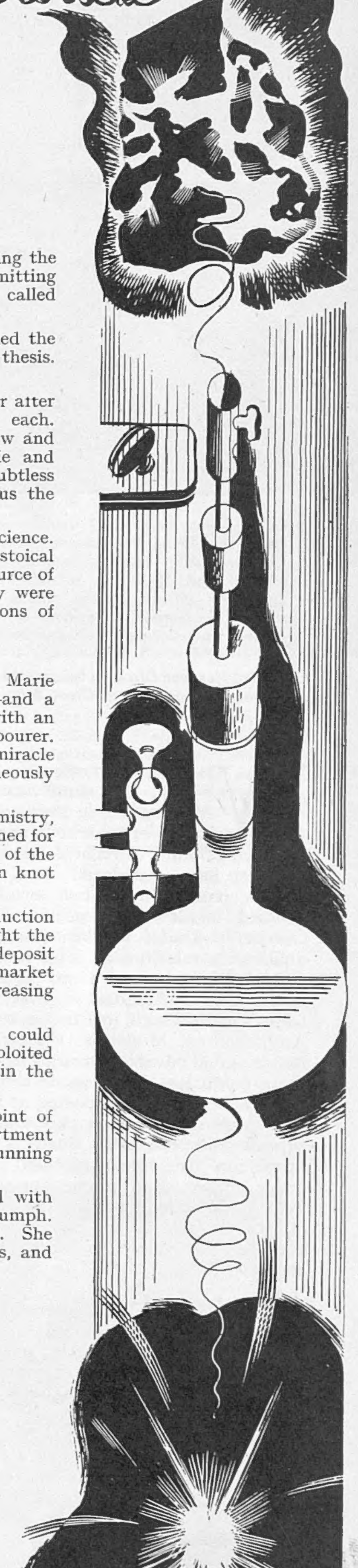
The news exploded like a bomb in the world of science. Physics, chemistry, meteorology, geology, biology, were all profoundly affected. New light dawned for science, and new hope for a human race plagued by that mysterious anarchy of the cells called cancer. Industry had at last a ray which would reveal a hidden knot in a piece of aeroplane timber, a flaw in a vital machine-part casting.

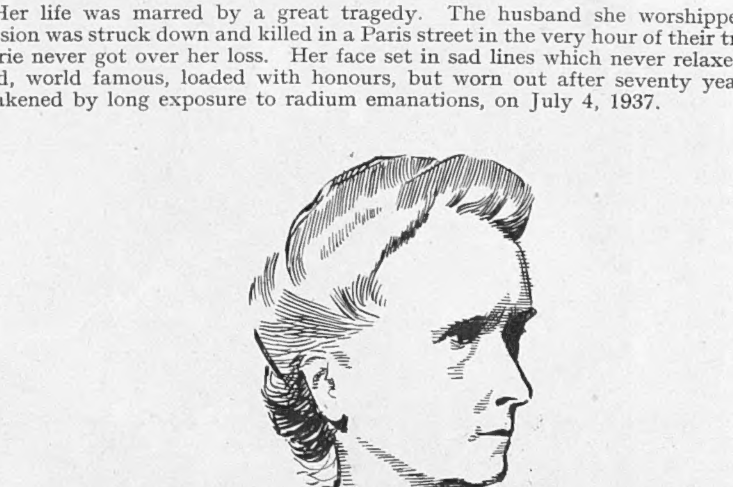
Radium was worth £50,000 an ounce thirty years ago. Increasing production from the Belgian Congo, with an output of thirty-five grammes a year, brought the price down to £15,000. Four years ago the discovery of a new pitch-blende deposit on the shore of Great Bear Lake, on the Arctic Circle, dropped the world market price down to £5,000 a gramme, and the world stock of 700 grammes is now increasing at the rate of 140 grammes a year.

The Curies could have patented their radium-extracting process. They could have grown rich on royalties from radium production. They could have exploited their discovery through a monopoly corporation. They refused to entertain the idea. They were scientists: what they had found belonged to all mankind.

Marie remained always retiring, impersonal, unspoiled, simple to the point of grimness, toiling long hours in her institute, walking three flights up to her apartment every night: her only pleasures in later life some gardening, swimming, and sunning in the south.

Her life was marred by a great tragedy. The husband she worshipped with passion was struck down and killed in a Paris street in the very hour of their triumph. Marie never got over her loss. Her face set in sad lines which never relaxed. She died, world famous, loaded with honours, but worn out after seventy years, and weakened by long exposure to radium emanations, on July 4, 1937.





Shock Times

During his eighteen months as ambassador Herr von Ribbentrop doubled the size of the Carlton House Terrace Embassy, and decorated and furnished it lavishly so that the most brilliant diplomatic parties of the season might be given there. The picture above shows the conference room in the new German Embassy building in London

(Right) Herr von Dircksen became the newly appointed German Ambassador to Great Britain in May, 1938

WHEN Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop "could not find time" to receive the British Ambassador in Berlin, although a new peak of crisis had been reached, and notwithstanding that time was being found to receive far lesser diplomatic fry, many of us must have ejaculated some form of "*phew!*"

How could the British swallow that sort of snubbing? Studied insult? Shades of a Lord Lyons, of a Bryce, a Goschen! Under similar conditions in the past would not diplomatic relations at least have been interrupted?

Probably, yes; yet if no such step was taken in the case of Sir Nevile Henderson that was because these are new times for diplomats in Europe, and not only for British ones. Ambassadors, Ministers, Chargés d'Affaires, are coming in for a good deal of criticism for having supposedly let their countries down by not having kept these adequately posted as to the likely fall of events in this and that capital and country. Such is their prime job—the rôle of glorified intelligence officer—and there appears to exist some ground for the criticism in question. But in all equity certain considerations have to be taken into account.

PERHAPS in no sphere more than the diplomatic have the repercussions of totalitarianism been felt; indeed in some respects it is a kind of continuous earthquake that is taking place. Time-honoured standards and ways of work have vanished, the while shock after shock has to be accepted as the new technique of the accomplished fact is unfolded in feverish fits and starts. Envoys have to navigate in latitudes where every article of good faith, any signed agreement, may be cynically broken. How there have been no diplomatic *hara-kiris* is something of a surprise.

Envoys have never experienced anything approaching such crazy spells of service as have fallen to them during the sustained period of undeclared war —"The White War"—which Europe has been traversing for the past eighteen months.

On the democratic side, when Ambassadors are not making vain protests, or equally vain "inquiries" ordered by their Governments, they are likely to be hopping about in the wake of Führer or Duce, or flying back to report to their own Foreign Offices. Or else they are left wondering whether they are still accredited to countries that have been suppressed overnight. Two months after Hitler grabbed Prague we were still maintaining a Legation there, although the Nazis refused to recognise any representation but our Consulate. Above all, the democratic envoys go in constant danger of living in the dark, thanks to entirely new methods resorted to in hoodwinking them, in leading them up the garden path, and in keeping dead secret the immediate course of events as planned by one or two men, only, at the top of the Axis hierarchy.

As for totalitarian envoys, they have grown to be, roundly, the fountainheads of all information derived or squeezed from Nazi or Fascist colonies in the countries of their service; that, and gramophone records announcing their masters' voices as these come through from their respective capitals. When a really important or intricate moment is reached, it is not unusual for the dictators to recall temporarily their envoys from the very capitals where their presence is most needed. Thus, when Mussolini invaded Albania, where was Count Grandi? Not in London! He might have been invited to answer awkward questions on the eve of that adventure, questions which a Chargé d'Affaires could always regret his inability to reply to, in the absence of his chief.

Sir Nevile Henderson, the British Ambassador in Germany. A man with strength of character is needed to confront an overbearing dictator. Did Henderson show himself early on as being much too responsive to the Nazi doctrine and mentality?

One of the interiors of No. 70 Wilhelmstrasse, the British Embassy building in Berlin, showing the entrance to the beautifully furnished reception room

for DIPLOMATS

Their old leisured ways of working have gone by the board

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, in conference with Herr Hitler. (Left) Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop, who succeeded Baron von Neurath as German Foreign Minister. Previously he was Ambassador to Great Britain, but not a very popular one. (In circle) Franz Von Papen, whom Hitler rushed out to Ankara in the hope that he might queer the pitch for our pact with Turkey

A most intriguing diplomatic technique has been evolved under Ribbentrop and Ciano, for the waging of the Bloodless War, the word that may be said to govern it from top to bottom being " Surprise."

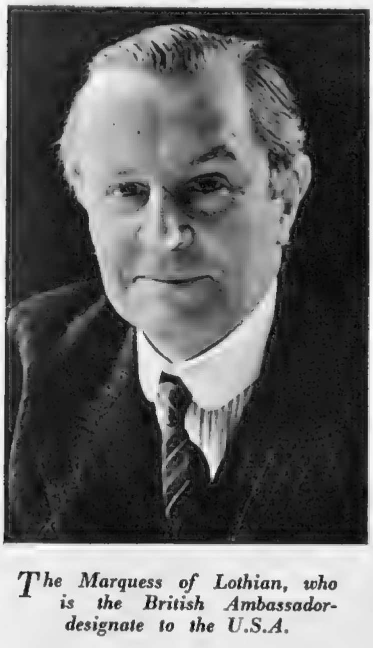
The totalitarian régimes rely paramountly on surprise for the success of their coups. The solitary exception has been the invasion of Abyssinia, which we knew would follow immediately on the cessation of the rains in early October. The entry into the Rhineland was expected for some time in the first half of 1936, but few believed it would come as early as the beginning of March. As we now know, Hitler decided on it only a few days before, on making up his one-man mind that the French would not " march."

And who, on July 19 of the same year, opened their newspapers expecting to read of General Sanjurjo's armed rising against the Spanish Republican Government ? The date had been kept a secret of secrets. I was in Spain much of that early summer, and beyond strongly suspecting that something was brewing from the heavy atmosphere, failed to pierce what was in the air, and, above all, *when.*

The motorised advance on Vienna fell like a stroke of lightning. If the doomed Schuschnigg did warn of it the night before, any number of Viennese awoke to find German troops already astoundingly descended from aircraft at the Anspach airport. Just one year later Hitler put over his record surprise (to date) in tearing up the Munich Agreement, mounting his Mercedes in the direction of Prague, and sleeping the same night in the historic Bohemian national castle of the Hradchin. The Führer will have to go pretty hard to beat that surprise. Memel, which directly followed, was at least foreseen as being extremely likely, two or three days previously. In fact, next after Prague ranks the Duce's Albanian coup. Suspicious talks with Albanian leaders there had been, yet none had an inkling that the conquest lay so close at hand, or was to be cast for a Good Friday. Without doubt, the choice of this day was part and parcel of cunning Fascist surprise strategy.

In order to bring about these surprises beyond price, the totalitarian bosses rely on several factors which it might be as well for us to note.

They do not employ big men in embassies and legations abroad. With the exception of Count (*Continued on page* 115)



The Marquess of Lothian, who is the British Ambassador-designate to the U.S.A.

Sir Percy Loraine, who has succeeded Lord Perth as British Ambassador to Italy

Lord Perth, the late Ambassador to Italy. Mussolini often treated him with contempt

Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, was absent from England during the Easter crisis

A Hero *of*

A present-day portrait of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior

(On left)
Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Joan Crawford became engaged six months after their first meeting, and in October 1929 they were married in New York

I WAS born in New York City on Broadway, which could not be more theatrical, could it? That was in 1909. Very few Americans can claim to be born in New York—I believe it it is one in nineteen, and still fewer on Broadway: it must be one in so many millions. My actual birthplace, for what it is worth, was in a flat in the Apthorpe Apartments, a block of flats on Seventy-Eighth Street, belonging to my maternal grandfather, Daniel J. Sully. He had been famous in the business world as a "cotton-king," but the slump in 1903 had completely wrecked him. Everyone in the city here or in Wall Street knew of him. He was an almost legendary figure, being the only man ever to corner the cotton market of the world. He had many interests in England as well as in America. My mother had never had anything to do with the theatre before she met my father. My father's family had never had anything to do with the theatre, either. My paternal grandfather was a barrister—a very well-known one who inaugurated the Bar Association of New York. Incidentally, I have English, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish blood in me as well as a very little French and a tiny bit of German.

It was in 1907 that they married and I was born two years later, while my father was making £50 a week in "A Gentleman from Mississipi." In those days that was a very good salary, as you can imagine. I was a year old, still bald and grinning from ear to ear, when I paid my first visit to England. For the next six months we lived in a house at Bourne End, and though I don't remember it, I was taken to my first Derby in 1910 in my mother's arms. They also tell me that a kind friend used to feed me with spoonfuls of jam behind my mother's back, but this did not do me any harm. My memory is naturally somewhat vague about this period. I know, however, that we went back to America and then came over intermittently, and I recall being given a guard's uniform and bearskin at the age of five. In it I used to try and walk up and down with the sentries outside Buckingham Palace. One day King George V. drove out, and I yelled and he happened to bow in my direction. After that I told everybody that he knew me very well but that I thought little of his soldiers because they would not talk to me. Almost certainly, if I could see myself at that age again, I would regard myself as an insufferable little brat. It is odd how most parents' stories are so cute that they make one almost sick to listen to them.

It was when I was nine that my father and mother separated, but before that I had already made my début on the screen. I played the part of the newsboy in my father's film, "The American Aristocracy," as well as other bits in "The Half-Breed." But my chief memory of that is a woolly, scratchy costume that made me itch all over. As soon as the divorce became final father married Mary Pickford, and mother also married again. There are always periods in a person's life which one does not care to go into. This is one of them. Anyway, I went to live with mother, though I saw my father quite often.

During the war, by the way, my father wanted to join up, but President Wilson said he was far more valuable behind the lines than at the front, and refused to allow him to enlist, so he sold Liberty Bonds and helped with recruiting. Sometimes I was brought on the platform myself and used to sell bonds. On another occasion we paraded all down Wall Street and Fifth Avenue, I being carried along as a mascot.

(Below)
A scene from the war film "Dawn Patrol." After much difficulty, and thanks to the co-operation of Howard Hawkes and Dick Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, got the part of "Scotty," an R.A.F. officer in the "Dawn Patrol," which was a big success

the Screen ... *The Life Story of Douglas Fairbanks,* Jnr. *as told to* Charles Graves

(to be concluded in two parts)

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in a scene with Mary Brian from one of his early films, "It's Tough to be Famous"

(In circle)
Dolores del Rio and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in the murder drama, "Accused." The United States did not like this picture, and it was not a box-office success

Mother's financial affairs after she married again turned out disastrously. Most of her money went in a bad investment, and we went to Paris because everything was cheaper there in those days. I had been to school in California and New York and had shown a precocious talent at drawing and sculpture. The idea was that I should now learn foreign languages as well as studying with Styles Dickinson, who painted very good miniatures for fashionable people. We lived at a little pension in the rue Balzac while I studied at the Quai de Bourbon. Indeed, I almost lived there. Times were very bad, and though my father never knew it, the food question was sometimes a source of real anxiety. Meantime, I studied soulpture with a Russian who spoke no English and very poor French, so that we conversed mostly in signs.

After a while mother went back to the United States to straighten things out, taking me with her, but after a short time we returned to England and spent the summer there. We had many friends and stayed in the Buckingham Palace Road. Family finances, however, went from bad to worse. Father wanted me to go back to school, but I refused to do so. Then William Elliott, the theatre manager and son-in-law of Morris Guest, who was a nice man, thought it would be a good idea if I went into films. You see, even at that tender age I was always reciting, and for my own amusement had memorised two complete plays of Shakespeare, "Richard III." and "Julius Cæsar." I knew all the parts. Even though I was so young I was very precocious and wanted to stand on my own and not on my father's name. Yes, on looking back, I am sure that I was a most offensive youngster. Mr. Elliott said it was essential to call myself Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, even on the screen. I refused at first, but the situation had become so very serious that I agreed. I thought that maybe once I was in Hollywood I could talk them out of making me use my father's name and invented a whole string of stage names of my own for them to select from. I can't remember any of them now, but in any event, it didn't matter. They insisted on calling me Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

Incidentally, on our journey across America, we found ourselves in that terrible railway accident which involved the "Twentieth Century," the crack express. Our coach was the fourth from the end of the train, and another train ran into us,

(*Continued on page* 108)

While she was in England, Marlene Dietrich was escorted to many social occasions by Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. Here they are at the première of "Accused" at the London Pavilion

(Left)
Gertrude Lawrence and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, supping together after her successful first night in Noel Coward's "To-night at 8.30"

Wings *of* To-morrow

Aviation has made such giant strides in the last ten years that only the reckless now predict that something is improbable, impossible or impracticable in the air realm

By C. Patrick Thompson

"THEY 'LL have to do something about these airways in a year or two. Traffic conditions are getting worse and worse. . . . Damn these Friday-night pilots ! "

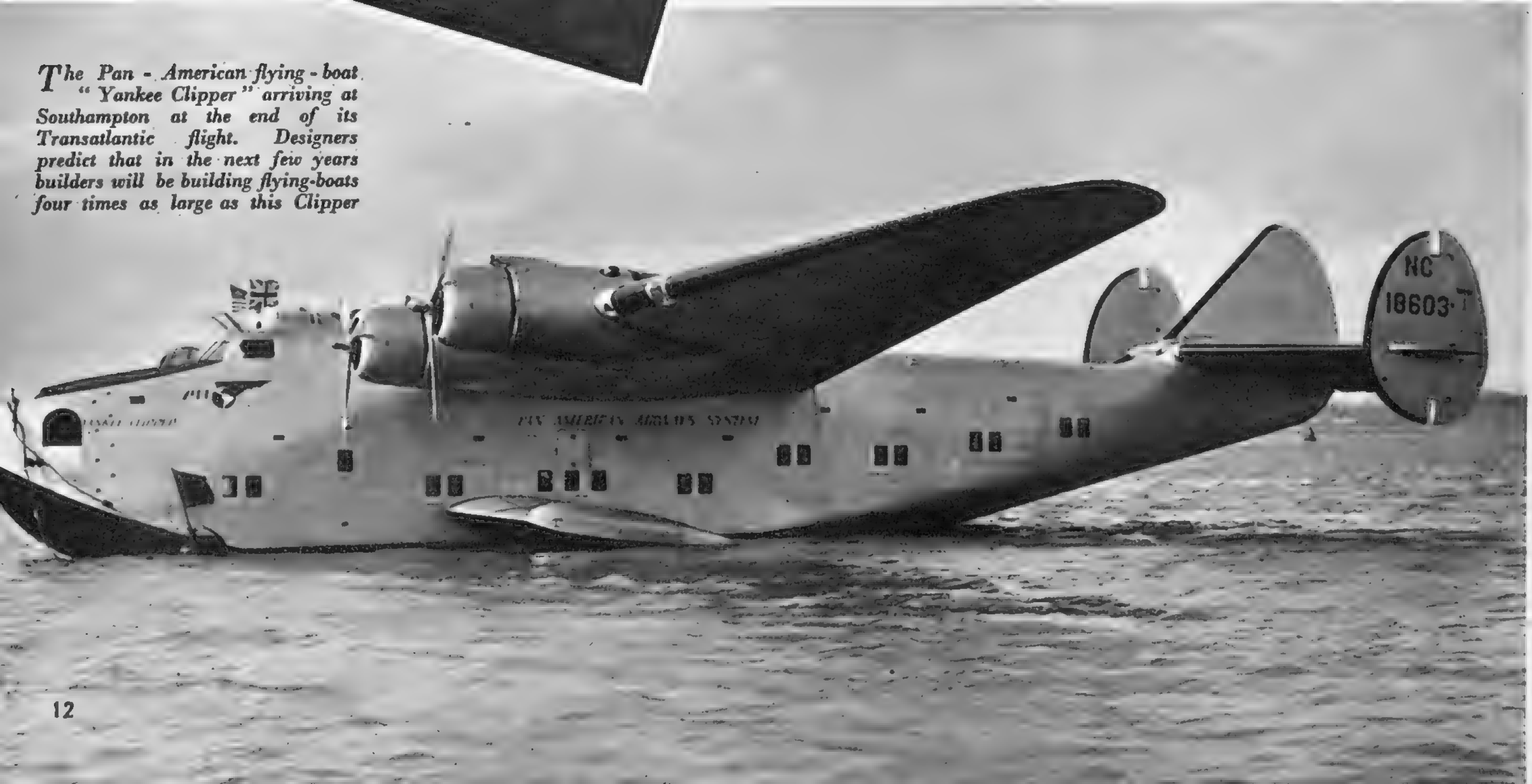
Mr. John Smith adroitly avoided a sideswipe from a neat green model, and brought his car-plane back into the light path of the London-Paris air-road. It was thronged with little two-seaters and family saloons taking the after-theatre crowd back to their homes in south England and the new garden cities strung endlessly along the coast belt of north and north-west France. Mrs. Smith looked out of the starboard window at the winking Milky Way of the south-north private traffic.

" It was worse before they made one-way lanes," she remarked. " Do you remember when that drunken Frenchman nearly flew nose-on into us ? " Her husband grimaced at remembrance of that narrow shave. Mrs. Smith's sister said, " Oh, oh ! " and drew their attention to a line of lights flying up from the bright patch of Southampton airport, away to the west.

" There goes the New York express. If you weren't dropping me, you 'd be on it."

" We 'd have missed it, anyway," said her brother-in-law politely. " Besides, I prefer the French boats. You can make them easily after a show, and they don't dump you in New York quite with the morning

Like a line of soldiers marching in perfect order abreast. A striking picture of Hawker Hart " Furies " flying over the South of England



The Pan - American flying - boat " Yankee Clipper " arriving at Southampton at the end of its Transatlantic flight. Designers predict that in the next few years builders will be building flying-boats four times as large as this Clipper milk. It's the old American rush. They'd die if they didn't get their English mail before leaving for the office. The French are more civilised. They think of human comfort—and let the mails go hang."

"All the same, better step on it, darling," said his wife, glancing at her watch, "or we'll be having breakfast coffee at home instead of New York to-morrow."

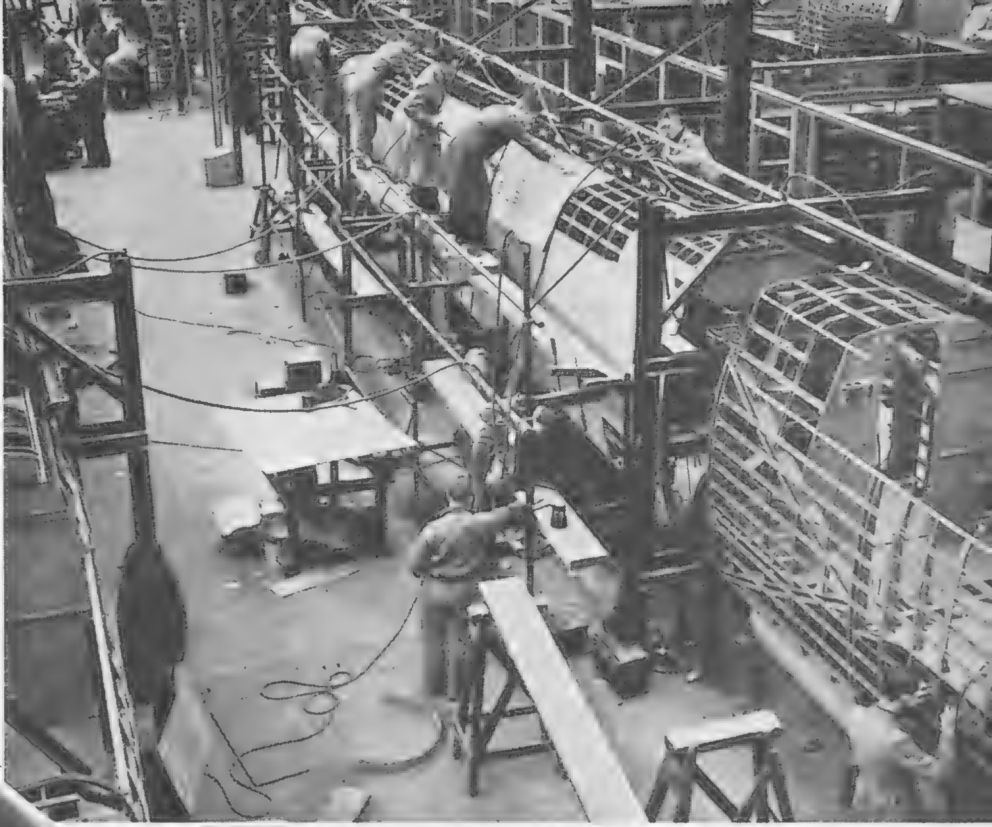
Mr. Smith edged up and started to pass flyers at speed. His home was down in the verdant woods back of Le Touquet and Parisplage, one of the estate developments made practicable by the coming of the vertical-lift private plane. As a boy, he had lived at Woking, and it had taken his father longer to motor between there and town in the business-rush hours over traffic-jammed roads than it took John Smith, jun. to move between town and his French coast home by family car-plane — and his was only a modest 180 m.p.h. machine, not a sports model by any means, and barred from the high-speed private-plane lanes above 5,000 feet.

But in those days they were only just starting to bridge the Atlantic and Pacific with trans-oceanic air mail services. He could remember when the *Yankee Clipper* inaugurated the first regular transatlantic airmail service, flying leisurely on the southerly route, leaving New York at six o'clock on Saturday evening, landing for early breakfast at Horta in the Azores next morning, taking off after lunch and reaching Lisbon in time for Sunday supper, and coming round to Southampton by way of Marseilles on the Tuesday. Air history in the making!

But father had been a bit impatient about it. For one thing, he said, the British ought to have beaten the Yanks to it. For another, they ought to get a ten-hour north-Atlantic service started by way of Greenland and Labrador, and risk fog and wing-ice. The *Yankee Clipper* wasn't much better than the *Queen Mary* boat mail. Letters put aboard her Saturday wouldn't reach him until Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning. Four days gone! But those were the days of the shadow of the second world war. All the nations arming like fury. Conscription in England. Over six hundred millions for arms in the budget that year. King and Queen visiting the American president. And whatnot. Business and markets were all over the place. The *Clipper* was bringing a long important letter on this business of America swapping cotton for Britain's rubber. Father was fuming. He said a man had to ruin himself using phone and cable, waiting for letters, when, if they'd only put a fast plane service on the Atlantic, he could cross overnight, do his business next day, and be back in time for market opening day after.

A poke brought him out of the queer old past. "We have to drop Beryl, dear," reminded his wife. Down ahead, the red neon of his colony's little airport winked at him. "I'll tell Maggie to switch on the roof lights." She reached for the radio-telephone. John turned down out of the traffic lane, located his house, and switched on the rotor. He descended on a plumb line. Beryl had the door open as he touched. "'Bye, and thanks a lot," she called, and hopped out. John revved up the rotor and slipped in the propeller clutch. They rose at an angle instead of straight up, cutting minutes back to the Paris air lane.

Traffic beyond the residential strip was thin. In twenty minutes John saw the sky glow of Paris. He turned south-west off the main traffic route, and turned at the neon flashing the code sign of the Etang de Saint-Quentin airport between Trappes and Saint-Cyr. Moving streaks of light marked the traffic on the (*Continued on page* 98)



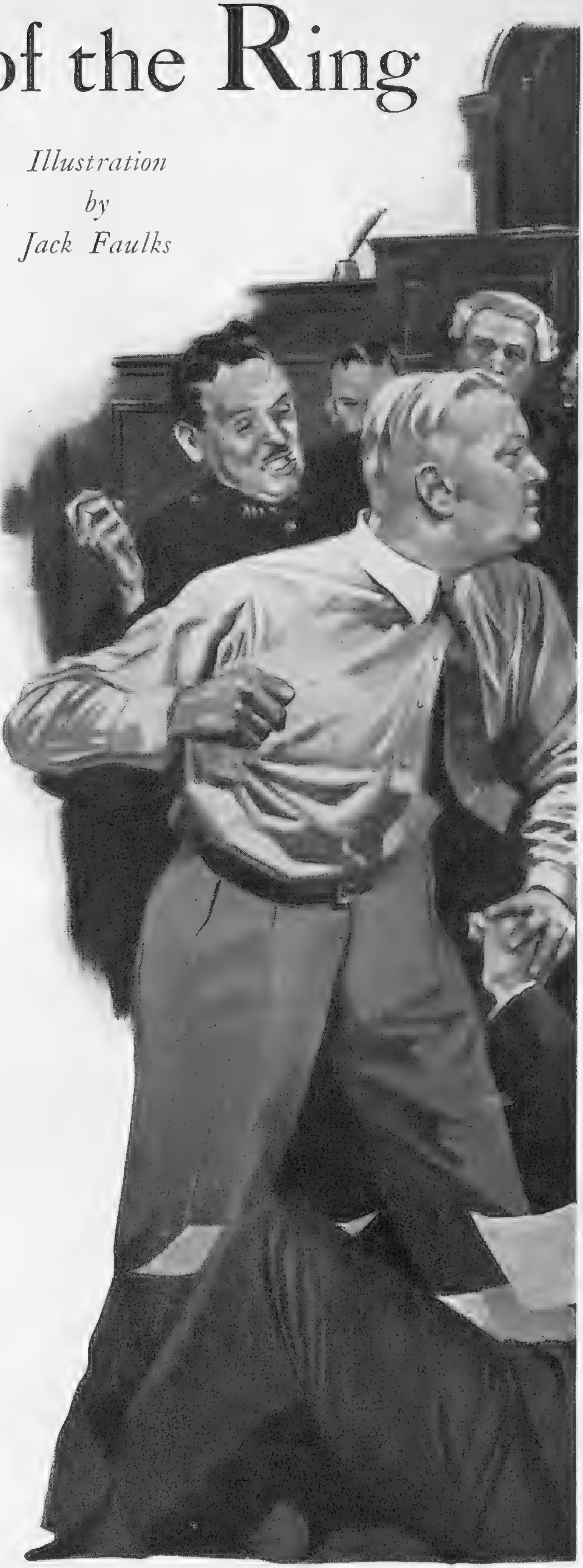
MASS production of aeroplanes. Constructing the fuselages of the Armstrong-Whitworth "Whitley" bombers, in which all the elements are standardised to make construction as simple as possible. The men are putting the skin on to the framework, using pneumatic tools in the process

A BRISTOL "Bombay." This powerful machine is used as a troop carrier

A TRIO of Bristol "Blenheim" bombers in flight. These are long range strategical, reconnaissance machines

Seconds out of the Ring

Illustration by Jack Faulks



THE trouble between the two Scotch millionaires had been brewing for a good many years. It was a rivalry that really dated from the time when they were a pair of penniless, red-headed newsboys running barefoot about the Glasgow streets. In those days their one recreation was to go and have a bash at each other in the wynd behind the kirk after Sunday school. As Wullie and Hamish then they had been as tough as a pair of gumboots and neither had ever gained the upper hand. Now, as Sir William Alexander and Sir Hamish Mackay, they were no less tough; and they still got more satisfaction by doing each other out of threepence than by extracting a thousand pounds from the simple Southerner.

The actual quarrel which led to this strange affair was over the ownership of a patent. Years ago, when they had been working together, Wullie, in Hamish's time and with Hamish's material, had invented some radio gadget which had been patented in both their names. Almost immediately after the patent was taken out, they got bashing at each other again, and the partnership went into violent dissolution. Neither of them had worried much about the patent for some time after that—for the very good reason that it did not seem likely to be of any value. Lately, however, they had both independently improved on the original idea and were beginning to make a fortune out of it. It was then that Wullie and Hamish each began to be eaten by the thought that he would be making double the fortune if only he could prevent the other from using the patent. So now they started to write threatening letters to each other and talk about counsel's opinion.

THE question was extremely complicated, and probably no further action would ever have been taken had not some well-meaning, Geneva-minded friend tried to bring them together and let bygones be bygones. His idea was that there was plenty for all in the fruits of the patent and that the best way for them to make it up would be over some friendly game. So the silly ass arranged a round of golf. Even this might possibly have passed off all right had not Wullie and Hamish insisted on playing for a ball—specified value two shillings. But they did; and that finally brought matters to a head.

Even at board meetings in correct morning dress Wullie and Hamish generally succeeded in looking like the couple of tough Jocks that they still were. They were both short, with big shoulders and rather bandy legs, and on this occasion in their loud check tweeds they looked more knobbly and disreputable than usual. However, the Geneva-minded friend gave them a very good lunch and the three started off with their caddies in excellent fettle. All went fairly well until the third hole, when Wullie refused to concede a putt of fifteen inches which Hamish then proceeded to miss. Hamish retaliated at the next hole by whistling "Auld Lang Syne" as Wullie was playing out of a very nasty place in a bunker. From then on they watched each other like lynxes while the Geneva-minded friend vainly tried to make pleasant conversation. When Wullie won a hole, Hamish made some disparaging remark about folk getting thin on the top; and when Hamish won a hole, Wullie was equally caustic about folk getting thick round the bottom. The friend was already wishing he had taken an aspirin and gone to bed.

Finally they reached the eighteenth tee all square, and they both hooked their drives round their ears into very thick rough. A long hunt ensued, and at last one ball was found, which was immediately claimed by both Wullie and Hamish, although it was of a different make from the balls either had been using at the beginning of the round. Wullie said he had cut his at the fifteenth and changed it, and his caddie, hoping for a big tip, said nothing. Hamish announced just as blandly that he had changed his at the last tee, and his caddie did not even know whether he was lying or not. The Geneva-minded friend suggested faintly that they should go on looking for the other ball—or perhaps balls—but the situation had already gone too far for any such non-intervention stuff.

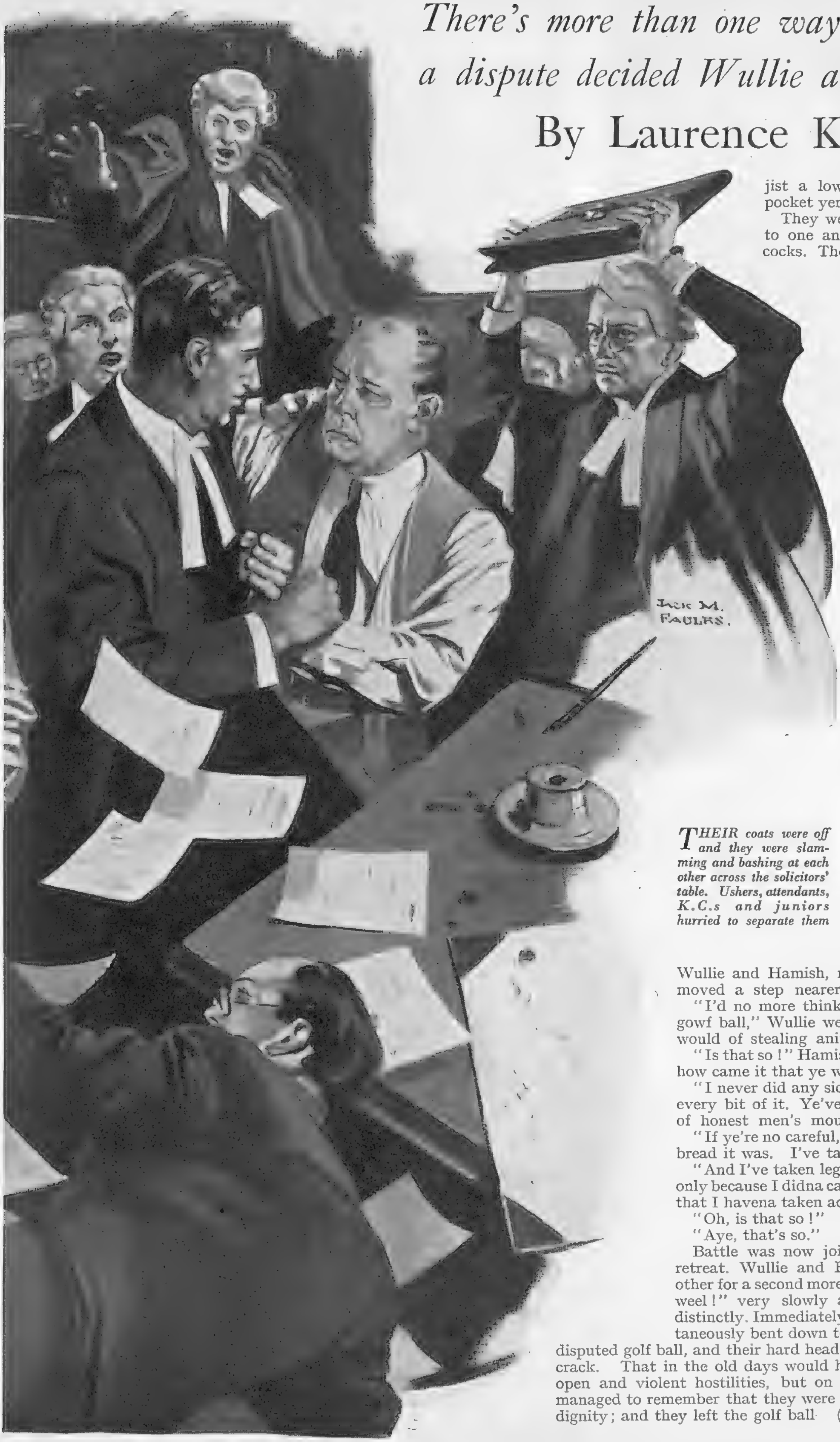
"Ye're jist a damned dirty thief, Wullie!" Hamish loudly asserted. "And that's all ye've ever been."

Wullie took up the challenge at once.

"Ye'd better mind what ye're saying, Hamish," he answered fiercely. "I'll no be standing any slander from ye, for ye're

There's more than one way of settling a dispute decided Wullie and Hamish

By Laurence Kirk


JACK M. FAULKS.

THEIR coats were off and they were slamming and bashing at each other across the solicitors' table. Ushers, attendants, K.C.s and juniors hurried to separate them

jist a low mean pinching pickpocket yersel'."

They were already squaring up to one another like two fighting cocks. The Geneva-minded friend was dancing round them on his toes and murmuring: "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" while feeble shouts of "Fore!" came from the unfortunate players behind. The caddies seemed to be rather enjoying it and quite ready to join in on their respective sides.

"To think that ye'd do a thing like this!" Hamish went on sadly. "Jist for a twa shilling gowf ball—I never thought it of ye, Wullie."

"And mean as ye are," Wullie retorted, "I never thought ye'd sink to such depths, and all jist because I was beating ye at a game of gowf."

"Ye were never beating me. Ye couldna do it!"

"I could!"

"Ye couldna!"

"I could indeed!"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" pleadingly from the friend again.

"Fore, fore!" faintly from the players behind. But Wullie and Hamish, now fully aroused, just moved a step nearer to each other.

"I'd no more think of telling lees aboot a gowf ball," Wullie went on hastily, "than I would of stealing anither man's invention."

"Is that so!" Hamish shouted back. "Then how came it that ye went and stole mine?"

"I never did any sich thing. It was me ain, every bit of it. Ye've been taking bread oot of honest men's mouths for years."

"If ye're no careful, I'll soon show ye whose bread it was. I've taken legal opinion!"

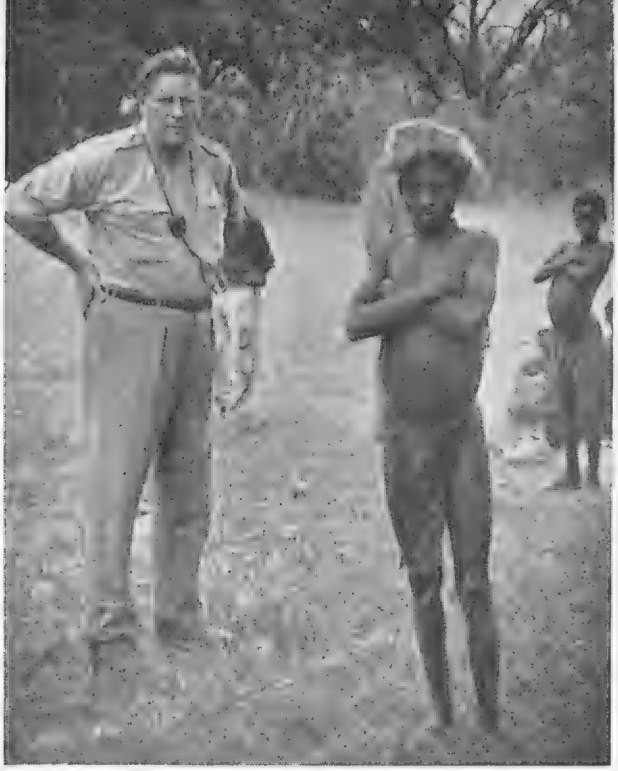
"And I've taken legal opinion, too. It was only because I didna care to ruin a puir old man that I havena taken action before."

"Oh, is that so!"

"Aye, that's so."

Battle was now joined and there was no retreat. Wullie and Hamish glared at each other for a second more, then both said, "Verra weel!" very slowly and threateningly and distinctly. Immediately afterwards they simultaneously bent down to gain possession of the disputed golf ball, and their hard heads met with a resounding crack. That in the old days would have been the signal for open and violent hostilities, but on this occasion they just managed to remember that they were men of importance and dignity; and they left the golf ball

(*Continued on page* 111)



Negley Farson photographed alongside a Bushman. This picture gives a good idea of the relative size of the Kalahari Bushmen

A group of Kalahari Bushmen photographed with "Tame" Jacobus

They Are

AFTER being fairly well exhausted by the benefits of our civilisation, it was an interesting sensation to watch people who were managing to get along without any of them—the Bushmen.

As late as 1910 the farmers around Grootfontein, in South-West Africa, were petitioning the magistrate to let them class the Bushmen as *vogelfrei*, vermin—as game allowed to be shot all the year around. But the magistrate said: "No, they are human." This is often quoted. And so, they were not *legally* placed as a target. But, if a man shot a Bushman, he was not tried for murder. The result was that the Bushmen got shot.

The result of this was that the Bushman was forced into a secretive life *vis-à-vis* the white man, where he vanished at your approach. No contact was made with them—especially with their minds. The farmers shot them, because in time of drought—when the game left the country for waterholes farther north—the Bushmen slaughtered a cow or so to keep alive.

In this the farmers only followed the earlier example in South Africa of civilisation spreading up from the Cape. They shot the Bushmen like baboons. They organised hunts against them.

In this they paralleled the early Scotch sheep ranchers in Patagonia and Southern Chile. "If you didn't shoot the Indians," said these independent men, "the Indians shot you." The result was, that there were professional "Indian hunters." They got paid $10 for each pair of Indian's ears. I met men in Southern Chile who have not paid this bounty personally, but who have ranched with men who boasted they had paid it.

When relating this fact at my London club one night, I was upset to have a noted South American traveller openly contradict my account. "That's not true," he said, "the price was fifty cents."

This man who took two years riding two horses from Buenos Aires to Washington, D.C., knows what he is talking about, so far as South America is concerned. And if you take the trouble to read a few unexpurgated, unromanticised histories of the white man's northward expansion from the Cape you will see that I have pulled a very small bow indeed, so far as the destruction of the primitive Bushman is concerned.

TO-DAY, it is suddenly being realised that these almost extinct Bushmen—South-West Africa is the only part in the world where they still remain—are one of the most interesting races in the world. It is now claimed, in some scientific quarters, that they were the original inhabitants of Dodogne, in Southern France. It is realised that their rock-paintings, previously accepted without any meditation, indicate an astonishingly high artistic capacity. They possess a knowledge of medicinal and poisonous herbs superior to any other natives. And, when you come into close contact with them for a time, you get glimpses into a life where that lovable quality, humour, holds a very high place.

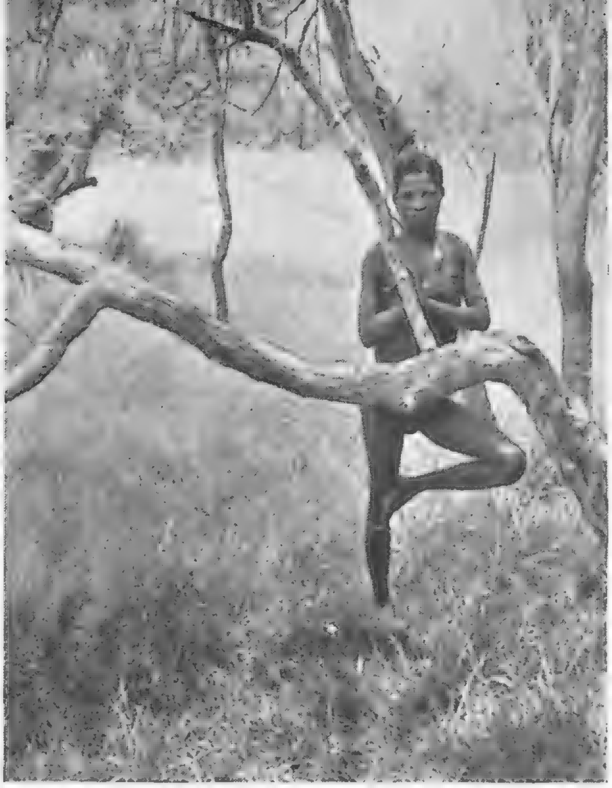
For instance, in the eastern uninhabited territory of Ovamboland, near the Okavango River, we made contact with some Kung Bushmen. Previous stories that they could hit a Three Castle tin at 200 yards with their arrows, I found unconfirmed. The whole tribe of some twenty males and young boys shot for fifteen minutes at a red bag of tobacco we hung on a bush only twenty-five yards from them.

True, there was a young boy among them, shooting with a wooden-tipped bird-arrow, who grazed the four by three

The Bushmen mothers carry their children like this on their ever-wandering life. Everything that a Bushman owns is carried on his, or her, person—children and all

"Jacobus the Tame" Bushman smokes his pipe. It is nothing but four inches of straight plumbing pipe

A posed picture of Bushmen shooting with bow and arrow



A splendid type, showing what fine specimens the Bushmen occasionally can produce

Human . . .

By Negley Farson

In this, the last of a short series of articles on Africa, the author vividly describes the life and habits of the Bushmen

inch bag several times. They made little clucking noises as they lamented their inability to win the tobacco. These clucks or clicks come from their inability to pronounce consonants. The tiny boy (the oldest man did not come up to my shoulder) was the one I wanted to have won the tobacco. I hung my battered felt hat over the red sac, and told him to shoot at that.

His first arrow ripped a hole through the top of my hat. As I stood there, with my finger sticking out of the hole, the entire tribe of Bushmen rocked and clicked with laughter. They had never seen anything so funny—they had ruined my hat!

Similarly, when we contacted some Kalahari Bushmen on the edge of the desert east of Grootfontein, all their fear of us disappeared when they started playing a game around their fire at night. The game consisted in squatting in two opposite rows facing each other. They slapped their legs in chorus, clapped their hands criss-cross across their breasts—then suddenly held up one hand with either one, two, three or four fingers held upright. It was a game of "matching." And when a man's opposite number lost, he had to come one hop forward.

When he came where the other man could touch him—he was captured.

Their yellow, bulge-headed faces were grinning with delight in the rose firelight. They were laughing and shouting taunts at one another. Yet all the time a queer mass-noise was emanating from them. . . .

At first I thought it must be a high wind sweeping through the tips of the low camel-thorns above us. Then I looked around to see if someone was not working a pair of gigantic bellows. Then I became aware that this rhythmic "huffing" was coming from inside their stomachs. They were able to do a physical thing that no white man can do —not even a professional ventriloquist. For, at the same time they were jabbering away at each other—with those grotesque clicks—they were actually using their stomachs as bellows, forcing air in and out their throats.

It was the most eerie, sinister, almost alarming sound I have ever heard. Their diminutive women, with little breasts like peaches, were sitting in a long, solemn line watching this performance. They wore little else than beads. And they sat, with one elbow placed on an upright knee, with their chins cupped in the palm of that hand. The posture was startlingly like a bevy of débutantes in a box at the pantomime.

That night three Englishmen and I watched four Bushmen doctors — witch doctors, if you like—dance an initiate into a state of hypnosis. He went completely "out." One of these Englishmen, a man from Dorset, who has lived adjacent to these Bushmen for fifteen years (and is, therefore, not so frightening to them), stepped into the circle of firelight and tried to open one of the initiate's eyes.

He asked me to prop up the young Bushman, while he tried it. He pressed back the lids. (*Continued on page* 94)

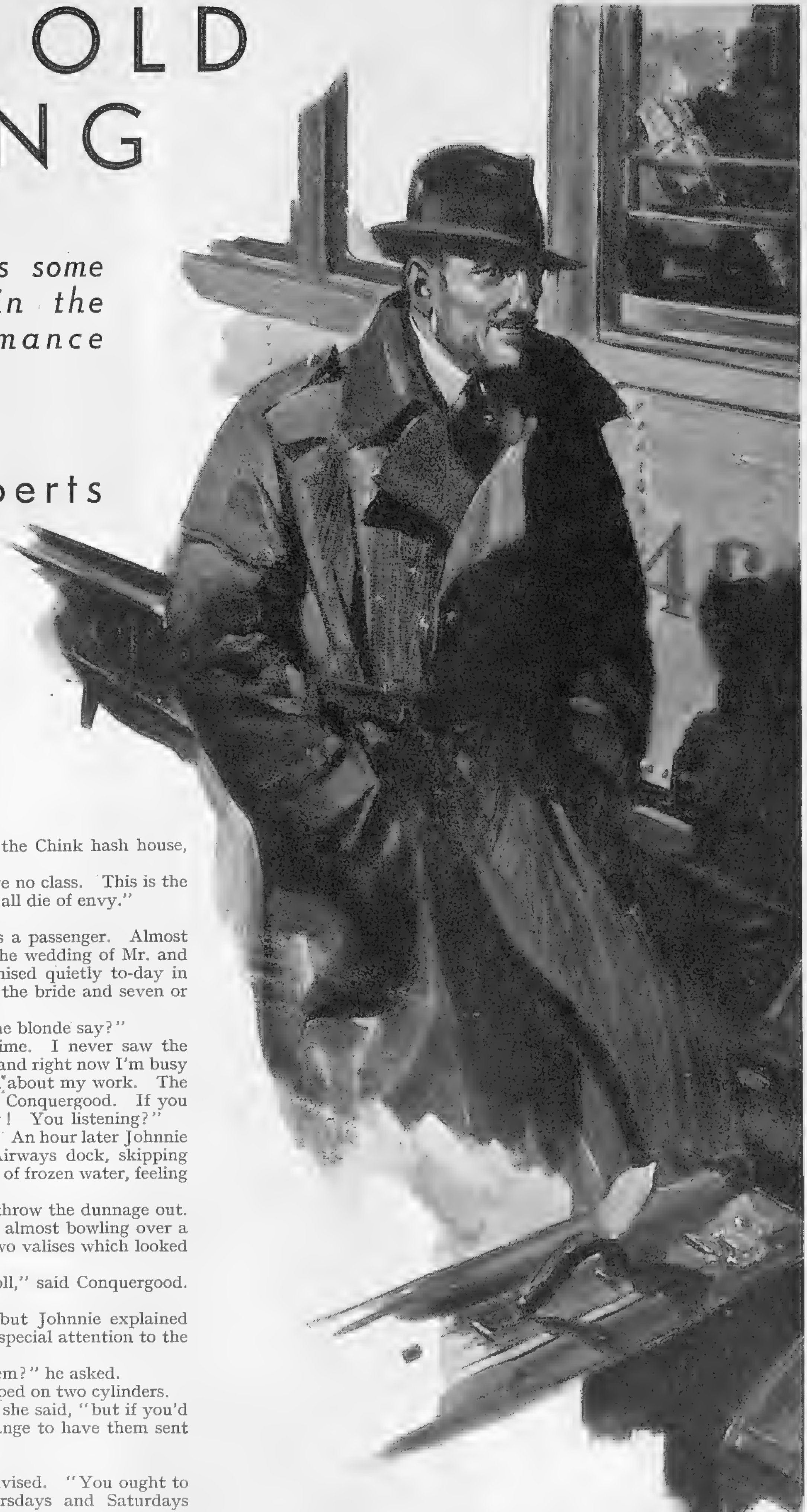
There is something lovable in this Bushman mother's face. The children are like little foxes when they are alone on the ground

This Bushman gets some small satisfaction from one of the author's cigarettes. He would much prefer real tobacco in a pipe of steel tubing

THAT OLD FEELING

An Aviator does some blind flying in the realms of romance

By Leslie Roberts



HE put the valises down by the Pullman steps and said, "Well, good-bye. It was nice to know you, Miss Murdoch—romantic"

JOHNNIE CONQUERGOOD came slamming down the alley from Spirit Island in the KD2 with plenty of height under an azure winter sky. The alley was smooth as satin, and Johnnie whistled as he went. Over Little Spruce Falls he clipped on the head phones and threw in the switch.

"Conquergood to Transportia," he said. "Hiya, Charlie!"

"Go ahead, Johnnie."

"Say, Charlie, ever see a blonde around here about five feet one, pretty as a picture and lots of voom?"

"Sure I have. That's Hilda, from the Chink hash house, over at Firedale."

"Trouble with you, Charles, you have no class. This is the blonde to end all blondes. The others all die of envy."

"Some new number of yours?"

"No, mug," said Johnnie. "This is a passenger. Almost any time now you'll be reading that the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Conquergood was solemnised quietly to-day in the presence of immediate relations of the bride and seven or eight corny aeroplane pilots."

"You work fast, boy. What does the blonde say?"

"Give me time, Charles, give me time. I never saw the woman until she stepped into the ship, and right now I'm busy flying this crate. You know how I am about my work. The path of duty is the way to glory, says Conquergood. If you don't believe me, ask Tennyson. Hey! You listening?"

But Transportia had gone off the air. An hour later Johnnie came in across Lonely Lake to the Airways dock, skipping snow ridges across the last twenty miles of frozen water, feeling like a king.

He collected the tickets and helped throw the dunnage out. Then he jumped down on to the dock, almost bowling over a breed porter who had just picked up two valises which looked like women's baggage.

"You take that packsack and bedroll," said Conquergood. "I'll look after these."

The girl asked him not to bother, but Johnnie explained that Airways expects its pilots to give special attention to the comfort of the line's lady passengers.

"Where would you like me to take 'em?" he asked.

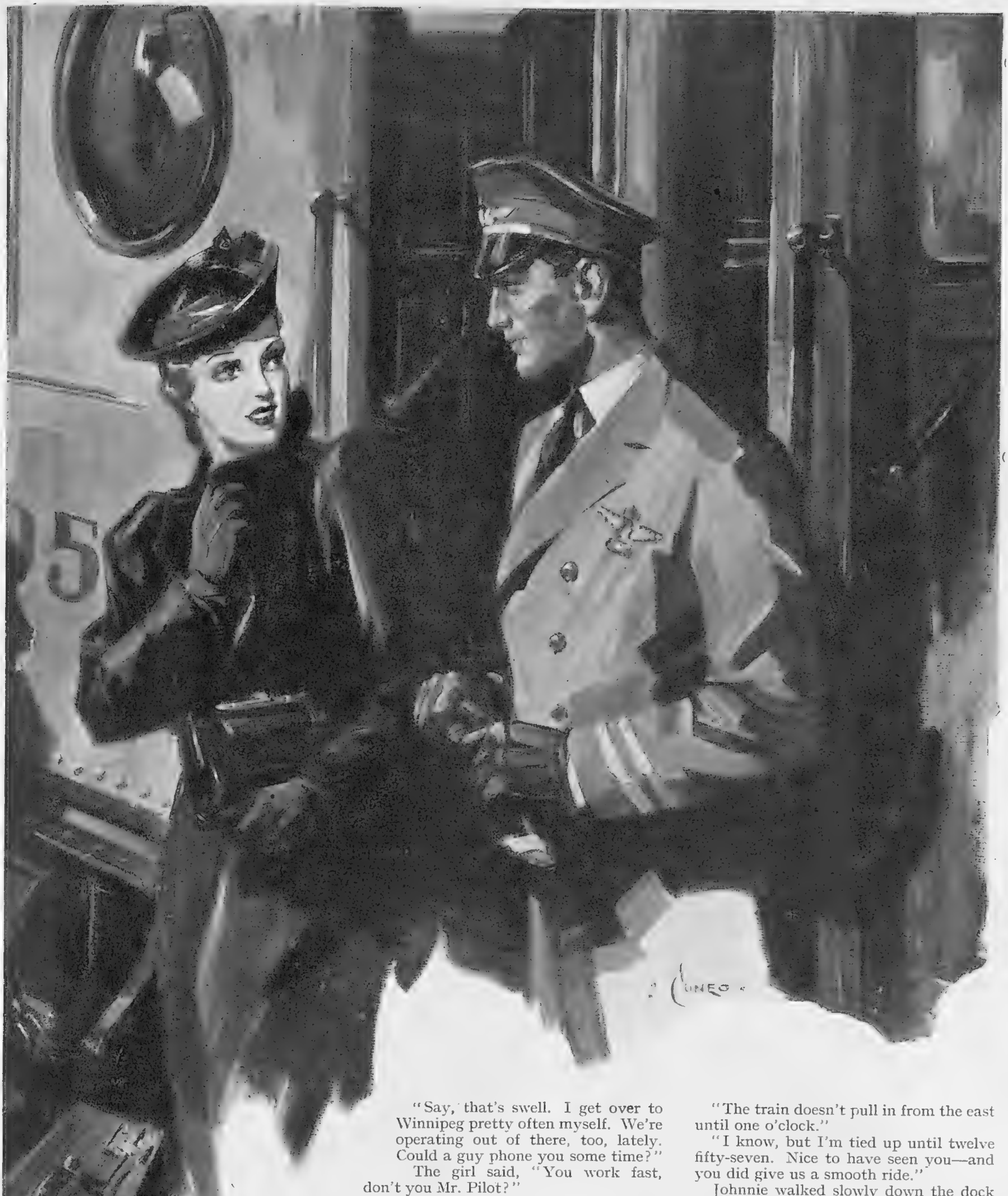
The blonde smiled, and Johnnie skipped on two cylinders.

"I couldn't think of troubling you," she said, "but if you'd carry them as far as the office I'll arrange to have them sent over to the station."

Johnnie looked downcast.

"I wouldn't go east to-night," he advised. "You ought to wait till to-morrow. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays they park a Pullman on the siding and Twenty-three picks it up about two. That way you can go to bed early and get a sleep."

"But I'm not going east. I'm going west to Winnipeg."



Illustrated by Cuneo

"Say, that's swell. I get over to Winnipeg pretty often myself. We're operating out of there, too, lately. Could a guy phone you some time?"

The girl said, "You work fast, don't you Mr. Pilot?"

Johnnie grinned. "In this business you have to," he said.

"I know," said the blonde. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow. A girl at every railhead and another in every mining camp north of the Transcontinental. It must be grand to be a pilot—romantic."

"Okay, pick up the marbles," said Johnnie. "Anyway, you let me carry your bags—and that's something. How about to-night?"

"That's something else. Sorry, Mr. Pilot, but I'm going to be busy."

"The train doesn't pull in from the east until one o'clock."

"I know, but I'm tied up until twelve fifty-seven. Nice to have seen you—and you did give us a smooth ride."

Johnnie walked slowly down the dock to the KD2, talking softly to himself. Enderby, the operations manager, was standing around the ship, obviously waiting for somebody. As soon as Johnnie arrived, he knew it was himself.

"Listen, Conquergood," Enderby began, "what in hell is the idea of sloping off with dames as soon as you get in? Ain't you supposed to see your ship serviced and tied and covered when you land, or do I just imagine that's a rule around here?"

"Aw, go climb a tree," said Johnnie, and stepped into the cabin.

Most of the evening he mooned around the hotel, looking busy but doing nothing. Every time he heard the stairs creak he would get up and walk over, as though he expected to meet somebody coming down. Then he would stop at the cooler and take a drink. By ten o'clock he was practically water-logged.

Enderby and Charlie Wilson tried to talk him into filling up the stud game, but Johnnie said no, he expected to be going out later.

"Oh, that's right," Wilson gagged. "I was forgetting. Johnnie has a new girl. Getting married any day now. That right, Johnnie?"

Johnnie urged him to boil his head, in a tone one jump short of a snarl. Then Enderby said something about taking a good dose of salts before seeing the parson, because Johnnie didn't seem to be feeling very good. Always landing tired, so tired he couldn't even look after his ship. Maybe home life and regular habits would put him on his feet again, but if it was Enderby, he'd certainly see the doc. before he saw the parson. Johnnie's face wore that man-bites-dog look, but Enderby and Wilson went upstairs grinning, as if the exchange had brightened the evening no end.

Conquergood went out and walked around and about Transportia, around all of its two frame houses, nine log huts, six warehouses, railroad station and sixteen freight cars. Along about midnight he turned up in the station, inquiring if any wires had come for him. Well, he'd just sit down and wait, in case one might.

When Twenty-four pulled in, he walked out into the swirl of snow on the platform. A car was parked out near the sleeper-end and beside the car a man and a girl were talking. Johnnie walked towards them and saw it was the boss. So that was where she had been all night, up with Stannard and his wife.

He said, " 'Night, Stan," and stopped. "Help you with the bags? Any more in the trunk?"

Stannard said no, this was all. Did Mr. Conquergood know Miss Murdoch?

Johnnie said he was pleased to know Miss Murdoch.

The girl said, "But I know Mr. Conquergood already. I flew out from Spirit Island with him this afternoon. Probably he doesn't remember me."

Johnnie stooped down and picked up the bags. The girl giggled, and said: "Mr. Conquergood just loves to carry baggage. Are you a Boy Scout, Mr. Conquergood?"

He said no, a troop leader in the Girl Guides, Local 1152. Liable to win his bag-carrying medal, with perspiring palms, any day now. He put the valises down by the Pullman steps, and said: "Well, good-bye. It was nice to know you, Miss Murdoch—romantic."

Stannard chuckled, and said: "There goes the daffiest flying lunatic this side of Labrador." The Murdoch said she could quite believe it. A nut, said his boss, but a grand pilot and a horse for work. The girl agreed; a grand flyer and a fast worker. Then somebody shouted "Booard!" and she climbed up the steps.

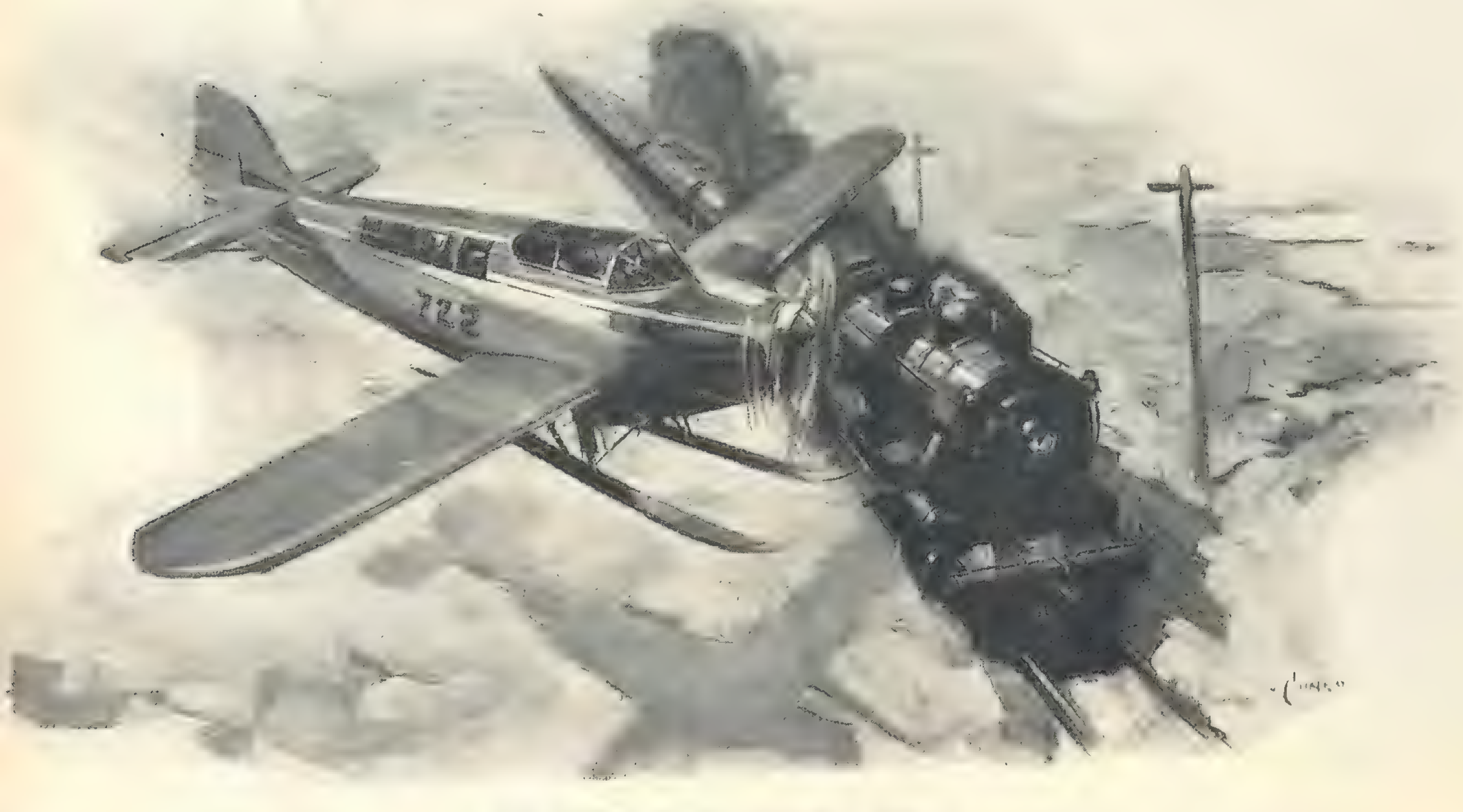
Meanwhile, Johnnie walked up the hill, thoughtfully kicking snowbanks. So she was Bill Murdoch's daughter. The nurse. But nurse where and what? How did a guy find out? Just then Stannard pulled alongside, and called: "Get in. I'll take you over to the hotel. Got to stop in and see Enderby." Conquergood slammed the door and went to work on the boss, because there were things he had to find out in a hurry. Miss Murdoch seems like a nice girl, he began. Stannard yanked the wheel, going through a drift, and said yes, that was right, a nice dish. Then Johnnie said the boss was right, all right. A swell dish, with noodles and brown gravy and garnished with onions. Why did she live in Winnipeg? She lived there, Stannard said, because she had a job there; ran a ward or something, out at Saint Clements. Oh, a nurse? That's right, a nurse. "They tell me," Stannard added, "that this young Gillespie, the geologist who works for her old man, has it bad." Johnnie made a mental note of the fact that he had never cared much about these rock doctors, anyway. Self-opinionated guys, mostly. But some of them had pretty good taste at that. You had to hand it to them. This Gillespie, for instance. . . .

He said good night to Stannard as they walked in the front door, and two minutes after he pulled his eiderdown up around his chin he was dreaming about blondes in starched skirts and caps. A particularly nifty number, closely resembling *la* Murdoch, was stroking his fevered brow after what seemed to be a major operation—appendicitis, probably.

He had come to the point where he was just strong enough to hold hands when Enderby came into his room, after the stud game broke up, and punched him in the ribs. Johnnie came upright swinging, fast enough to rip his appendix stitches. Enderby laughed, and said: "This is one time I get part way even. You pull out for Winnipeg at daylight, my little cabbage. Manners is grounded with a busted ski and there's seven passengers in the morning for Dill Lake and Sachem River. Just thought I'd let you know. I'll leave a call."

Johnnie beamed, sleepy or no sleepy. "Never mind the call," he said, "I'm always up. What should I wear, black tie or tails?"

CONQUERGOOD was down beside the KD2 before the lights were out in the radio station. Dawn was still just a thin, grey streak when he got off the lake, a cup of coffee under his belt and a song in his

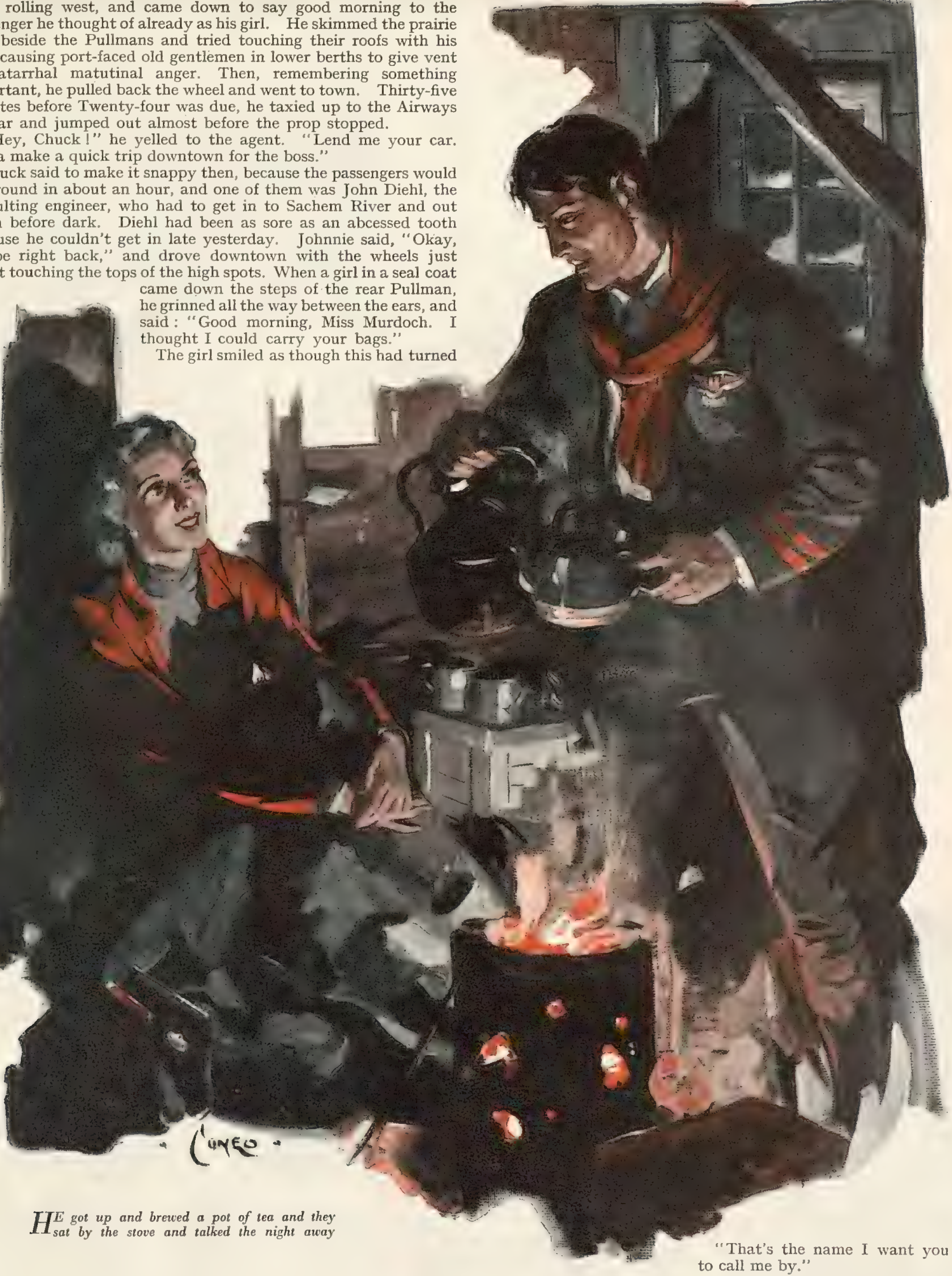


HE skimmed over the prairie flats beside the Pullmans and tried touching their roofs with his skis heart. Fifty miles east of Winnipeg he caught up with Twenty-four, rolling west, and came down to say good morning to the passenger he thought of already as his girl. He skimmed the prairie flats beside the Pullmans and tried touching their roofs with his skis, causing port-faced old gentlemen in lower berths to give vent to catarrhal matutinal anger. Then, remembering something important, he pulled back the wheel and went to town. Thirty-five minutes before Twenty-four was due, he taxied up to the Airways hangar and jumped out almost before the prop stopped.

"Hey, Chuck!" he yelled to the agent. "Lend me your car. Gotta make a quick trip downtown for the boss."

Chuck said to make it snappy then, because the passengers would be around in about an hour, and one of them was John Diehl, the consulting engineer, who had to get in to Sachem River and out again before dark. Diehl had been as sore as an abcessed tooth because he couldn't get in late yesterday. Johnnie said, "Okay, I'll be right back," and drove downtown with the wheels just about touching the tops of the high spots. When a girl in a seal coat came down the steps of the rear Pullman, he grinned all the way between the ears, and said: "Good morning, Miss Murdoch. I thought I could carry your bags."

The girl smiled as though this had turned out to be a new high in mornings. She surveyed the immediate landscape of Conquergood, high boots, breeches and grey flannel shirt, and asked: "When did Rose Marie come to town? I'll bet you're waiting to break into 'Indian Love Call.'"



HE got up and brewed a pot of tea and they sat by the stove and talked the night away

Johnnie tried to assume a serious face. "Listen, Miss Murdoch," he said. "You don't mind if I call you Miss Murdoch, do you? I never heard your other name."

"That's the name I want you to call me by."

Johnnie winced. "Sorry I have to trouble you like this," he said, "but after you left last night the boss said to me, 'Look here, Johnnie, we ought to do better than this by Miss Murdoch, because, after all, she is the daughter of one of our best customers. You better fan your tail over to Winnipeg in the morning and see that she is properly looked after.' So here I am. Sorry if you find me *de trop*. Sometimes I think we give our clients too much service."

(*Continued on page* 119)

NINE Londoners—seven young men and two women—started one Friday evening not long ago and travelled by train, third class, to Newport, Monmouthshire.

They were nine quite ordinary people of to-day. The average age of the men about twenty-seven, and all of them in jobs and in circumstances both comfortable and reasonably secure. They had a single and very unassuming objective in this journey: *they wanted to see, at first hand, what really is happening to their fellow citizens and contemporaries in the worst of the special areas.*

They went to the Eastern Valley of Monmouth where, at one time one in every two of the insured population had been out of work. They had, moreover, been told: "You will find as great a desolation as that caused by any war; men, women and homes devastated and derelict; grey-faced ghosts without hope. You will find worry, want and useless leisure sapping the strength of young and old; *men and women with nothing to do and all day to do it in.*"

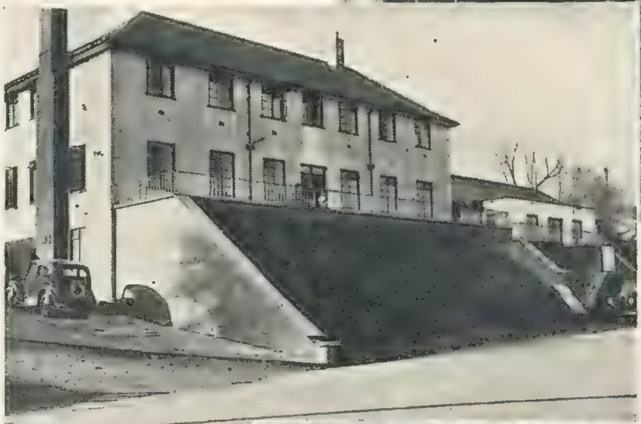
The answer, in effect, of these nine perfectly ordinary young workers was that—very well—we will go and look and see if there is anything we can do.

Of the nine only two had experience of the area—the leader of the little party, Michael Williams Thompson, aged twenty-four, and in the employ of a famous public utility concern, and with three years of vigorous and voluntary social work to his credit. He had already spent a week of his last holiday "in the valley."

BUT—the story they brought back—these unbiased and interested explorers—was so different from the mental pictures with which most of them set out, that it is worth telling. They went to sympathise with the shadows of the forgotten men and women against the background of derelict pit heads and homes. They returned with stories of a lean and hardy race, building, painfully, a new civilisation and who, (even though paralytic economics seem unable to help) *refuse to rot.*

IT was a cheerless enough night when they arrived at Newport: but they had to push on, if for the simple reason that a weekend is brief, and extra leave on full pay is not yet granted for expeditions of this

One of the derelict valleys in the South Wales special area



This modern building in Rockhill Road, Pontypool, is the now famous "educational centre" for the area

The settlement staff, who live and work with fellow citizens in the derelict areas of South Wales, outside their headquarters

Michael Williams Thompson, has already three years of voluntary social work to his credit

As this man is over thirty-five, he is not likely to find his own job again. Here he is seen making up material woven by other members

The warden of the educational settlement discusses details of progress with secretaries of unemployed clubs

Citizens in Cold Storage

How the people of the Special Area in South Wales are fighting the battle against depression and despair

By Joan Woollcombe

sort. They went up the valley to Pontypool and arrived for the night at a certain modern building in Rockhill Road, a building that is the logical outcome of the start made seven years ago in a disused coach-house by a Pontypool man, and now is the famous "Educational Settlement" for the whole valley which, with twenty clubs, supplies expert help and inspiration for possibly *twenty-nine thousand humans* in that stricken district.

The nine from London could not now have ignored the fact that they were in the heart of a land devastated by some sort of blizzard of maniac viciousness: and also it was late and dark. The seven young men were now a considerable distance from the normality of their daily lives: a medical student—a Balliol man with a first in greats not far behind him—two economists and an industrialist and an architect and the leader of the expedition. The two women were both "in publicity," but only one had any first-hand experience of the district. It is, inevitably, one of these women (and not she to whom the district is already familiar) who gives an account of their arrival that cheerless Friday night.

"We came out of the sleet and the cold into one of the most extraordinary places I have ever seen: a modern house with good fires, it seemed, everywhere; bright colours and clean, bright, efficient equipment: Elizabeth Denby had done the curtains, I think: anyhow, they were grand . . . and, believe it or not, GOOD COFFEE!"

It was, in fact, like coming right out of the front line trenches into security and sanity: the settlement and its clubs have been that for those twenty-nine thousand folk whose lives, at various points, this central power house has touched. But the key to the resurrection of the special area is perhaps in the story then told me, by the other woman of the party, of the warden of the settlement and his wife—Ivor and Phyllis Thomas.

Before you consider these words "settlement" and "warden" dismiss from your minds all genteel memories of good works and uplift: such things wouldn't live a day, down here. Ivor Thomas was, I think, a steel worker, and his wife served in a shop in Bristol. Thomas worked his way through to Ruskin College and took economics and then took his way to education; it was in 1932 (when his own home town was literally perishing under the economic blizzard) that Thomas decided to go back home. And then there started the astonishing venture with a club in the coach-house—lent him free by the township. Two years back the efficient and impressive modern settlement centre was built to architect's plans *by the unemployed themselves* with a generous backing from the commissioners of the special areas and the Pilgrim Trust—subject to its own complementary efforts.

That night, even after their late arrival, the Londoners settled down to a long discussion; the cost of living, the activities of the Unemployment Assistance Board, and—at the same time—practical excitements of debates

(*Continued on page* 102)

A mother with her large and rapidly growing family awaits her husband's return from the "labour"

One of the settlement workers talks to inhabitants of one of the most "stricken" of all the desolate villages

This one-time collier finds that the surface of the land provides him with work and food

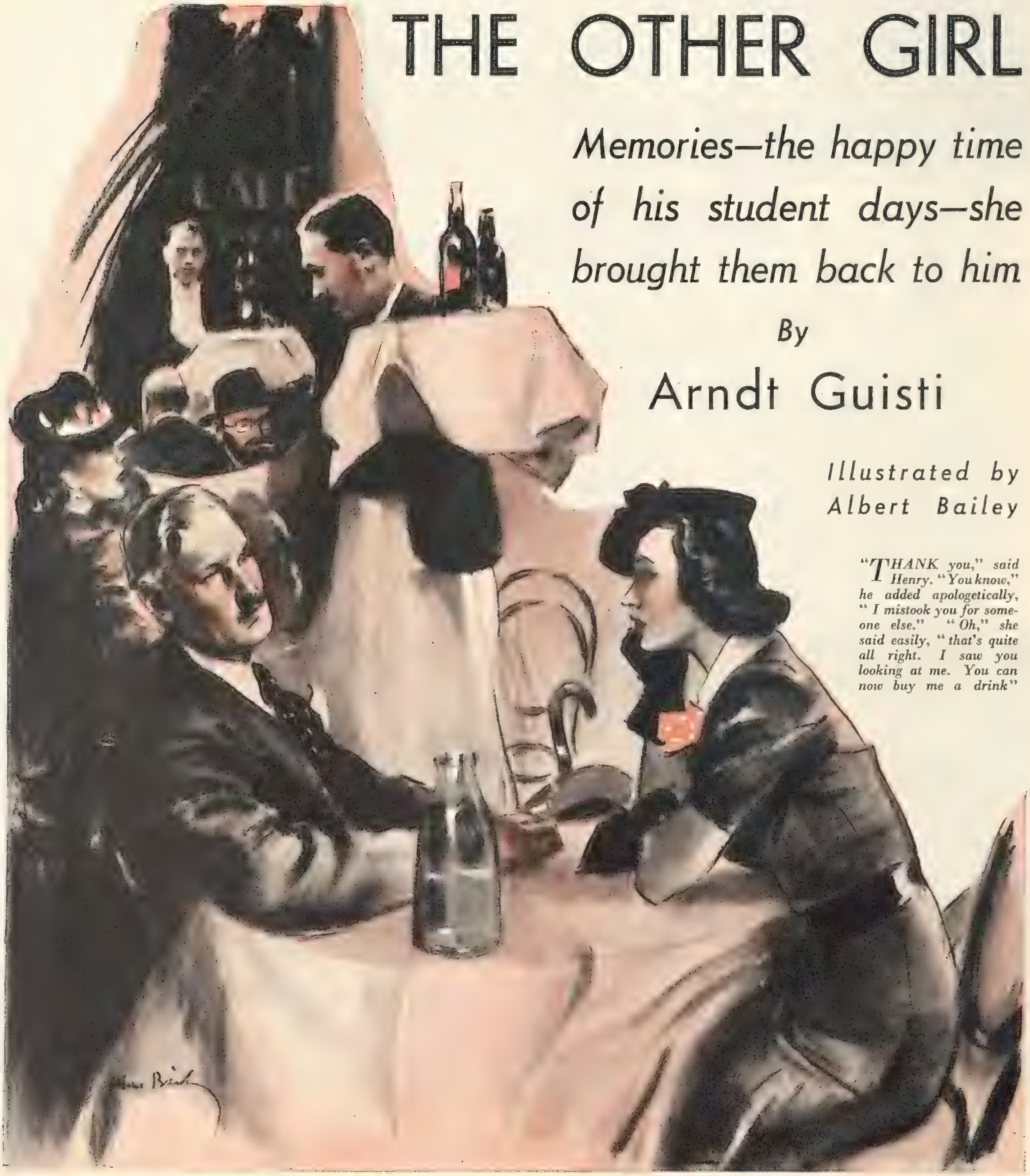
THE OTHER GIRL

Memories—the happy time of his student days—she brought them back to him

By

Arndt Guisti

Illustrated by
Albert Bailey



"THANK you," said Henry. "You know," he added apologetically, "I mistook you for someone else." "Oh," she said easily, "that's quite all right. I saw you looking at me. You can now buy me a drink"

AFTERWARDS, when it was too late, Alice told herself she might have known something like this would happen, and she remembered Henry was smiling a little grimly, and his face had a weary, set expression, the look of a man who has been driven to the point of desperation, when he kissed her good-bye. That was on Friday. He must have had it all planned, because he caught the boat-train that same afternoon. When on Monday morning she returned, she found the note he had left for her at the hotel:

Dear Alice,

I can't stand it any longer. I'm fed up and need a rest. I've earned it. You can reach me in Paris c/o the American Express Company.

Affectionately yours,
Henry.

He had added a postscript:

I hope you enjoyed the week-end. Please give Gladys and Fred my kindest regards.

Henry referred to Lady and Sir Frederick Ormsby. Before her marriage Lady Ormsby had been Madge Cooper, of Dayton, Ohio, and Alice and she had gone to school together. Of course when she came over to London the first thing Alice did was to look up her old friend. The Ormsbys had been more than kind, and, really, she didn't know what she could say to them. Henry might have considered the position he was leaving her in, but she supposed he never gave it a thought, or if he did he was probably amused. Henry was like that! As Alice often said, no other woman would have put up with him. He was right on top, and he owed it all to her. He wouldn't have got anywhere by himself, without her to push him, and she imagined him living in some awful hole in Greenwich village, a middle-aged failure. Oh, he was such a fool! Alice thanked God she was different, sensible, matter-of-fact, down to earth. She loved to see her picture in the fashion magazines : Mrs. Henry Branston, wife of the well-known artist.

When Henry became difficult—and he had become very difficult of late—she knew how to handle him. She could twist him round her little finger. He was like a small boy. In the end he would always give in and come to her and say : "Well, you know best, Alice. Have it your way."

WHEN the Ormsbys invited them to spend a week-end at their place in the country, she thought it would be nice for Henry. She wasn't thinking of herself. No ! She put him first, as she always did. He had been working too hard, the rest would do him good, and Fred and he could play golf. Henry had told her a lie about an editor, or was it an art dealer? Someone he had to see, who was sailing for New York, and had promised faithfully to come down and join her on Sunday, when all the time he was planning to run away. His trunk was in the room, he had taken only a valise and a couple of suitcases, and she didn't know what to make of it, except that he must intend to return, perhaps in a week or so. If she wanted to, she could just stay on in London, as though nothing had happened. She could write to him c/o the American Express Company in Paris. Or she could pack up and follow him. She didn't know what to do.

She wondered what Henry meant when he said he was fed up and couldn't stand it any longer. Stand what? Everybody was so nice. People couldn't do enough for them. Alice had enjoyed her week-end with the Ormsbys. She was having a wonderful time in London. It was too stupid, it didn't make sense.

Sir Frederick was right when he said : "Poor Henry ! He's a bit barmy."

"IS this the room, monsieur?"

Henry nodded. After eighteen years, it hadn't changed. There was the same bed, the furniture covered with faded red rep, the tiny washstand, the big old-fashioned wardrobe, the spot where the easel had stood when he painted his first picture. As he looked round, he had the feeling that he wasn't himself, but rather like a character in a book. The *garçon* was watching him curiously, and Henry wondered if he thought he was crazy. It was a bit queer of course, to come back, like this, after eighteen years, and ask for the room you used to live in, and then find it unchanged and, as it were, waiting for you.

"Does monsieur require anything further?"

Henry shook his head, absently, as he reached in his pocket for the tip.

"*Merci Bonjour, monsieur.*"

The door closed, and Henry was alone.

He went to the window and opened the shutters. He remembered how, leaning out, you could just see the corner of the Luxembourg Gardens. He took a deep breath.

Well, here he was !

The bells of St.-Sulpice rang the hour, and looking at his watch he saw it was four o'clock in the afternoon. He had no idea what he was going to do with himself. He hummed a gay little tune, as he unpacked his valise—the things he'd need for the night—took his pipe and walking-stick, and went downstairs. He wandered round, and presently he found himself by the Medici fountain. He sat there, a little sadly, thinking of the many hours he had spent there, a boy, just dreaming of the future, exactly as he sat there now, dreaming of the past.

And suddenly, with a start, he remembered her. It came as a shock to him to realise how completely he had put her out of his life . . . Georgette.

Georgie, as he always called her. It was almost as though she were present, and as if, together, arm in arm, they were watching the marble lovers. It was uncanny ! He frowned and gave a shrug. He really *was* making a fool of himself.

He wondered what had become of her.

It was strange to think that if, by chance, they were to meet now, doubtless they wouldn't even recognize each other. He tried to imagine what she would look like. She had the loveliest face, the most adorable little figure. . . . "Good heavens !" Henry told himself ruefully, "if I go on like this I'll be writing a poem about her. She's no chicken any more, my boy, fat probably, married, with a couple of kids."

And then, a little guiltily, he thought of Alice. He could imagine what she would say if she could see him mooning about like this in the Luxembourg Gardens.

He tried to put her out of his mind, gently at first, and then resolutely, grimly.

Poor Georgie ; sad little ghost.

She had loved him !

He remembered their first meeting, and how afterwards, every afternoon, he found her waiting for him in the café on the Boulevard St.-Michel. A shy, strange little girl.

"What do you see in me?" she asked him.

"You're very pretty."

She smiled and shook her head, and didn't believe him. He was the first man who had ever told her she was pretty.

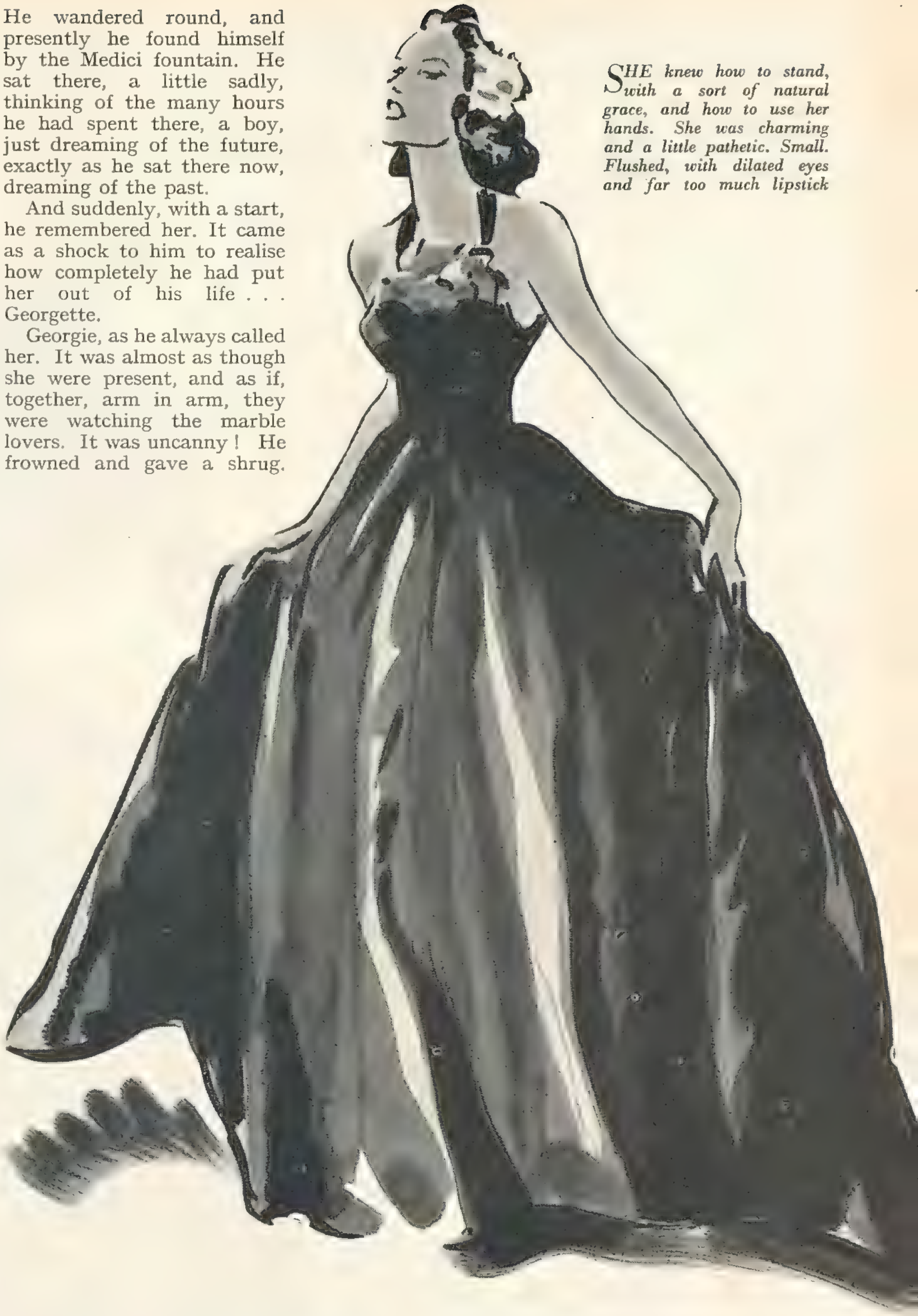
"You're frightened of me, Georgie. Why?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

There was something about her, he couldn't say what, a sort of elfin charm. He never saw her except for that one hour in the afternoon when they met in the café. But after a time she let him walk home with her.

She lived in a big, gloomy house near the Place de l'Odéon, on the third floor, in an old-fashioned flat. Her father had forbidden her to see him ; Henry could understand that, of course. But it made no difference.

He remembered their first kiss. He



SHE knew how to stand, with a sort of natural grace, and how to use her hands. She was charming and a little pathetic. Small. Flushed, with dilated eyes and far too much lipstick had taken her home, as usual, and suddenly, as they stood in the dark hall of her house, he found himself holding her in his arms. They laughed about it afterwards. The way it happened; so simply.

They were unbelievably happy—for nearly a year. He remembered how excited they were when he sold his first picture for five hundred francs. Georgie had posed for it, and they called it "A Girl with Blue Eyes."

He went home that autumn. Georgie came to the boat-train to see him off. He held her in his arms and promised:

"I won't be gone long. A month. Six weeks at the most."

HE hadn't meant to deceive her. When he promised to return he had every intention of keeping his word. Looking back now, he couldn't say how it happened that he didn't. Being at home made everything—Paris, and Georgie, all that—seem different, less important, somehow. Life in the Latin quarter was very pleasant, but, after all, it was time he settled down. When he thought of Georgie he couldn't help feeling ashamed of himself. Obviously the thing to do, the only thing that in the circumstances he could do, was to face it honestly. He was terribly fond of her, but he couldn't marry her, and of course they couldn't go on like that, it wouldn't be right—he wrote to her—and so she must forget all about him.

A month later, at a party, he met Alice. It never entered his mind that he was going to marry her.

"Poor Henry," she told him afterwards. "I knew I was going to get you that first evening. You never had a chance."

It was true, he supposed. Alice always got what she was after.

He hadn't told her about Georgie. She'd have understood, though, if he had.

If Alice were there—if he told her now—she would laugh at him for being such a sentimental fool. She might be just a little hurt, but she'd forgive him. They would just talk it over, sanely and sensibly, and in the end she'd get him to see it her way.

He tried to see it like that now, but he couldn't—not by himself.

So finally he left the Gardens, unhappy, troubled. Walking along the Boulevard St.-Michel, he passed the café where Georgie and he used to meet. He wanted to go in, and realised he hadn't the courage. Suddenly he lost his head. Panicky, he stopped a taxi, and told the driver to take him to Montparnasse.

Here—thank heaven!—there was nothing to remind him of Georgie. Nor of Alice, for that matter. Because of the fine weather, the terrace in front of the Café du Dôme was crowded, and he stood looking around for an empty table. . . .

Suddenly he stared. He couldn't believe his eyes. Impossible! There she sat, unchanged, just as he remembered her eighteen years ago; not a day older; not a line in her face; her eyes, like a child's, very soft and blue.

Yes, it was Georgie!

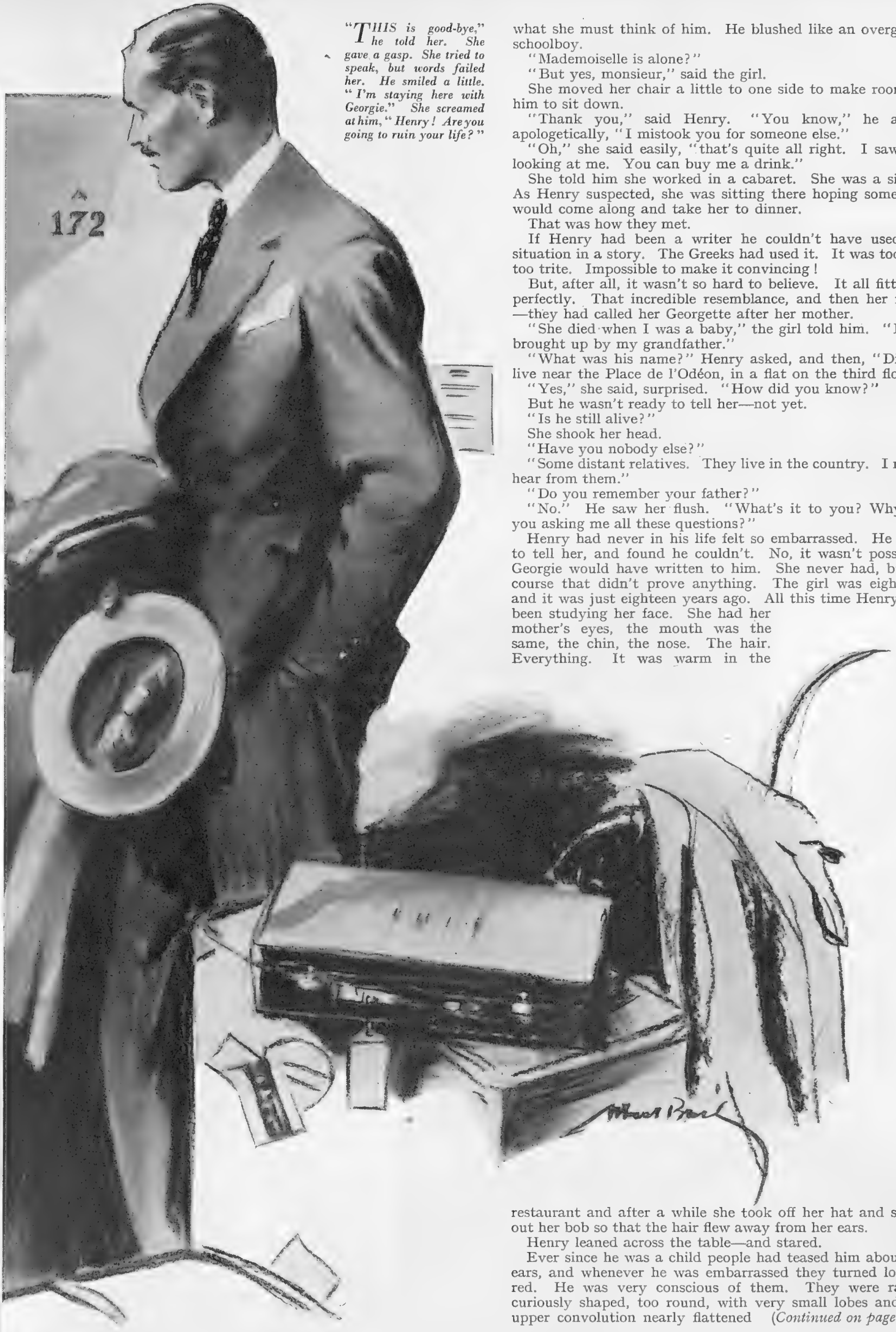
He knew she wasn't really there. He had conjured her up in his imagination. He was seeing things. If he kept looking at her steadily, she would disappear. Of course she would!

But instead—he saw her smile at him.

The next thing he knew he was walking towards the table where she sat. Like a drowning man clutching a bit of driftwood, he tried to think of Alice; but Alice was far away, in another world, it seemed to him; the world he had lived in for the past eighteen years, and now, in the space of a breath, had left behind.

At first she thought he must be drunk. Well, that wasn't unusual—not in the Café du Dôme. She could tell he was either English or American.

Of course it wasn't Georgie. Just a girl sitting there by herself. Henry wondered



"THIS is good-bye," he told her. She gave a gasp. She tried to speak, but words failed her. He smiled a little. "I'm staying here with Georgie." She screamed at him, "Henry! Are you going to ruin your life?"

what she must think of him. He blushed like an overgrown schoolboy.

"Mademoiselle is alone?"

"But yes, monsieur," said the girl.

She moved her chair a little to one side to make room for him to sit down.

"Thank you," said Henry. "You know," he added apologetically, "I mistook you for someone else."

"Oh," she said easily, "that's quite all right. I saw you looking at me. You can buy me a drink."

She told him she worked in a cabaret. She was a singer. As Henry suspected, she was sitting there hoping somebody would come along and take her to dinner.

That was how they met.

If Henry had been a writer he couldn't have used the situation in a story. The Greeks had used it. It was too old, too trite. Impossible to make it convincing!

But, after all, it wasn't so hard to believe. It all fitted in perfectly. That incredible resemblance, and then her name—they had called her Georgette after her mother.

"She died when I was a baby," the girl told him. "I was brought up by my grandfather."

"What was his name?" Henry asked, and then, "Did he live near the Place de l'Odéon, in a flat on the third floor?"

"Yes," she said, surprised. "How did you know?"

But he wasn't ready to tell her—not yet.

"Is he still alive?"

She shook her head.

"Have you nobody else?"

"Some distant relatives. They live in the country. I never hear from them."

"Do you remember your father?"

"No." He saw her flush. "What's it to you? Why are you asking me all these questions?"

Henry had never in his life felt so embarrassed. He tried to tell her, and found he couldn't. No, it wasn't possible! Georgie would have written to him. She never had, but of course that didn't prove anything. The girl was eighteen, and it was just eighteen years ago. All this time Henry had been studying her face. She had her mother's eyes, the mouth was the same, the chin, the nose. The hair. Everything. It was warm in the restaurant and after a while she took off her hat and shook out her bob so that the hair flew away from her ears.

Henry leaned across the table—and stared.

Ever since he was a child people had teased him about his ears, and whenever he was embarrassed they turned lobster red. He was very conscious of them. They were rather curiously shaped, too round, with very small lobes and the upper convolution nearly flattened (*Continued on page* 103)

HIDDEN HARBOUR

By

Ralph Stock

The rugged coastline that hides Hidden Harbour

A rift appears, widens, and at last reveals a snug little port with a fishing fleet lying at its moorings

Quays snowed under by wheeling or strutting seagulls

APPROACHING from the sea, you cannot tell that there is any harbour at all. It seems that your craft is making for a head-on collision with a blank wall of rock two hundred feet high. Then, like a secret door answering to the "Open sesame!" of the helmsman, a rift appears, widens, and at last reveals a snug little port with a fishing fleet at its moorings, quays snowed under by wheeling or strutting seagulls, and a village trickling in a grey stream down a valley to the sea.

As far removed by land as by water from the outside world, Hidden Harbour is a place of such infinite peace that it is hard for the visitor (or "foreigner" as he is called in these parts) to imagine anything ever happening. But it does.

Witness Long Bob at the Ship Inn—a smugglers' haunt of the past if ever there was one, with its underground cellars carved out of the naked rock, and connecting with the sea below. He will tell you, over the second quart, that the fishing hereabouts has gone to pot—literally to lobster-pots, which are now his chief means of (*Continued on page* 31)

Photographs by Ralph Stock

Long Bob leaves an ancient smugglers' haunt (which is incidentally his own) for a tour of inspection

According to him, the fishing for Hidden Harbour's inshore fleet has gone to pot—literally to lobster-pots

Where the postmistress wears curl-papers and delivers some of His Majesty's mails by dog-carrier

. . . All on account of deep-sea trawlers destroying spawning beds with their chain shod nets in search of catches such as this . . . and this. Does its face remind you of any of your friends?

A builder of sailing ships having a world-wide reputation makes nets in these days of engined craft

Photographs by Ralph Stock

Mile upon mile of these herring nets are woven by machinery, and fashioned by these dexterous hands

The gipsies come to Hidden Harbour though their tribal instincts are far removed from the sea. Here's a member of the Romany clan who claims descent from Gipsy Lee

The mascots of Hidden Harbour. Inseparable for over a period of sixty years, these twins have never married, and (consequently ?) have never quarrelled

(Left) When children play in the narrow, laundry-hung streets . . . or make giggling love to one another in the open doorway . . .

livelihood. And it's the deep-sea trawler which has done this. Its chain-shod nets scour the spawning grounds like a broom, sweeping away and destroying millions upon millions of potential fish that would otherwise have fallen to the inshore man.

Then, there are such barnacles to contend with as auctioneers, commission agents, retailers and other parasitical growths that cut into your profits. Yes, when listening to Long Bob, plenty seems to happen at Hidden Harbour.

FARTHER along the waterfront, past the Post Office, where its mistress wears curl-papers, steadfastly denies herself the privilege of reading postcards, and delivers some of His Majesty's mail by dog-carrier; past the shop that believes in door as well as window display, and the barbers where weekly growths of the toughest seaweed are removed with a minimum of suffering, there is a builder of ships. He, his father and his grandfather have built sailing craft with world-wide reputation. What seafarer has not heard of the Bristol Channel pilot cutter? She used to make a race of it with others of her kind, a race under all possible canvas, in any weather, sometimes with a crew of only two — usually father and son — a hundred miles out to sea. There she would heave-to like a duck for days on end waiting for incoming ships, sheer alongside them while the pilot clambered aboard, and his son — of perhaps fifteen — would bring the cutter home alone. Those boats were built for stamina and easy handling, and their builder's one regret is that he can bear no more of them in these engined days. He now makes nets instead.

PUNCTUALLY at half-past five of an evening, "The Twins" make their stately appearance. They have lived together for over sixty years, never married and (consequently?) have never quarrelled. They are the mascots of the village, and Hidden Harbour takes the same sort of pride in them that it does in any of its attractions.

When Mrs. Jones sprays her windows . . .
. . . and the champion moustache is agrowing well next door . . .

They come down to the quay in exactly similar attire of bowler hat and choker collar, sit on a bench overlooking the water, and converse. What they could possibly have to converse about after all those years of inseparable companionship, lured me into listening. They talked—even as you and I—of the weather, of men, women and affairs, of the past, the present and the future. They were positively scintillating compared with the average cocktail party. I asked them the time, and they took out their watches simultaneously, one with the left hand and the other with the right. I asked if I might photograph them, and they refused simultaneously—unless I supplied a pretty girl to pose between them. I supplied the pretty girl, and in return they sat for their portraits alone—as the charming entity that they are.

SOMETIMES the gipsies come to Hidden Harbour, although their natural instincts are far removed from the sea.

I wondered why they came to this lost place when every fair and race-course is open to them, and made the discovery that a neighbouring trout pool is the attraction. Gipsies apparently do other things besides telling fortunes. Tickling trout is an art. Your hand is gingerly inserted into the water, and under the body of your prey who is enjoying his noonday siesta in the shade of a bank. Far from disturbing him, your caresses soothe him into still deeper unconsciousness. Your fingers, gently titillating, then work forward from his tail along his stomach. Like a cat, he loves it. He goes on loving it—until your thumb and second finger sink into his gills.

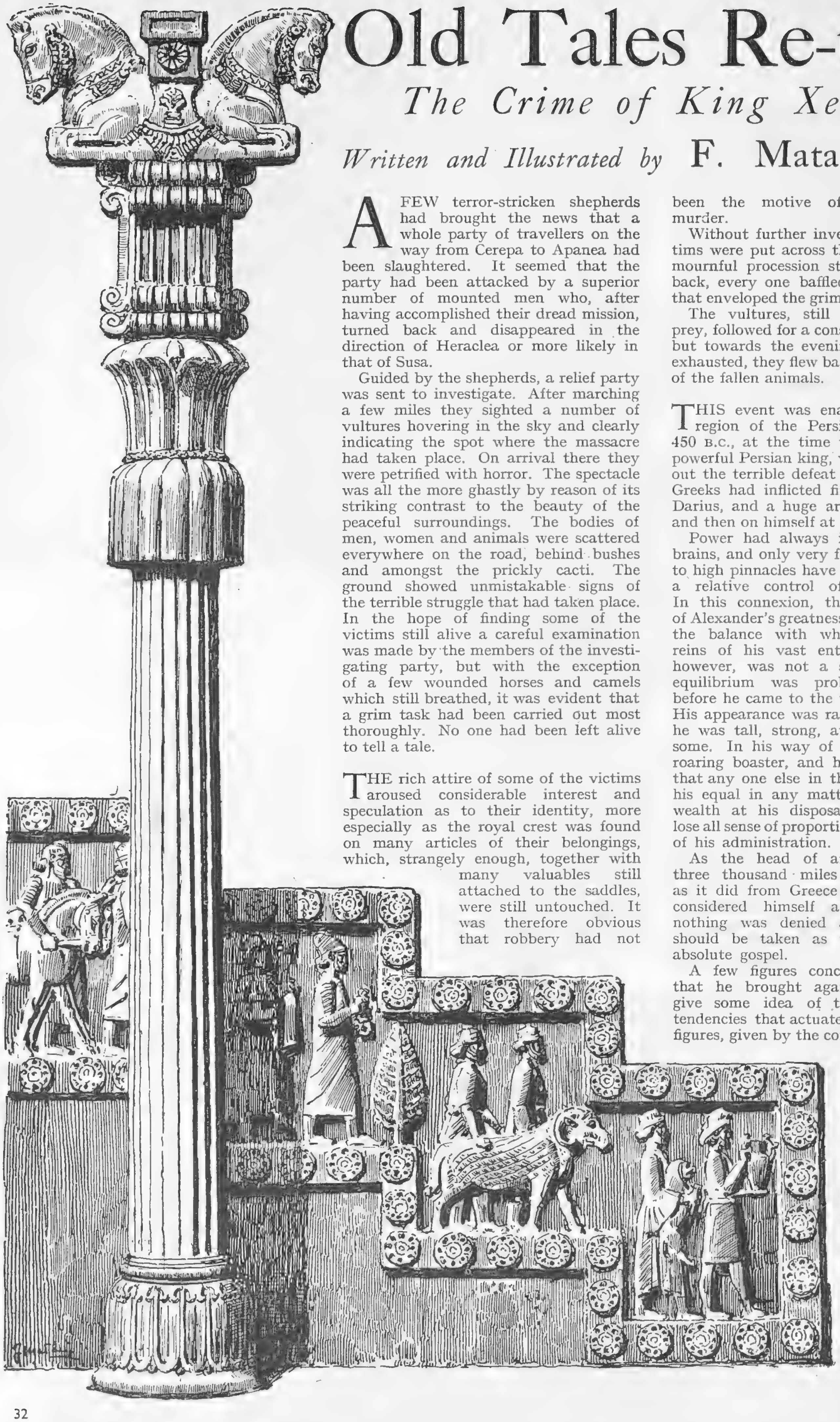
WHEN seagulls nest on your roof-top; when children play in the narrow, laundry-hung streets, or make giggling love in the open doorway; when Mrs. Jones sprays her windows, and the champion moustache is agrowing next door; when the village parliament meets each evening on the quay, and settles affairs of State with an alacrity that puts the Mother of Parliaments to shame; when the fishing fleet brings in a ray (skate) so immense and hideous that it reminds you of your most unpopular relative; when the proprietress of the "Crown and Anchor" fills the last tankard a minute before closing time — who shall say that nothing happens in Hidden Harbour?

When the proprietress of the " Crown and Anchor " fills the last tankard a minute before closing time . . . who shall say that nothing happens in Hidden Harbour ?

Old Tales Re-told

The Crime of King Xerxes

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**



A FEW terror-stricken shepherds had brought the news that a whole party of travellers on the way from Cerepa to Apanea had been slaughtered. It seemed that the party had been attacked by a superior number of mounted men who, after having accomplished their dread mission, turned back and disappeared in the direction of Heraclea or more likely in that of Susa.

Guided by the shepherds, a relief party was sent to investigate. After marching a few miles they sighted a number of vultures hovering in the sky and clearly indicating the spot where the massacre had taken place. On arrival there they were petrified with horror. The spectacle was all the more ghastly by reason of its striking contrast to the beauty of the peaceful surroundings. The bodies of men, women and animals were scattered everywhere on the road, behind bushes and amongst the prickly cacti. The ground showed unmistakable signs of the terrible struggle that had taken place. In the hope of finding some of the victims still alive a careful examination was made by the members of the investigating party, but with the exception of a few wounded horses and camels which still breathed, it was evident that a grim task had been carried out most thoroughly. No one had been left alive to tell a tale.

THE rich attire of some of the victims aroused considerable interest and speculation as to their identity, more especially as the royal crest was found on many articles of their belongings, which, strangely enough, together with many valuables still attached to the saddles, were still untouched. It was therefore obvious that robbery had not been the motive of this wholesale murder.

Without further investigation the victims were put across the horses and the mournful procession started on its way back, every one baffled by the mystery that enveloped the grim deed.

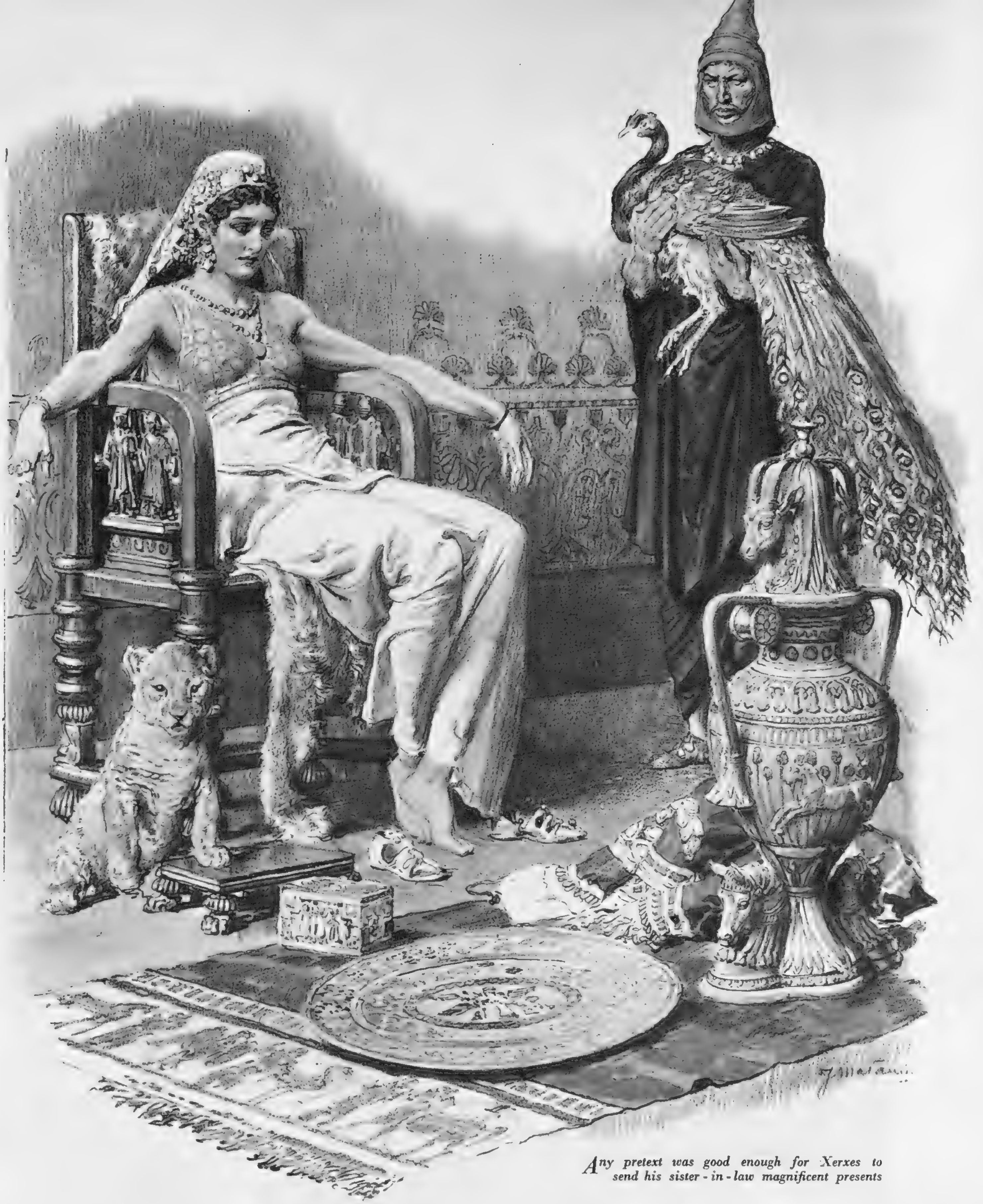
The vultures, still hoping for their prey, followed for a considerable distance, but towards the evening, their patience exhausted, they flew back in the direction of the fallen animals.

THIS event was enacted in a central region of the Persian empire about 450 B.C., at the time when Xerxes, the powerful Persian king, was trying to wipe out the terrible defeat that a handful of Greeks had inflicted first on his father, Darius, and a huge army at Marathon, and then on himself at Salamis.

Power had always intoxicated men's brains, and only very few of those raised to high pinnacles have been able to keep a relative control of their faculties. In this connexion, the principle cause of Alexander's greatness was undoubtedly the balance with which he held the reins of his vast enterprises. Xerxes, however, was not a strong man. His equilibrium was probably lost even before he came to the throne in 485 B.C. His appearance was rather deceptive, as he was tall, strong, athletic and handsome. In his way of talking he was a roaring boaster, and he never admitted that any one else in the world could be his equal in any matter. The fabulous wealth at his disposal caused him to lose all sense of proportion in every branch of his administration.

As the head of an empire almost three thousand miles wide, stretching as it did from Greece to India, Xerxes considered himself a god to whom nothing was denied and whose word should be taken as unchallenged and absolute gospel.

A few figures concerning the army that he brought against Greece may give some idea of the megalomaniac tendencies that actuated Xerxes. These figures, given by the contemporary writer Herodotus, are fully accepted by Plutarch and Socrates. When Xerxes attacked Greece at Thermopylae he had an army of 2,640,110 men attended by an equal number of servants, eunuchs, cooks, drivers, porters, engineers and artificers of every kind, making a total of over five millions. For four years Xerxes had been



Any pretext was good enough for Xerxes to send his sister-in-law magnificent presents

accumulating food to feed this gigantic multitude. All this was launched against Leonidas, who was at the head of only 300 Spartans and 7000 Greeks.

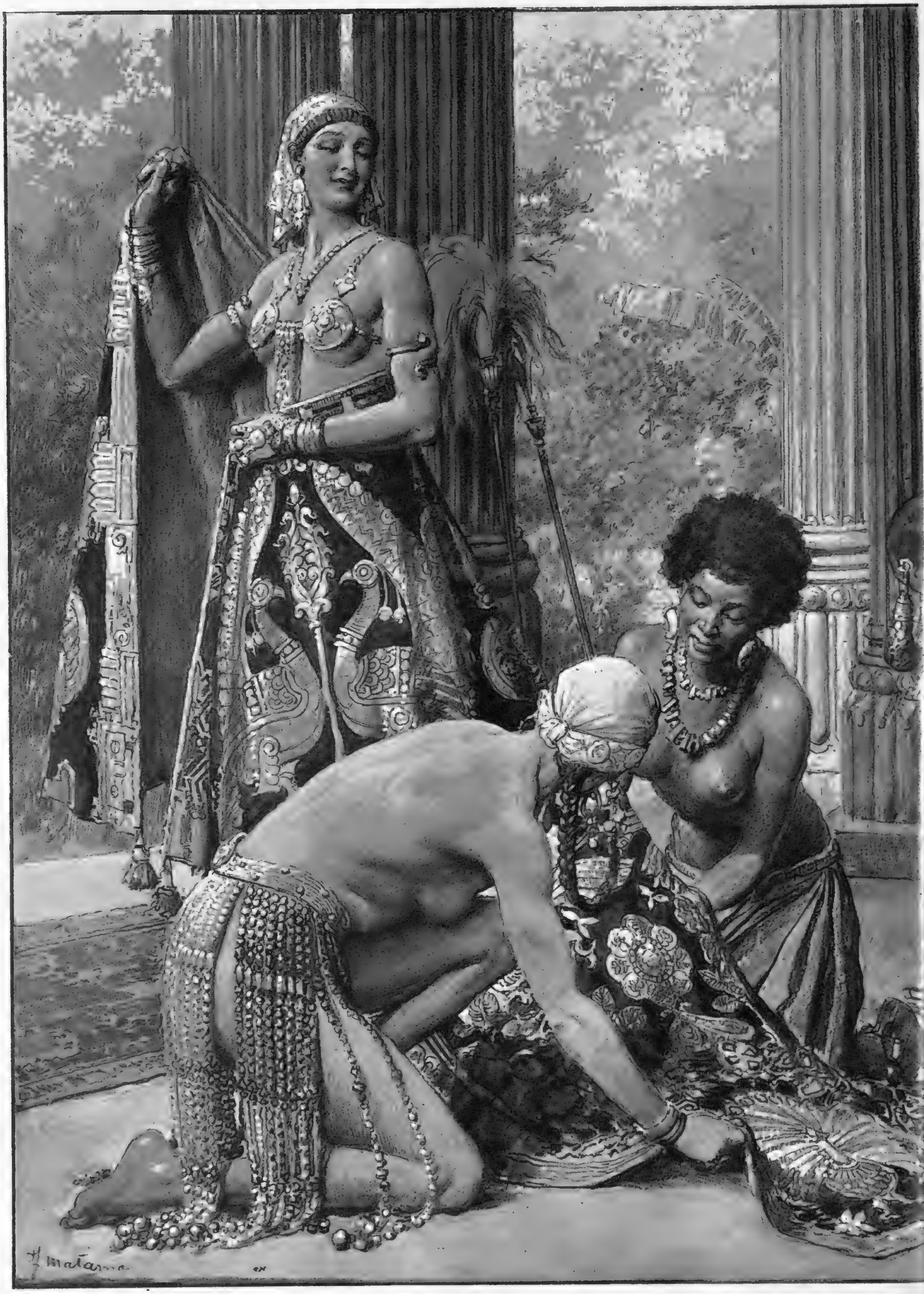
As time went on his delusions of grandeur developed to such an extent that he would not even admit that natural elements could oppose his wishes. With the same facility with which he ordered the capital punishment of a human being Xerxes ordered Mount Athos to be razed to the ground because it was in his way. On the latter occasion Xerxes sent a letter to the mountain worded in the following terms: "Proud Athos, you may raise your head up into the sky, but you must not oppose to my stonebreakers such hard rocks that cannot be cut, for I will smash you all the same and throw you in the sea."

Likewise he ordered the sea to be severely flogged because it was too stormy for his liking!

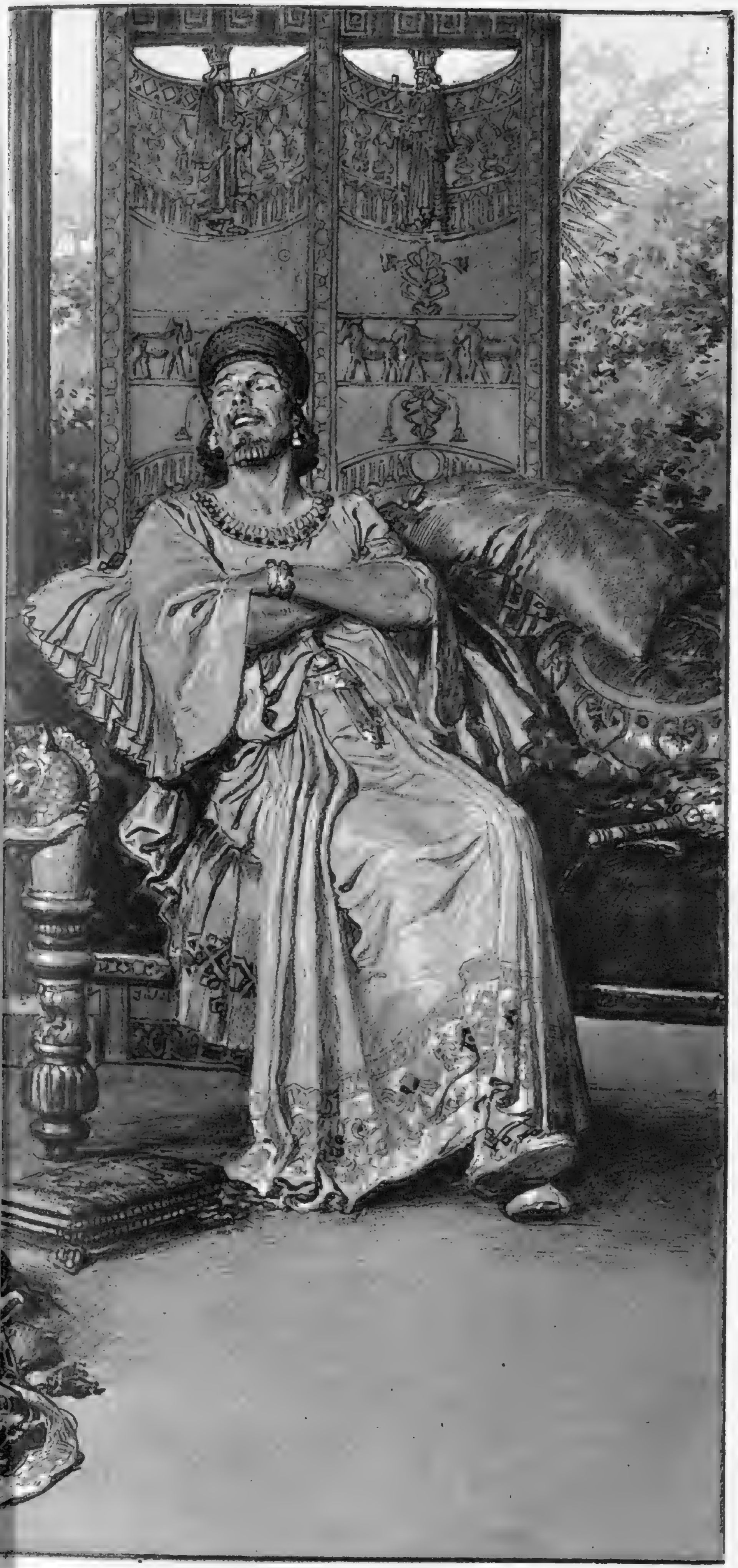
Besides this and other follies his twelve years' reign did not pass without several acts of blind injustice, but the appalling muddle that he made of his own private affairs stood prominently above any of his acts of criminal madness in other directions.

AT the time of our story Xerxes had taken refuge at Sardis, on the Ægean sea. That was his first stop after the flight that followed the defeat of Salamis. There he joined his wife, Amestris, and his children.

Xerxes nursed a secret longing for his sister-in-law, the wife of his brother, Masistes. When they were all reunited at Sardis the frequency of their meetings fanned the dormant fire, and what once was only an occasional thought flashing through his mind grew to the point of becoming a fixed idea. The sacred bonds that should have been respected



Eagerly Artaynta cast off some of her garments and draped herself in the beautiful cloak, trying every combination of folds before the enraptured Xerxes



above all feelings had, of course, very little weight with a man who was definitely convinced that he was the master of everything and everybody.

The woman who was the object of this growing infatuation realised the coming storm even before a single word had been pronounced in the matter. In the meantime, any pretext was good enough for Xerxes to send her magnificent presents accompanied by hints that were never received in the way that he hoped. There was no doubt about it, the woman was sincerely in love with her husband; she had no intention of deviating from the road of her true inclination.

Her position was extremely difficult, for she was between two brothers, one of whom was as powerful as he was wicked. She accomplished miracles of tact and diplomacy, so that Xerxes' guilty passion would not be detected by Masistes or Amestris. The latter, if consumed by jealousy, would surely become the most formidable enemy.

The underground struggle continued for some time with growing intensity, but Xerxes did not dare to force the issue too quickly.

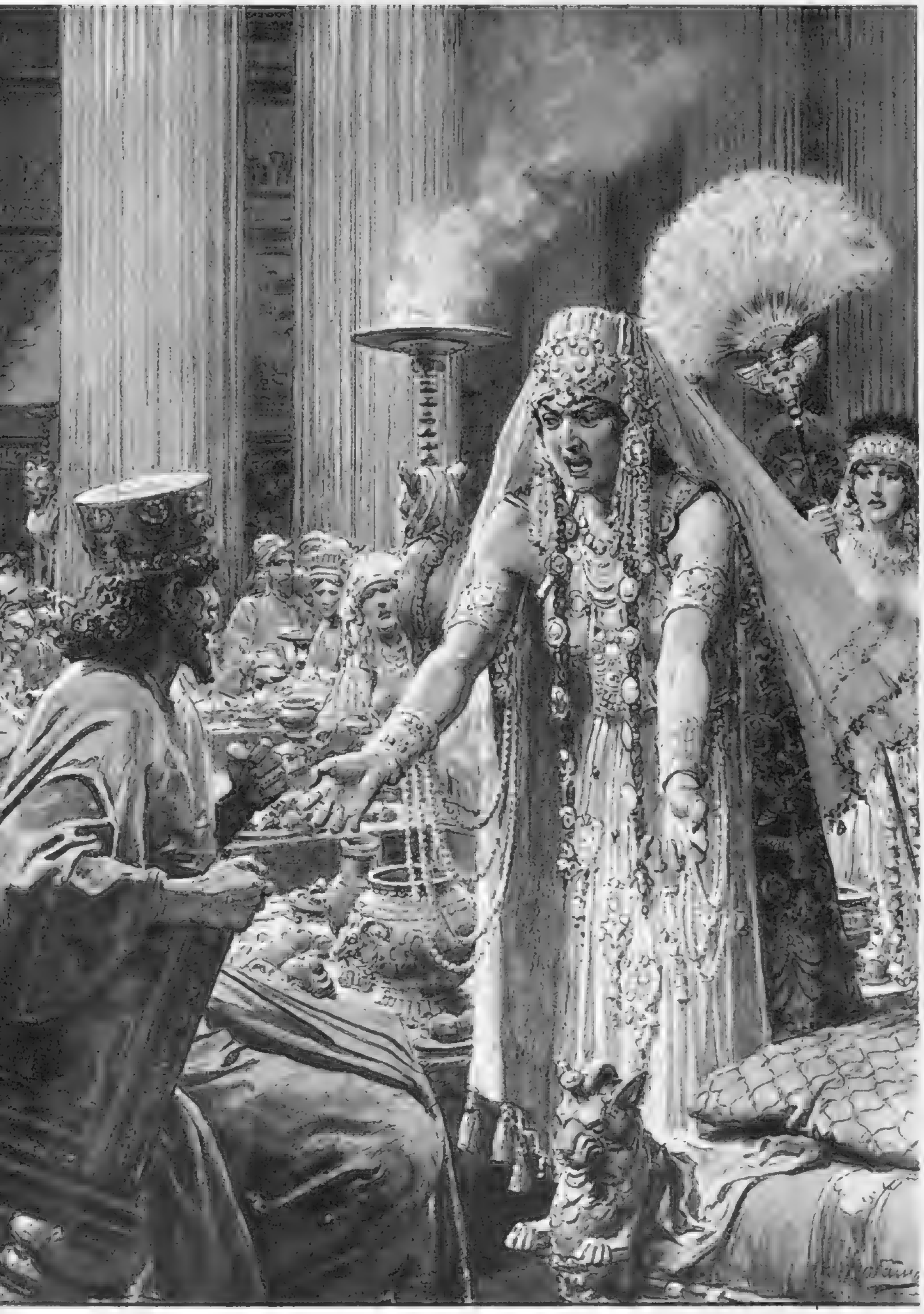
While the troubled woman felt as though she were treading a tight-rope, Xerxes was maturing a plan to attract Masistes' wife to his court at Susa, not far from Persepolis. He suggested a marriage between his son and Artaynta, Masistes' daughter. No one guessed the hidden reason of this proposal. On the contrary, the match was considered to be most happily arranged, accordingly, with a magnificence that defies all description, the marriage was celebrated.

The event had a beneficial effect all round, dispelling, in particular, the beginnings of restlessness in the mind of the Queen. She had noticed the exaggerated frequency with which presents were sent to the wife of Masistes, and she knew, too, that the woman was still too young and beautiful not to arouse admiring attention. But now all was explained. Xerxes appeared to have in his mind only the marriage of the future king of Persia. It was therefore quite natural that every attention and every sign of deference should be paid to the family of the bride-to-be.

The wife of Masistes, however, still felt insecure, and she consented to the marriage only because she could not very well refuse. Xerxes' reserved behaviour frightened her more than his loquacity, for she perceived at least more sincerity in his aggressive ways than in his obviously artificial continence.

AS soon as the public festivities were over Xerxes and his family left Sardis for Susa, and it was amidst a hurricane of enthusiasm that the gorgeously equipped royal caravan started on its journey. This enthusiasm was repeated with no less intensity when the newly married couple and the parents of the radiant Princess Artaynta left Sardis, in their turn, to join the King and Queen at Susa.

Travel in those days was extremely comfortable for rich people, and in the case of a monarch like Xerxes became a triumphal procession of gorgeous pageantry. Every comfort that a royal palace could afford was made movable from place to place and every device that human ingenuity could contrive to contribute to such comfort was at the service of the King and his followers. There were wagons that were practically huge movable beds, so luxurious was their upholstery. They were covered on the outside with rich cloth and from the roofs feather fans were moved to and fro by servants. On hilly terrain the wheels were removed from the carriages and they were borne forward by slaves. At mealtimes convenient places were chosen for a halt, and in a short time magnificent tents were erected by special slaves, each of them



The face of Amestris became like the sinister mask of Medusa. Green with hatred, she poured out her mind to Xerxes

well trained for his part. Even the ground was levelled off so that carpets could be laid faultlessly flat. Every sort of rich plate and vessel was placed at the disposal of the guests, according to their rank. Without a moment's wait the King could pass from his banqueting-tent to his carriage or litter, while a multitude of attendants dealt with the tents, every movement being perfectly synchronised. In no time everything had disappeared into appropriate cases, bags and sacks, and the tail of the column was ready to catch up with the rest. So they proceeded, until the time of the next meal, which very often was cooked on the way. At the end of the day the same performance was repeated.

At Susa the life at court was resumed in the ordinary way, but Xerxes seemed to have come to his senses concerning his sister-in-law, for fraternal cordiality was the apparent tone of their intercourse. The tact and presence of mind of the persecuted woman was not any more heavily taxed than in the past. The watchful Amestris, too, seemed to have come to the conclusion that she had misinterpreted the nature of her husband's interest in his beautiful sister-in-law.

Was the King really getting over the infatuation, or was he trying to obtain his object in some other way? Time is a comb that sooner or later catches every knot. In reality, the cause of the apparent calm was not due to either of the two versions. There was a third cause as monstrous as it was unexpected.

Xerxes had levelled his impure glances at Artaynta, the young wife of his own son. That a mature man is apt to yield to the fascination of a woman young enough to be his daughter is, and always has been, a very common occurrence. It is a trap that fate often opens before a human being, and once he has fallen in it, it is very difficult indeed to emerge unscathed, no matter how strong and mentally superior he may be. On the contrary, mental superiority in the majority of cases means exceptional sensitivity, a quality that makes the price paid still heavier. But here the case was quite different, because, with every balanced person, the daughter-in-law should be considered as sacred as the daughter. Here, then, was one of those mysterious enormities born of a distorted mind; previously Xerxes had fallen in love with the mother without having had his passion satisfied. Now he saw the replica of that person, with the same features, the same figure, and the added fascination of youth. To his imagination she was the same woman beautified by a miracle, and the rest did not concern him.

Every time that he saw the girl a fresh dose of poison intoxicated his brain, already incapable of any decent reaction.

Artaynta soon realised what was agitating the King's mind. Where is the woman who does not read in the eyes of a man the unspoken desire for her?

It seemed that an evil genius was insinuating itself in the mind of the young Princess as well, for she, unlike her mother, instead of dodging the unnatural attentions, was highly flattered. In her young mind the pride of being preferred by the most powerful king of Asia neutralised every other feeling. On the other hand, the prepossessing aggressiveness of a mature man acquainted with every refinement and experience of life had for Artaynta a much stronger savour than the shy and timid ways of her young husband.

Human passions that need not be hidden seldom take the shape of a disease. When, instead, they can only be gratified in a clandestine way, man invariably becomes obsessed by the prohibition imposed upon him, and that imposition embitters even those moments of joy that can be occasionally snatched.

FOR a time Amestris did not discover anything, nor did she attribute the worried expression of her husband to any unusual cause. He was normally a moody man, and the best policy was not to take much notice of his moods, but to wait for the natural passing of the cloud. She had embroidered a magnificent mantle for Xerxes. She had been working on it for a long time with the object of surprising him. One day she thought that the appropriate moment to cheer him up had come, so she displayed the gorgeous garment before him. He showed a sincere enthusiasm and astonishment for this elaborate and complicated masterpiece of embroidery. Xerxes promised to wear it as his usual attire; in fact, after that the King was, except when etiquette required otherwise, constantly wrapped in that gorgeous cloak.

One day, attired in the famous mantle, Xerxes went to visit Artaynta, and whilst she was softly abandoned in his arms, he promised to give her anything that she would ask for if she would be his own for ever.

Most insinuatingly the answer came in the form of another question. She asked him whether she could really take his word literally. Xerxes was already too flustered by excitement not to endorse his promise with a solemn oath, but as soon as she expressed her request

he realised how unwise he had been. She wanted the mantle he was wearing.

With every sort of persuasion he implored her to change her mind. He offered her fabulous sums of money; offered the entire financial income from several of the richest towns in the kingdom. He offered jewels, slaves and anything she would mention, but every proposal was turned down. Artaynta was adamant. Eventually her obstinacy overcame Xerxes's reluctance and he ended by consenting to give her the cloak.

Eagerly Artaynta cast off some of her garments and draped herself in the beautiful cloak, trying every combination of folds before the enraptured Xerxes.

DURING the days that followed, Xerxes racked his brain to find some excuse to justify the disappearance of the royal garment. It would not have been so difficult if it had disappeared altogether, but Artaynta blindly carried away by her vanity, boasted of the possession of such a precious thing with the most inconceivable irresponsibility. The consequence was that the suspicion brooding in many minds became a certainty and the guilty liaison existing between the king and Artaynta became a matter of public knowledge.

Needless to say, nobody dared to breathe a word, for it was a question of forfeiting one's head.

Artaynta's mother had tried in vain to deter her daughter from taking a road that could only spell ruination to them all. The days went by and every one was trembling with terror in anticipation of what the queen would do.

As a matter of fact, Amestris had often horrified her subjects with deeds of amazing cruelty. Everybody remembered the terrible sacrifice of fourteen innocent youths to a certain subterranean god never heard of before. It was inconceivable that no new indiscretion had reached her ears, but it was a fact that Amestris kept perfectly silent, and those who knew her nature were all the more scared by the apparent peace.

A great festivity was approaching, the birthday of the king. On that occasion amongst many manifestations of public joy, it was customary to hold a huge banquet at the palace. One of the principal features was the donation of rich presents, not to the king, but from the king to his family and his guests. When the big day arrived, the spectacle in the big pillared banqueting hall seemed more the product of a fantastic dream than a tangible reality. In accordance with the etiquette of the occasion, the king appeared with no ornaments except those on his head, while the queen was one mass of sparkling precious stones. She seemed quite happy, and the banquet ran as smoothly and as brilliantly as could be desired.

As the dispensation of gifts was about to begin, a very tragic scene suddenly occurred between Xerxes and Amestris. It was the custom that the king never refused what was asked on this day, and Amestris was the first to name the gift most agreeable to her. Amidst perfect silence she had saluted the king and had asked for the wife of Masistes, mother of Artaynta, as her unconditional and absolute property. The king remained spellbound and asked why she wanted her sister-in-law. This question immediately provoked all the ferocity that Amestris had until then bottled up within her. Her face took on the sinister aspect of the mask of Medusa. Green with hatred, she poured out her mind. She said that she did not blame the silly girl whose stupid vanity and swollen head had made her drift into such an abominable muddle. She did not blame the young beginner for becoming an irresponsible little fool by seeing the most powerful king at her feet. She blamed her mother, for she was the one and the only one who had made all the mischief.

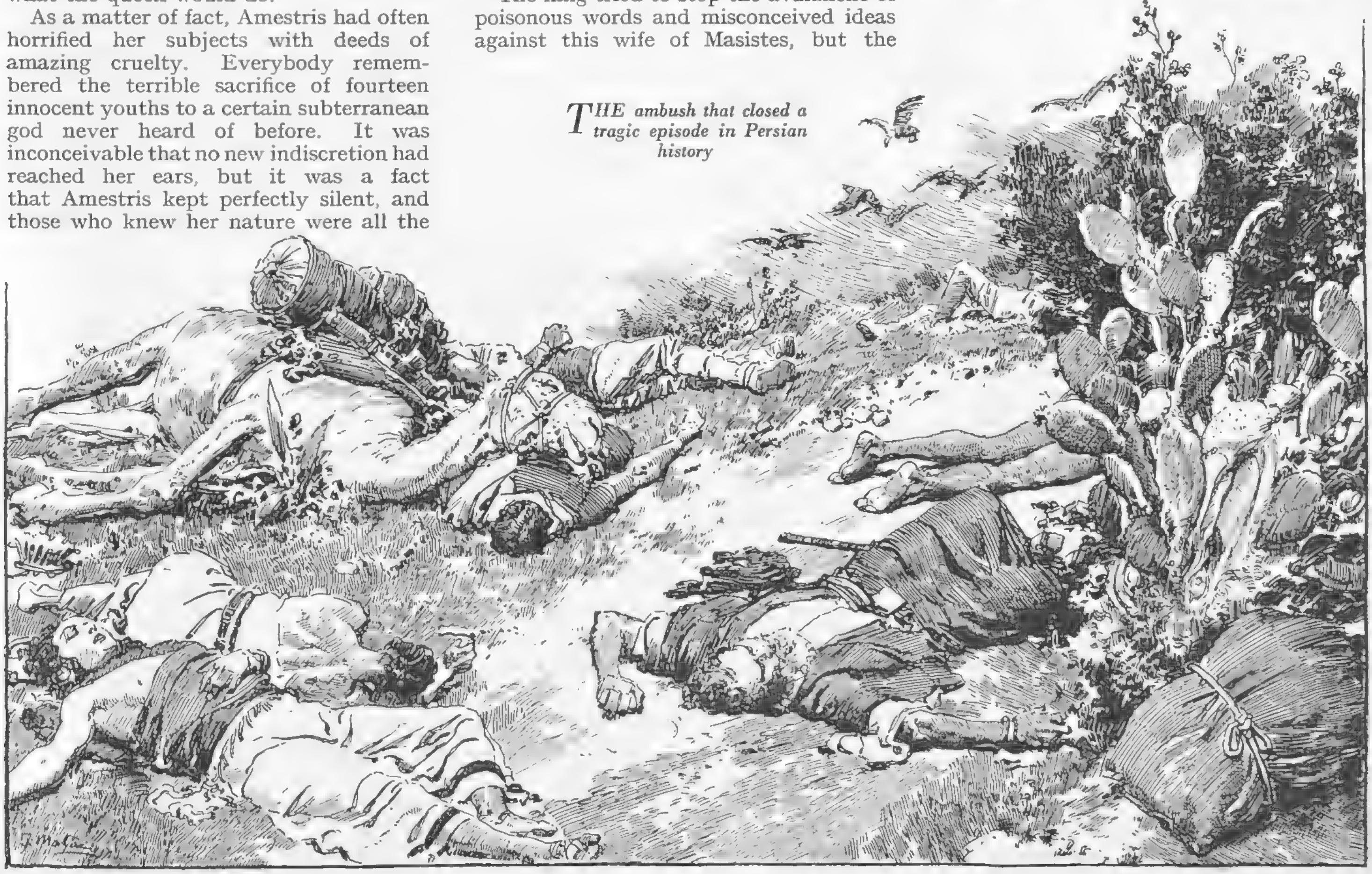
The king tried to stop the avalanche of poisonous words and misconceived ideas against this wife of Masistes, but the violence of Amestris did not abate. She added that for a long time she had known how Artaynta's mother, failing to mollify the king in her favour, had sold her young daughter to him. Whatever the king said to alter the convictions of his wife was of no avail. He considered Amestris's request unjust and nefarious. But Amestris was not to be shifted from her determination, and, alternating wrath with sweetness, she gradually bent Xerxes to her will.

Dazed by the unexpected storm and eager to put a stop to the undignified scene, the king reluctantly consented, and put his royal seal to the abominable act.

When Xerxes was guilty of a misdeed, he usually passed on from one enormity to another. He sent immediately for Masistes. The latter, not only knew nothing of what had happened at the banquet, but the care for affairs of state and his frequent travels had kept him in complete ignorance of the liaison between the king and his daughter.

WHEN Masistes appeared before Xerxes, the following dialogue, quoted by Herodotus, took place: "Masistes, thou art my brother, the son of my father Darius; and, what is more, thou art a good man.

(*Continued on page* 101)



THE ambush that closed a tragic episode in Persian history

tinker tailor soldier

DOCTOR

For the position of doctor's wife you should have a good knowledge of the more subtle publicity methods. A doctor may not advertise, but his wife is his indirect advertising agent. She must build up their social connexions and carry about her an air of prosperity, even if behind the screen she is wrapping up the medicine.

She must be discreet as a typewritten envelope, and give the impression that her husband tells her *nothing*. People confide to their doctors many things that they would not wish to confide to their doctor's wife. She must not even know when Mrs. B's baby is due, nor have heard how Mr. C. came through his operation.

Most important of all, the G.P.'s wife must be prepared to have a good-sized family. Otherwise it is very difficult for them to build up a thriving family doctor practice. The doctor with three or four children of his own commends himself to parents far more than the doctor with eight or twelve letters after his name. Experience, to parents, means having been through the mill yourself.

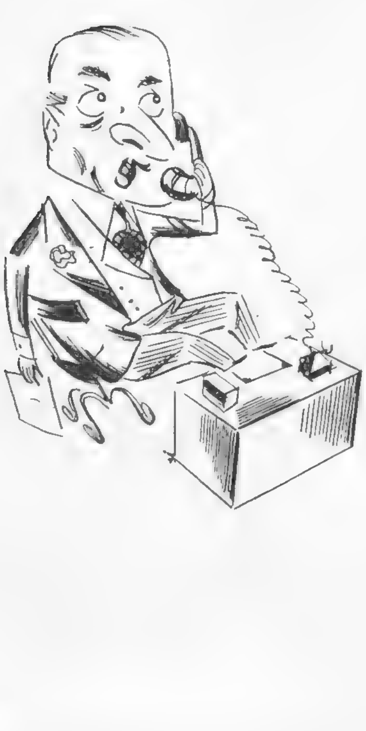
WRITER

The best qualification for a writer's wife is to be a secretary. All writers need secretaries, but few can afford them as well as wives; so he who secures a wife who is also a secretary is getting a bargain that he will appreciate. Her duties are to do his filing, type his letters and manuscripts, keep his accounts, do his Income Tax, answer the telephone, make his appointments, sharpen his pencils, and act as watchdog at his study door to guard him from being disturbed.

If you want to make a good writer's wife, or rather a writer's good wife, you will have to be unselfish. It is extremely peeving to have a husband at home all day and not to be able to make use of him for odd jobs; nor to be able to take him to tennis parties, or get him to drive you to make calls in the country.

It is still more peeving to let him go off to lunches, dinners and parties without you. You will be invited to many of them, but the dismal fact that must be faced is that an author's wife at a literary party is a problem—and rather than go out and be a problem, it is better to stay at home and be a martyr.

BUSINESS MAN

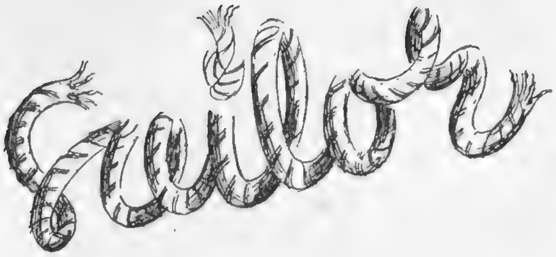


Any one can qualify as a business man's wife—it is the easiest post of the lot. Your husband is out of the house about nine hours a day, during which time you are not really on the job. Certainly, running the house is part of the job, but as long as he is not there you can go about it in your own way.

Since you do not see your husband all day, you have plenty to talk about when he comes home. He, for his part, has spent the day in meeting people and discussing his and the Government's business, so that there is no need for you to swot it all up.

Unlike the writer's or the doctor's wife, you don't have to help him in his work, so all your intelligence can go into making his play hours happy. Some husbands, of course, do like to discuss the day's business, but it is only thinking aloud, so you have only to be a good listener.

It is better not to be of the neat, efficient type, because the business man has these typing all round him. Neither will he want a hard-boiled creature in his home, because he meets plenty of these in other egg-cups. A little fluffy, a little sweet, a little sentimental . . . yes, dear, you should do nicely.



FOR WHAT KIND OF A HUSBAND ARE YOU QUALIFIED?

By Alison Haig

SAILOR

A naval officer's wife should be unimaginative. She is faced with long stretches alone in places like Portsmouth, while her husband roams the sea's surface with intervals at places like Malta, Shanghai, and Gib. She will have her periods of gaiety when the fleet is home, when he is on leave, or if she goes out to join him abroad. But most of the time she will have to think of him having a good time without her, knowing that every nice girl loves a sailor.

On the other hand, the marriage stands an unusually good chance of success. For how many marriages that grow stale and everyday would have the adventure kept alive by the pangs of constant partings and the sweet gaiety of reunions? Such frequent opportunities for starting all over again are usually only given to lovers, not married couples.

ACTOR

The essential qualification for an actor's wife is beauty. Jealousy will be the biggest pitfall in your path, and the more beautiful you are, the less likely you are to be jealous. It is bad enough, even if you *are* a staggering blonde, to know that your husband is clasping, night after night and two afternoons a week, another staggering blonde. It is horrible, horrible, if you are just plain brown. Best of all, is to be an actress yourself. For then you know exactly what those stage embraces are like, and how thick is the grease-paint. Also, if you yourself have stage engagements, it gives you something to occupy your evenings which are otherwise likely to be very tedious. Furthermore, it helps, too, from the point of view of getting on with your husband's friends. There is no profession so cliquy as the stage, and stage people are the worst offenders at talking shop.

PARSON

To be a good clergyman's wife you need all the gifts that a clergyman needs, except oratory. You are his feminine double. His opinions are your opinions, his faith yours, his work among the sick and needy is your work.

You will not be required to have any novel ideas of your own—and this applies to clothes and personal appearance as well as politics, ethics, and sociology.

You must be a good organiser and, what is more difficult, be able to get on well with other good organisers. If possible, you must have a genuine capacity for enjoying such things as jumble sales, bazaars, garden fêtes, and committee meetings. You must be a gifted beggar for good causes.

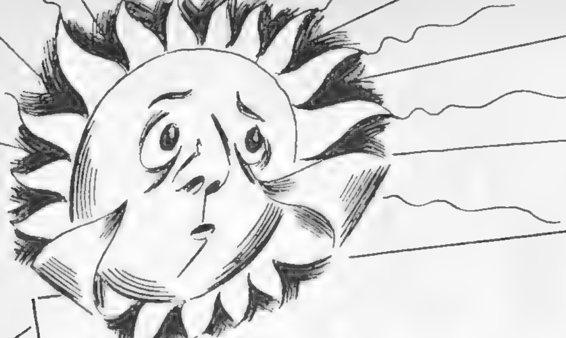
You must have a natural, friendly manner, and be at ease with people of all sorts and conditions—particularly unfortunate conditions. If, added to all this, you go down well with the bishop, your husband will consider you, in unclerical language, a wow.

SOLDIER

If you have the homing instinct and want nothing so much as to build a nest and sit in it, you should not accept the post of officer's wife. You will be stationed here, you will be stationed there, but not until your husband has retired will you reach a terminus.

You will make curtains for one house, and they will not fit the next; your furniture will be constantly in storage, your china in bits. You will probably see about six years' service abroad, and during that time be parted from your children (so it is useful to have rich grandparents on which to dump them).

To be well groomed is more important in this post than to be beautiful. You must be a good hostess and a popular guest, be able to flirt without falling, and gossip without being gossiped about. The best qualification of all is to have a nice bit of money and good connexions.



Midsummer Health Bill

Sunburn

This should be treated immediately. The effect of a scorched and throbbing area across the shoulders, arms, neck or forehead, should never be lightly dismissed. Legs are bad enough, and a burn across them may even cause a rise of temperature in children. Once the skin is burst-blistered, it is open to infection.

So, always bandage sunburn.

Apply either Arden's Eight-hour Cream, a highly medicated salve which brings instant relief; or Calomine, well shaken and thickly put on, and do not wash it off until after thirty-six hours. Then work in zinc ointment, petroleum jelly or Vaseline.

In every case cover with a piece of linen rag, clean handkerchief or gauze.

A cotton-wool pad soaked in witch-hazel is also good, bound on. If none of these is available, make a paste of flour and water and spread it over the place to keep air from the burn. It can always be peeled off and substituted by a cream later on.

Do not sea-bathe with sunburn or there will be salt-water blisters.

Aching Feet

Arches collapse and ankles swell after pavement-trotting or standing around in the heat. If the day is hot and you know you are going to be on your feet, rub boracic acid powder into your soles before putting on your stockings.

Wear a shoe with a square heel; it can be two inches high but it should be square. Change immediately on coming in and plunge your feet into a bucket of hot water containing one ounce to every quart, of epsom salts, or one tablespoonful vinegar (this can be heated up again in the bucket for another time). Ordinary washing soda, a large lump to every quart, is also good, but epsom salts is best for drawing out uric acid.

If a lump appears behind your toes on the ball of your feet, press a pad on it and bandage. Go to a big shoe store and have your feet X-rayed, this may signal a collapse of your transverse arch.

If corns worry you, bandage on a pad soaked in castor oil at night. Take tablets of Hexamine.

Insect Bites

Scent yourself with a shaking of: essential oil of oranges, thirty grammes; camphorated alcohol, thirty grammes; and oil of cedar, fifteen grammes; and you will scent off midges, gnats, mosquitoes; sit at peace in the garden at twilight. Rub your home-made scent behind the ears, around the wrists, it's good for the skin.

Suck any wasp sting *at once*, and make a high mound over it of bicarbonate of soda. If necessary, bind this on. Irritation will vanish under the hour.

If stung by a bee, there will be a small black splinter in the centre of the swelling. This has to be pressed out, maybe with the help of tweezers. Take care not to break it. As long as it is in, there will be poison. Once out, pile on bicarbonate, ammonia, or the blue-bag.

Heat Stroke

Loosen and draw off clothing. Lie patient in a blanket, with head raised, near an open window in a darkened room. Apply eau-de-Cologne and ice or cold cloths to the head and back of the neck, at the same time place hot-water bottles on the outside of the blanket near the feet. Give a drink of warm Glucose D water, a desertspoonful to a half pint, and frequent drinks of cold water.

Later, give a long saline drink and some hot weak tea. Very little, if anything, to eat, as an eighteen-hour fast is best after heat-stroke, and should be broken only by dry brown bread and honey.

Stomach Trouble

Sudden heat-waves are almost invariably accompanied by sudden colics, especially in children. These evidence the body's attempt to adjust itself to semi-tropical conditions by an immediate self-cleanse.

A colic may also be due to fruit—plums, blackberries—to a pip that has become lodged in the stomach.

Give barley water to drink; this should be thin (half ounce to three pints of water), have the juice of one lemon, a sliver of lemon rind (no white under lining, please) and six lumps of sugar. These can all be added after the barley water has been poured off the boil.

Give castor oil, a desertspoonful, followed twelve hours later by a long saline drink. Persist with the barley water for a day (Continued on page 125)

A Month-to-Month Commentary

Miss Ronda Keane

Lady Bowater

Lady Hills with her son, Sir Andrew Hills

The Women I Meet

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

LONDON, at this time of the year, is a pageant of glamour and glitter with the season reaching its height. Good times or bad times, crisis or calm, the traditional pomp continues, despite the demands and encroachments of modern conditions or unforeseen eventualities. Even though a certain elasticity creeps into the rigid conventions of its original formality, still it seems that the season's calendar and programme remains unaltered.

Which is the outcome of all the organisation and careful planning, which, handed down from generation to generation, ensures a routine which directs this phase of London's life and accomplishes its underlying purpose with little ostentation.

And leader in this routine, almost its backbone, one might say, amongst women, must be that very important hostess of the City of London, the Lady Mayoress. LADY BOWATER, with her smile of great sweetness, whose lovely white hair is a contrast to her dark eyes, holds this high office, and, in her gentle manner, with her husband, Sir Frank Bowater, this year reigns at the Mansion House.

It is a position which many may well covet, but its duties seem unending. The list of the Lady Mayoress's engagements, every single day, all of which are fulfilled punctiliously, opens very early in the morning, covers each successive hour, and continues through formal dinners, banquets or receptions, at which she is hostess or guest of honour, until late.

Not for the Lady Mayoress is the relaxation of a quiet evening at a cinema or theatre should she feel inclined. Nor the intimacy of dinner or luncheon with her children and grandchildren or her own intimate friends. During her year of office she is one with the tremendous responsibility entrusted by London's city to the holder of its highest honour and the symbol of its most ancient and cherished traditions.

But at least she has not to contend with the domestic difficulties which, like a nightmare, haunt the hostess of the average vast establishment. In the Mansion House there is a staff of some seventy welded with its ceremonial and usage; most of them are as much a part of the mayoral dignity as the wonderful pictures which hang on the panelled walls.

The Lady Mayoress does not ride in the Lord Mayor's coach, which was built in 1896, and which is only used on Lord Mayor's day. Nor does she have robes, which, from a woman's point of view, seems very unfair, considering the glorious raiment of the Lord Mayor, which in Sir Frank's case includes the ermine cape of a peer, the perquisite, traditionally, after the honouring of the city by the visit of a monarch, which was in this particular instance King Carol.

But she has her gilt throne by the side of her husband's, with the two for the King and the Queen when their Majesties visit the city, which stand imposingly in the Great Reception Room and are used for Mansion House receptions.

For a woman the Mansion House is a wonderful and historic background which is not only a series of magnificent apartments for spectacular entertainment, but which is a real home as well.

The private suites of the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress are flower-filled and have the (*Continued on page* 83)

Lady Kennet

Lady Churston

Mrs. Fitzmaurice

The Face *of a* Saint

TWICE a day the *autobus* passed above the stone house among the olive trees; once a day at least the brown-faced driver waved to Dominique.

It was so peaceful in that still corner of the world that even the white road seemed an intrusion. It crept along the bottom of the valley as if it knew it had no business there, over the lichened bridge which the sun never quite reached, and up the opposite hill until it enclosed Dominique's house and water-wheel in a dusty loop. His terraced market gardens, where narcissi grew in January, lay like a flight of green steps between the two levels of the road.

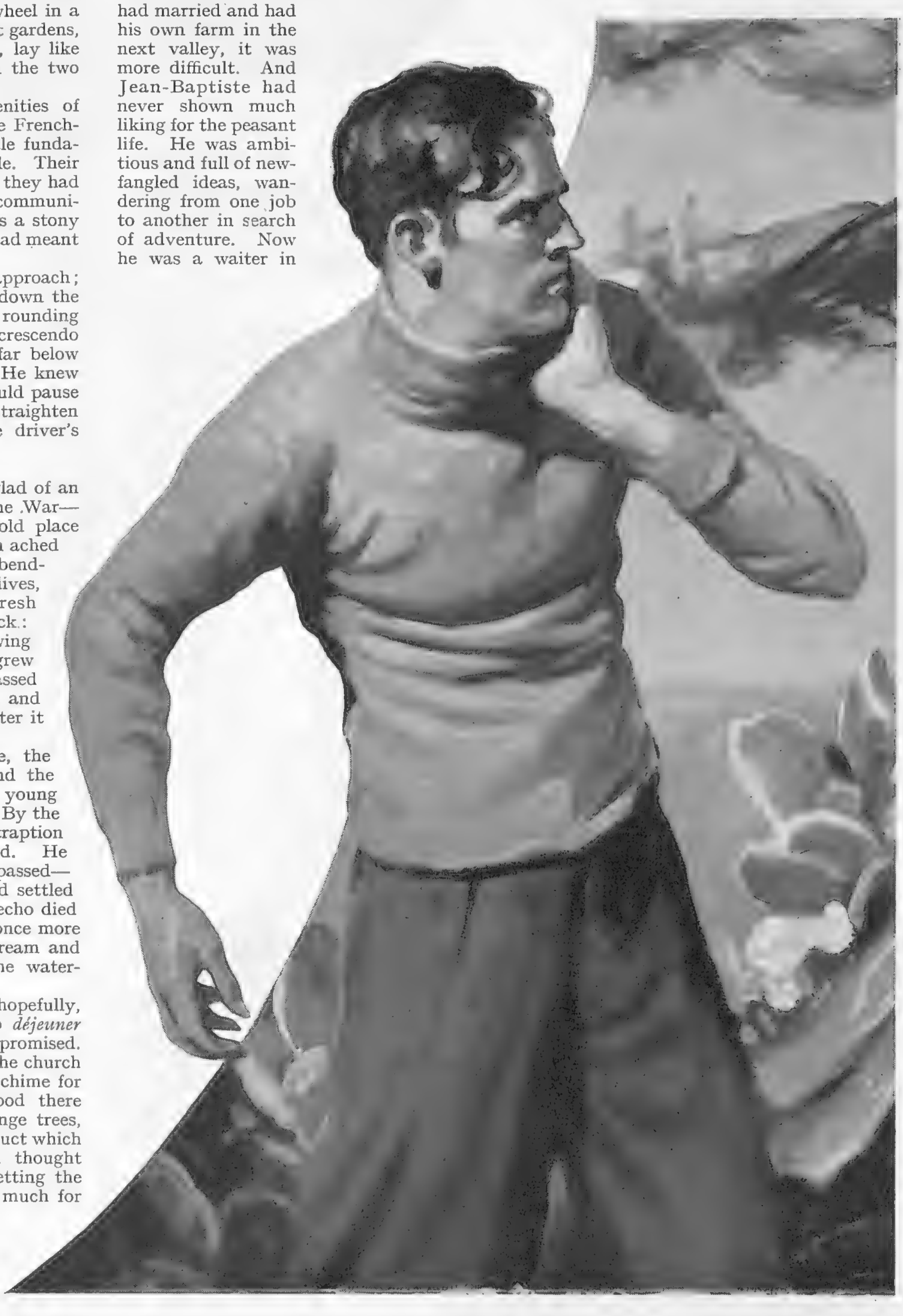
The road brought the amenities of civilisation to this valley on the French-Italian border, but it made little fundamental difference to the people. Their lives went on much the same as they had done in the days when the only communication with the coast towns was a stony mule path. To Dominique the road meant the *autobus*. . . .

He knew all the sounds of its approach; the first echo of its engine far down the valley; the note of its horn rounding invisible corners; the gradual crescendo of noise as it came into view far below enveloped in a cloud of dust. He knew the precise moment when he could pause in his digging or hoeing and straighten his back, ready to return the driver's greeting.

FOR years now he had been glad of an excuse to rest—ever since the War—and lately it seemed that the old place where the shrapnel had hit him ached more than ever. Sometimes, bending over his artichokes and endives, Dominique wondered if fresh trouble was starting in his back: he didn't realise that he was growing old. Imperceptibly the rests grew longer. Each time the *autobus* passed he stopped work a little sooner, and paused a few moments more after it had gone.

To-day the *autobus* was late, the sun's rays were very warm, and the dockweeds which choked his young cabbages had obstinate roots. By the time the dusty, rattling contraption appeared, Dominique was tired. He rested a long time after it had passed—so long that the white dust had settled on the olive trees and the last echo died away: the valley surrendered once more to the whisper of its falling stream and the soft, regular lap-lap of the water-wheel.

He glanced up at the sun hopefully, wondering how long it was to *déjeuner* and the *ragoût* which Marie had promised. But it was still short of noon; the church bells from the village wouldn't chime for yet another hour. So he stood there staring at his gardens, his orange trees, the turning wheel and the aqueduct which irrigated the lower land, and thought sadly that his property was getting the better of him. There was too much for one man to do—even when he had a wife like Marie who always found time for everything. Not that he minded work within reason. It had made up his life and given him all he needed—food to eat, wine to drink, the wherewithal to keep a wife and raise a family. What more could man want than that? When both his sons lived at home and divided the labour they had managed very well; there had always been plenty of good quality produce to send to market, and extra sous to buy Marie a Sunday dress; there had even been time to sit in the sun or the village café. But since Pierre had married and had his own farm in the next valley, it was more difficult. And Jean-Baptiste had never shown much liking for the peasant life. He was ambitious and full of new-fangled ideas, wandering from one job to another in search of adventure. Now he was a waiter in some grand restaurant in Monte Carlo and talked a great deal of the money he made and how rich he meant to be someday. Dominique could never remember the name of the restaurant or what it was all about, but he distrusted his younger son's way of living. The cities were no good to a boy as wild as Jean-Baptiste; one heard strange tales of Monte Carlo. . . . Yet there was little hope of his returning to work on the land as long



With a traitorous heart which brought him low

By Noëlle Hamblen

as his mother encouraged his foolish ambitions.

Dominique sighed as he bent over the cabbages once more. He would have liked plenty of time to sit in the sun again—sometimes he felt that was all he wanted to do.

THE *ragoût* was ready at last. Marie had made it with carrots and a touch of red wine—the way Dominique liked—and stirred it all the morning between feeding her chickens, scrubbing her floors and slapping the dirty clothes in the great stone basin underneath the water-wheel. And all the time she had been calculating in her head how many eggs she must sell before she could afford the hire of a young man to help with the weeding. The significance of Dominque's rests had not escaped her.

In any case the *ragoût* was good, and she had a surprise for her tired man—a letter from Jean-Baptiste. She drew it from the bosom of her black cotton dress where it had reposed all the morning, as tenderly as if the cheap envelope with the Monaco stamp had been a letter from a lover.

"He is coming home on Sunday, the little one," she said happily. "By the *autobus* of the morning—and he has promised to stay all night."

"Good!" Dominique said, with his mouth full. "He can help with the weeding."

But Marie was chattering on happily: "We must kill a chicken and cook some of the artichokes. Then, if I can make an omelette with four eggs only, there will still be enough for market; and I shall make a dessert—doubtless, in the town, Jean is accustomed to the best. And listen to what he says: he gets big tips and the ladies smile at him. You will see," she added, wagging her finger at Dominique, who continued to eat quite undisturbed, "one of these days our Jean-Baptiste will be rich."

"If he doesn't go to prison first," he grunted.

"Prison?" Marie threw up her hands, outraged. "Be silent! Who would send our child to prison? You know that I won't have such talk; you're as wicked as those in the village who say that our Jean is bad. What kind of father are you to speak so of your own son? Ah—" and she shook her head reminiscently, "when he was little he had the face of a saint."

"But yes, *chérie*," Dominique agreed, hastily stemming the abuse. "I don't say that Jean-Baptiste is bad—only wild. Often I am anxious on his account. Monte Carlo is dangerous for a handsome young man; there are temptations—foreign women; one hears tales. . . ."

"Ah—*mut*!" Marie dismissed the idea with a shrug. "Jean-Baptiste is no fool."

Dominique raised his shoulders doubtfully. "Perhaps not. But I shall be happier when he leaves this work. Soon he must do his military service."

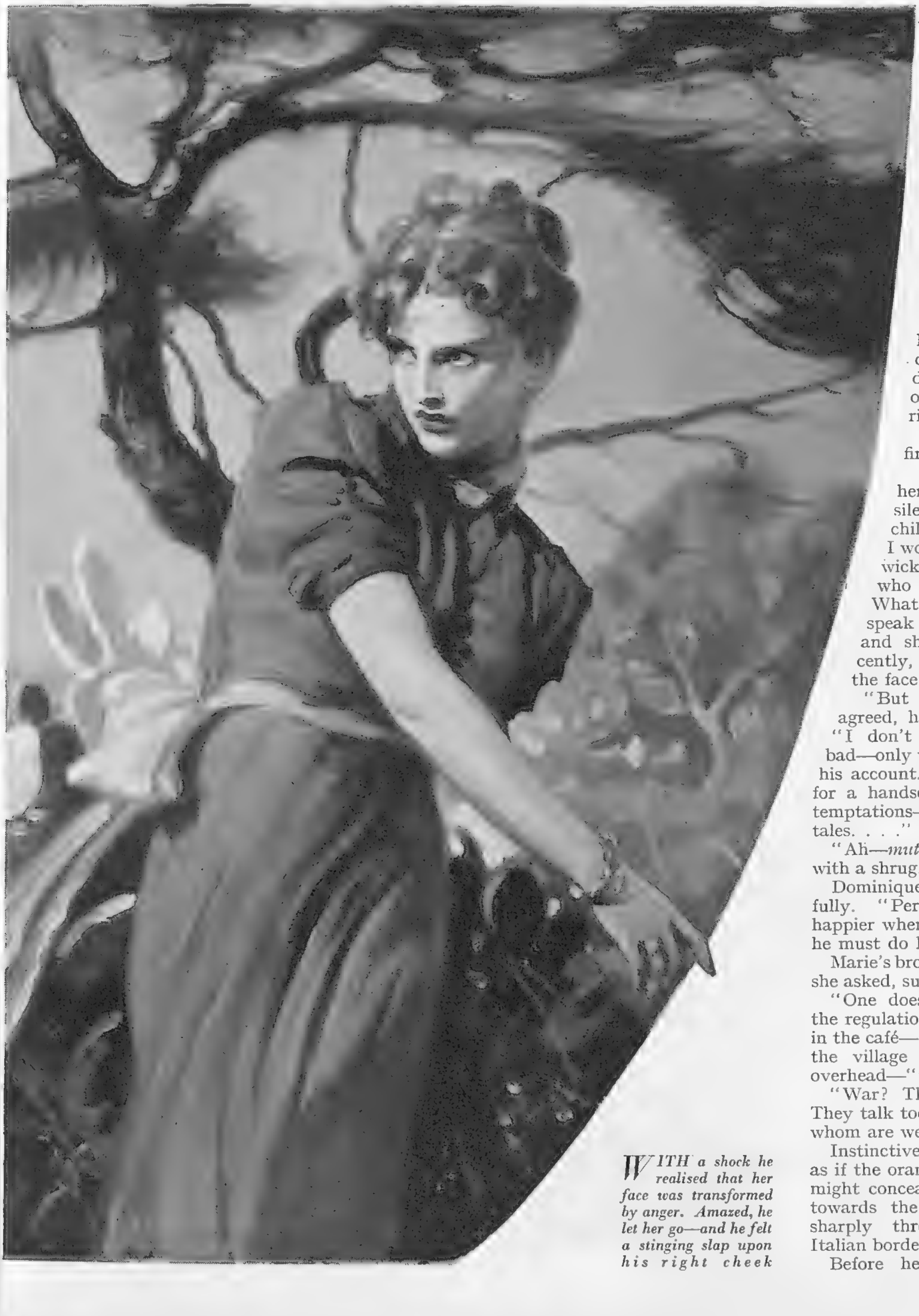
Marie's brown eyes darkened. "When?" she asked, suddenly concerned.

"One does not know. They change the regulations so much now. Up there, in the café—" he jerked his head towards the village perched on the mountain overhead—"they talk of war."

"War? They talked of that before. They talk too much, these people. With whom are we to fight now?"

Instinctively Dominique glanced round as if the orange trees and the grey olives might conceal a tale-bearer. He looked towards the east where a ravine cut sharply through the mountains—the Italian border.

Before he could speak Marie had



WITH a shock he realised that her face was transformed by anger. Amazed, he let her go—and he felt a stinging slap upon his right cheek sprung up and laid her hand across his mouth: "Don't say it! It's impossible! We cannot! It would be like fighting our own family—I, whose mother was Italian; you, whose sister married Giuseppi Fiorentino. My sons cannot fight their own cousins!"

Dominique took her trembling hand gently, seeking words of comfort in vain. His heart was like lead. The bloodshed and horror of that other war had never quite left him. Sometimes, when he had eaten too much supper, he dreamt of it and cried out in his sleep. And this one, if it came, would be worse than any they had known—so they said in the café. He had not liked the talk. It seemed that, not only his sons would be involved, but even his own valley—Marie, and Pierre's wife and children, their homes, the water-wheel and the cabbages. Over those brown mountains which were all he could see of Italy, aeroplanes might come raining death. His brain reeled before the idea which, in the calm of this Mediterranean valley where the very sky breathed peace, seemed impossible. He thought it a nightmare which could never come true, but all he said was:

"If France needs our sons they must go."

Marie said nothing. Her brown eyes, where despair and courage fought a strange battle of their own, met his for a long moment. Then she looked away, like a woman in a trance. She seemed to have forgotten Dominique, and in a little while he walked off to his cabbages. Once or twice he looked back, but she stood where he had left her gazing blankly at the sunlight with Jean-Baptiste's letter in her hands.

Above her the water-wheel turned—lip-lap, lip-lap. The valley sank into its afternoon repose, and the sound of running water only accentuated the silence. Occasionally Dominique's hoe clicked against the stones.

At a year old Jean-Baptiste may have looked like a saint; at twenty, even his mother had to admit that he looked very much like a healthy young man. To the woman who considered his dark looks as he stood beside her sports car, he was devoid of all heavenly attributes. She might have said that his attraction was distinctly carnal. She wondered idly if he was clever enough to know that a worn blue jersey and slacks became him far better than the cheap, would-be smart suits usually worn by waiters on their afternoons off. Did he know that casual clothes revealed his animal grace? And made his skin look browner and his teeth whiter?

She need not have wondered. Jean-Baptiste knew all right. He hadn't spent two seasons on the Riviera beaches without learning that peasant "atmosphere" was much more effective with foreigners than imitation worldliness. Women especially had taught him that he could live easily all through the summer by the fortunate accident of his native charm. He laughed when they called him a bronze statue, and thought them fools—but fools parted easily with their money. Success came so readily on the beaches that it went a little to his head.

The winters were harder. The most profitable career would have been that of professional dancer in the casinos, but the best jobs were difficult to secure; usually, they remained with the same gigolos year after year. Jean-Baptiste was not content with a second-rate dancing job; he preferred to be a waiter in the smartest restaurant in Monte Carlo where, although the work was hard, the tips were big and he was in touch with the environment he worshipped—the playground of the rich.

Money was the mainspring of Jean-Baptiste's career. Without it, he saw, one could accomplish nothing and life would always be a matter of carrying dishes and living in ill-furnished garrets. But with money, one could have anything—shining motor cars and white yachts and shoes which never creaked when you walked. One could order the *maître d'hôtel* about instead of sweating with fear when he asked why the sugar had been forgotten for the *crêpe suzette*; one could drink champagne at two hundred francs a bottle, and dine *tête-à-tête* with one of those exquisite women who wore ermine and diamonds and stockings like cobwebs.

Illustrated by
W. Smithson-Broadhead

Jean-Baptiste saw them every day in the restaurant, but he never got used to them. Ordinary women were no mystery to him, for he had made love to the village girls as a matter of course. But they had never stirred his deeper emotions. It was these expensive, artificial beauties which filled him with a strange excitement. Often, as he handed them a dish or whisked away a plate, he caught a whiff of perfume more divine than any flower's, and his hand trembled enough to promote disaster. Their very indifference was a challenge; surely to possess such a woman must be heaven itself?

And now he stood on a lonely stretch of the Upper Corniche and looked at one of the loveliest of them sitting less than three feet away. She had arrived at the rendezvous like a genie in a cloud of dust—a cloud which had contained her great cream and silver car. Never in all his summer experience had such an opportunity offered itself—and this was only March. Had the age of miracles come true?

He looked down at her hands resting, scarlet-tipped, upon the steering wheel; at the diamond wrist-watch and rings winking in the sun. He realised, with a shock, that before this supreme stroke of fortune he was dumb.

But she was smiling up at him and saying in her accented French:

"So—you came. I was afraid you would be prevented. Was it difficult?"

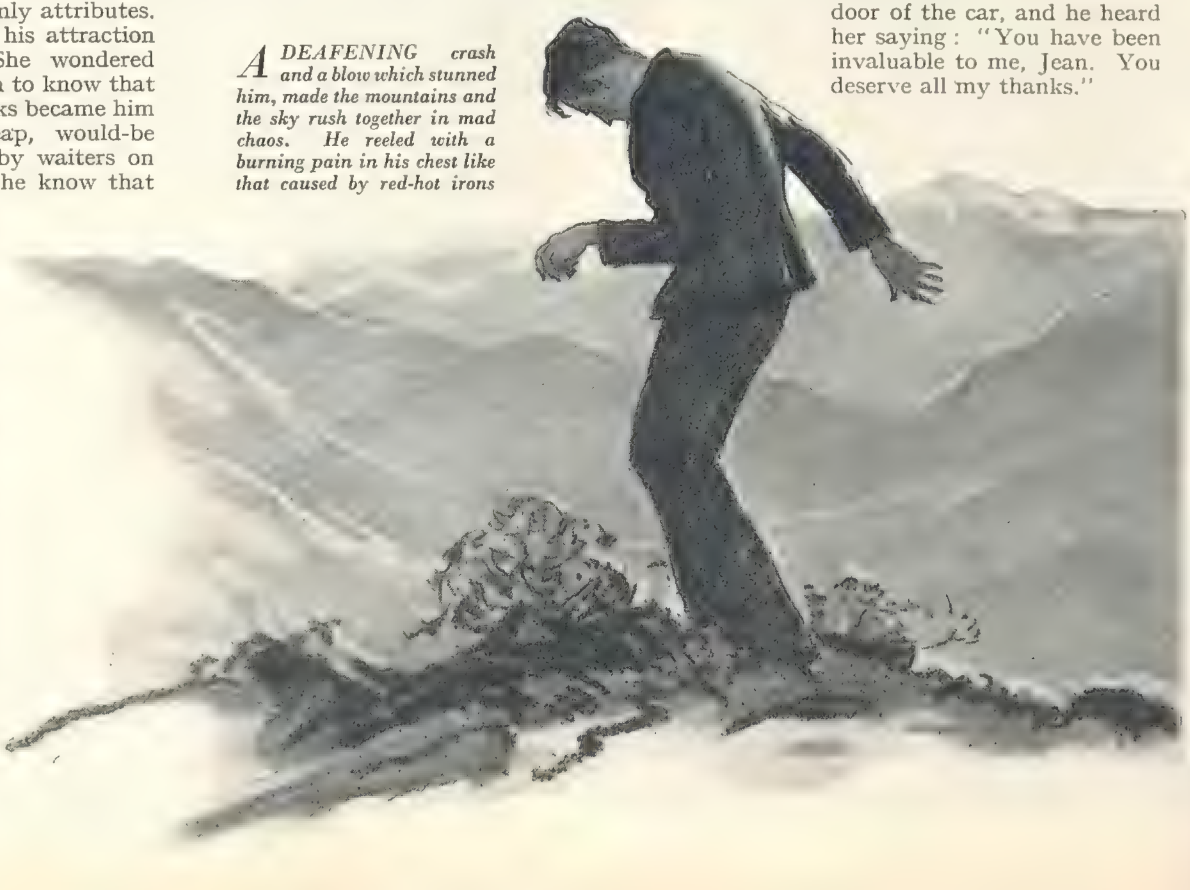
"But no—no," he assured her, and looked quickly down at his feet in the white dust. He couldn't bear her to notice his confusion.

"Ah—good." She sounded pleased, and Jean-Baptiste wished that he could think of something to say. It had always been so easy with the others, who thought whatever a bronze statue did was divine. But he wasn't quite sure that this one was impressed by bronze statues—she seemed to have other things on her mind.

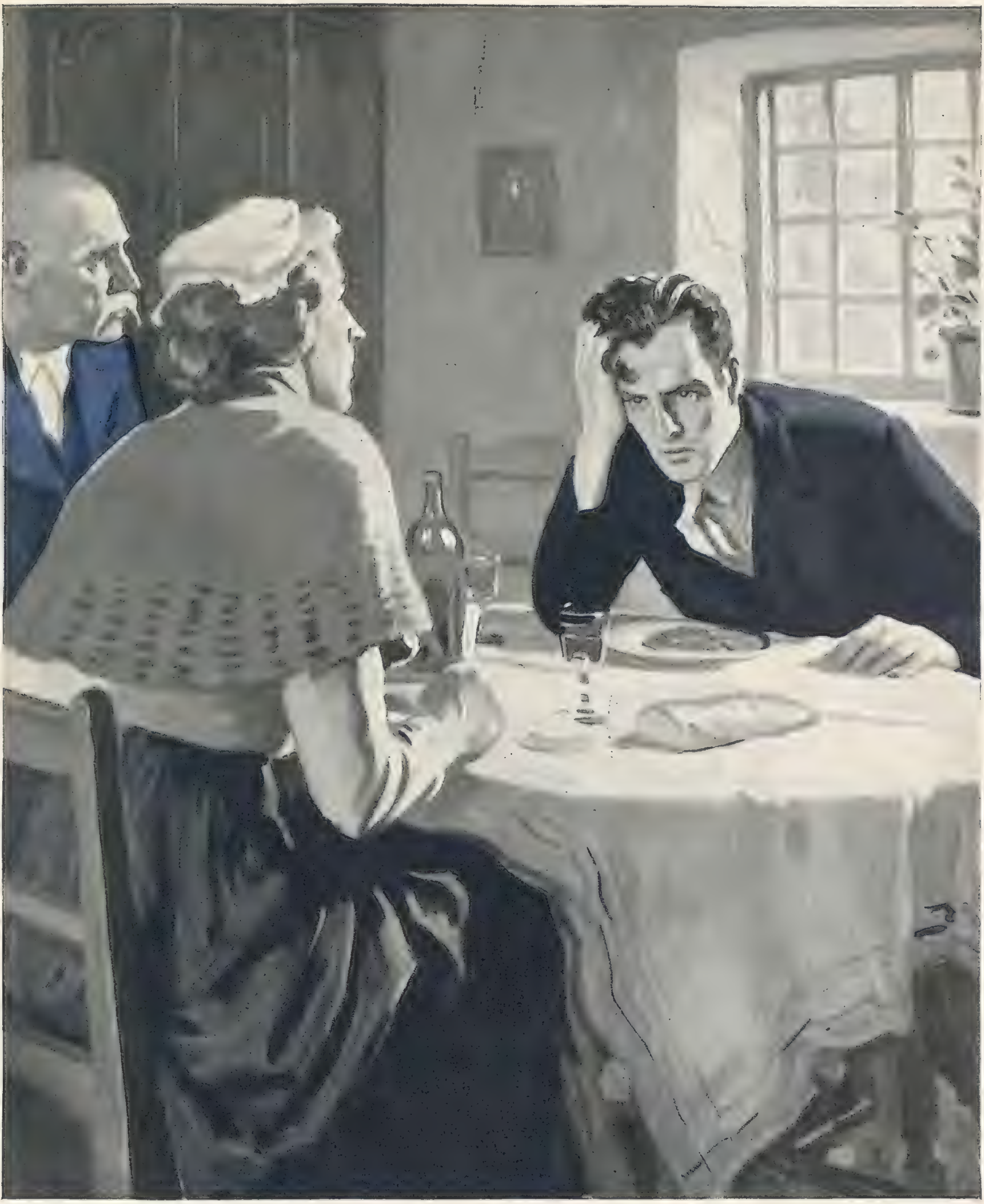
Even now she came quickly to the point, ignoring his stupidity. Neither did she notice the panorama spread beneath them—a view which people came from the ends of the earth to see. The green capes, the tiny lighthouses and shimmering blue bays might not have existed. She looked instead at Jean-Baptiste, leaning towards him across the leather seat.

"Listen, Jean-Baptiste," she said, and her voice was urgent. "We mustn't talk any more in the restaurant. People notice, and therefore it's no longer discreet. When you have something to say to me, we must meet elsewhere—like this perhaps. Do you understand?"

When he didn't answer she leaned still nearer; and Jean-Baptiste, daring to look up at last, saw her painted lips most temptingly close. Her jewelled hand crept over his where it rested on the door of the car, and he heard her saying: "You have been invaluable to me, Jean. You deserve all my thanks."



A DEAFENING crash and a blow which stunned him, made the mountains and the sky rush together in mad chaos. He reeled with a burning pain in his chest like that caused by red-hot irons



JEAN-BAPTISTE ran his fingers through his hair. "But yes, mother, it's excellent. No chef could do better. It's just that I—well, I'm not hungry." "My poor child! You must be ill—" "No," said Jean irritably, "I'm quite well"

Why thanks? She had paid him well and it had all been very easy. He didn't want her gratitude. But he knew, as he watched that provocative mouth, exactly what he did want. He scarcely listened when she told him that the work he had done was good, even when she said: "There is still more to do—and money for you, Jean-Baptiste. But it's dangerous. I wonder often that you're not afraid."

His pulses were hammering so madly that his mind barely reacted. It occurred to him that she was making a fuss about nothing—what was there to be afraid of in telling her all he knew of his own valleys on the frontier? Even counting the guns by stealth when he visited his home, or making mental notes of the fortifications from the conversation of his garrison friends—what was there to that? To Jean-Baptiste the French and Italian races were much the same thing. He spoke both languages equally well, and the only difference between himself and his cousins on the other side of the border, was the fact that they did their military service in the Italian army and he in the French. If a foreign woman liked to pay handsomely for information about the French defences, he was the last to inquire closely into her motives. His conscience sometimes argued that his father would consider it treachery to *la patrie*; but he silenced it by asking what *la patrie*

(*Continued on page* 91)

SO YOU ARE

SWIMMING

Even if it wasn't a practically free sport, swimming would still be one of the healthiest. But don't expect to enjoy plunging yourself into cold water if, when you are there, you can't do much more than work your arms and pretend your feet are not on the bottom.

Get an instructor to teach you swimming. You'll never be good until you do. When you can do it swimming is the most exhilarating thing in life, but when you can't, it is just a very cold douche.

ROWING

and sailing, but particularly rowing, which is the most health-making of all sports according to the experts. You can tell they mean it by the number of rowing machines you find in gymnasiums.

Rowing in an Eight may seem too much like hard labour to you, but pulling a boat on some shady river reach or sailing into the wind in a salty creek is another story. Blisters apart you'll get a lot of fun out of a boat and, with the fun, health in a big way.

GOLF

Strictly from the health point of view, probably not so good for the younger woman as some of the more violent sports, but there is a lot to be said for it. It keeps you walking in fresh air, encourages muscular control and the swing does good things to your balance.

Five clubs will see you through in the early stages, but it is important that they should be good and well matched. The clubs and bag should cost you around a fiver.

Golf is not one of the cheaper sports. Club subscriptions are widely varied, but they begin around six guineas a year. You'll need lessons from the pro.

A RABBIT AT GAMES . . .

You would think a summer afternoon looks much the same to everybody, but it doesn't. To some it is a challenge to rush out and smash a ball over a net or to gallop over the downs, and to others it is just a fine chance to sit and snooze.

I was born a snoozer and I have always had the tenderest feeling for my fellow snoozers, but I have seen the error of our ways.

Undoubtedly we rabbits miss a lot, and all snoozers are rabbits.

Don't tell me you can't be missing anything because you don't enjoy games. The fact is you don't enjoy games because you're bad at them. Now aren't you? You dislike them because they put you over in a bad light. Who doesn't?

Of course you are bad at games if you have never played them seriously. You can't learn to be a scratch golfer or a smashing tennis champion, or even to stick in a saddle by just hanging around and watching other people do it.

You must concentrate. You must be bad before you can be good, and it is worth making an effort to be good.

The physical and mental exhilaration which follows an outdoor game well and truly played is worth making an effort for. It is the real basis of natural health and beauty.

RIDING

This used to be the most exclusive of sports, but now everyone does it since riding schools sprang up everywhere.

For health, one of the best sports.

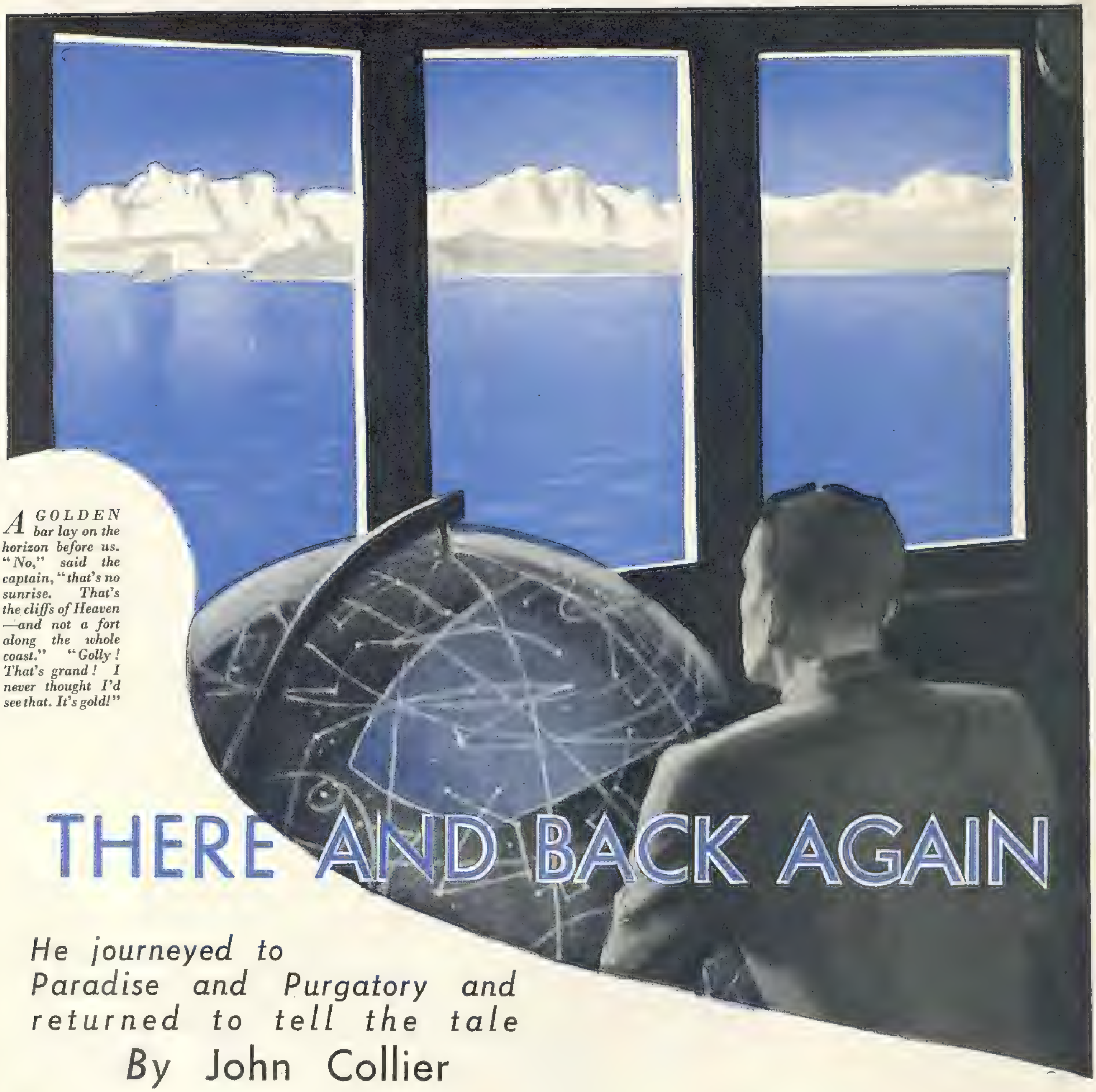
Most riding schools charge from five shillings an hour. Farther out in the country you can get it cheaper.

The cost of your kit can be what you make it, and so long as your breeches are well cut you'll be smart if you wear just a sweater or shirt. Jodhpurs are comfortable, and cost about fifty shillings for a first-rate quality. The boots to go with them will be two guineas.

TENNIS

Candidly, tennis isn't an easy game, but whether you are in the Wimbledon class or just another double faulter, it is about the healthiest there is. It uses practically every muscle you have; it whips up your circulation and improves muscular control to the great benefit of your general poise.

Not an expensive game. Rackets cost what you can afford, but thirty shillings is a good average price for a medium quality, three guineas for a super one. Club subscriptions soar from three to ten guineas a season.



A GOLDEN bar lay on the horizon before us. "No," said the captain, "that's no sunrise. That's the cliffs of Heaven —and not a fort along the whole coast." "Golly! That's grand! I never thought I'd see that. It's gold!"

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

He journeyed to Paradise and Purgatory and returned to tell the tale

By John Collier

I HAD the misfortune to be shot by a husband, whom I had foolishly disregarded on account of his diminutive size. I knew perfectly well that husbands are like snakes: the tiny ones are the most deadly. However, in a moment of enthusiasm I forgot a number of things—myself, the hour, and this little principle of natural history. Consequently, I was shot. There was a complete black-out . . . I opened my eyes in what appeared to be the cabin of a transatlantic liner.

I looked out of the port-hole, and thought at first the sea was calm as glass, the stars above seemed so perfectly reflected below. I then noticed the Plough tilted high over the ship, and the Southern Cross disappearing beneath the throbbing stern. A black and starless area, which I had taken to be the Coal-sack, proved to be a vast and shadowy globe, whose dim continents were of familiar outline. Along one edge of it, even as I looked, advanced the crescent silver of a now irrelevant dawn.

"Of course! I was shot. Perhaps I had better ring for the steward."

I rang, but no one came. This very usually happens in the first few hours after sailing. I decided to take a stroll, and see what the bar was like.

The corridor resembled all such corridors. Luggage was piled everywhere, bells rang, stewards rushed up and down carrying tardy deliveries of flowers. There were sprays of white arum lilies, wreaths of chrysanthemums, harps, crosses and cushions of snowdrops and violets. The violets spelled out messages, like farewell telegrams. The stewards, reading them, smiled.

I thought they were extremely repulsive-looking stewards, in spite of their trim white jackets. Their heads, close cropped and wider below than above, were smooth as rubber and swarthy as a Brazil nut. The whites of their piggy little eyes were altogether too white. However, they were civil enough.

I stopped one as he came out of a state room, through the open door of which was revealed the sort of woman one always sees on liners, in the sort of *négligé* one often sees through the opening doors of state rooms, and she was gibbering.

"Steward, where is the bar?"

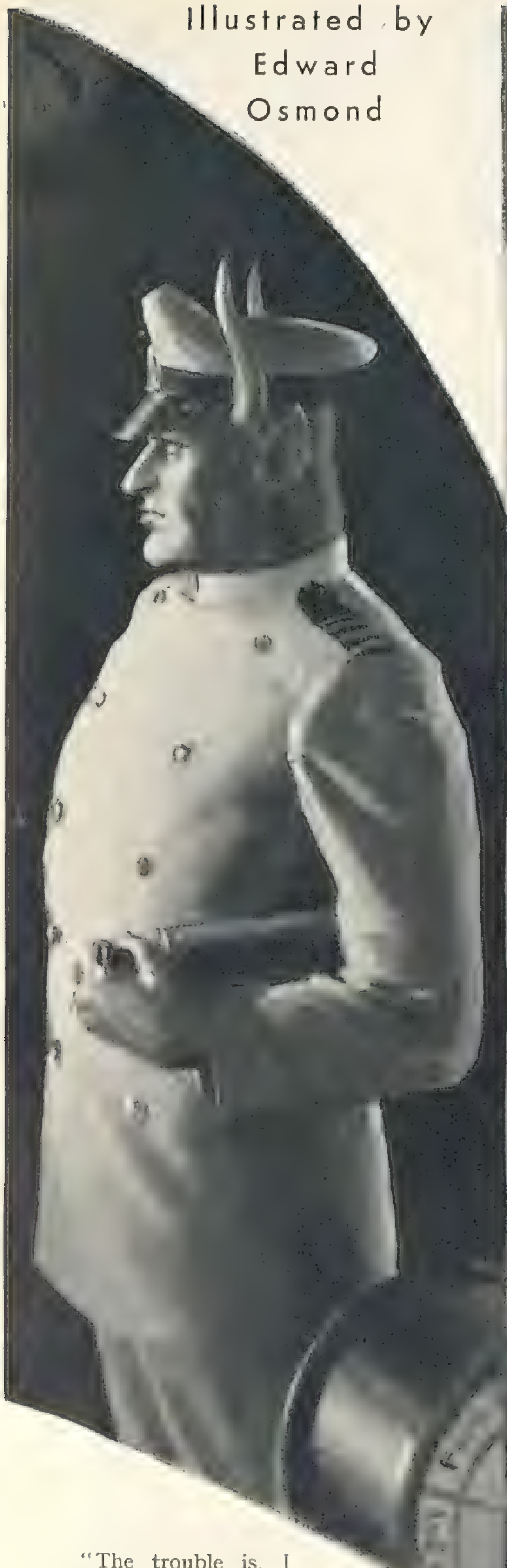
"Fore-end of the next deck, sir. You can take the lift."

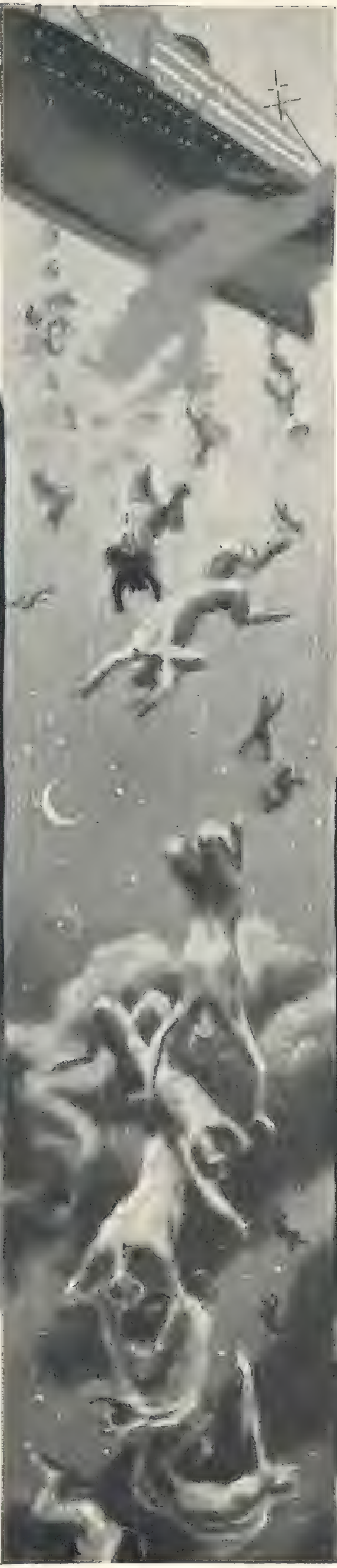
I went along, looked into the bar, but there was too much moaning going on. "Like crossing to New York in the slump days," I thought. "Hell! I've been shot. Maybe I'll go and see the doctor."

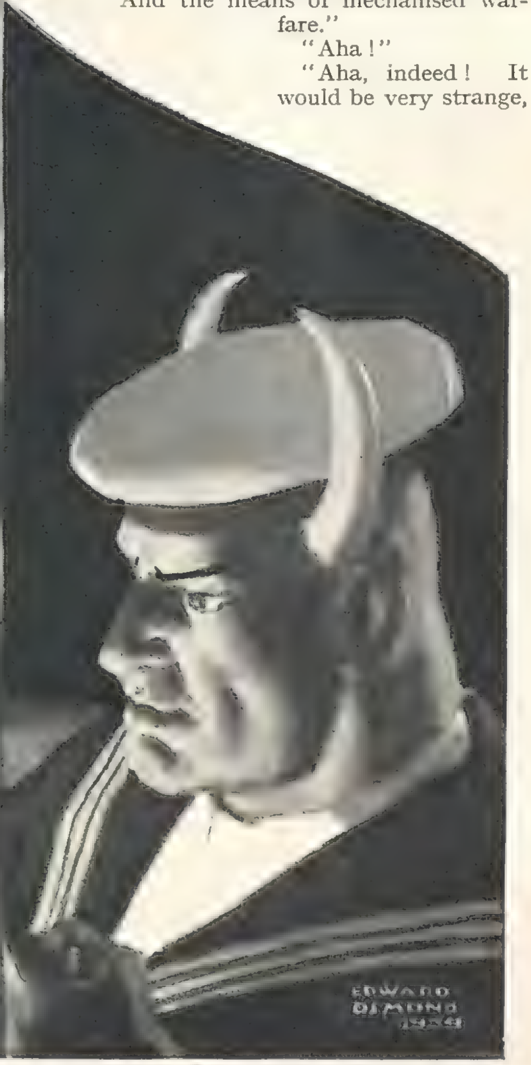
I looked into the doctor's office. "Hullo, doctor! My name's Sayers—Justin Sayers."

"Well, Mr. Sayers. What's the trouble?"

Illustrated by
Edward
Osmond







"The trouble is, I was shot."

"Shot, eh? Where?"

"Well, it's rather absurd, but . . ."

"Sit down, Mr. Sayers. Go on, sit down—there. Is that all right?"

"It seems all right. By Jove!"

"It *is* all right. Take my word for it. Forget all about it from now on."

"I will, doctor. Many thanks."

"Don't mention it. What do you think of our boat?"

"Fine. What's the climate like, at the other end?"

"I'll be frank. It used to take a bit of getting used to, but now we're air-conditioned. You won't notice the difference."

"Nice place?"

"Well, it's not Heaven, you know."

"So I guessed."

"But it's nice. People like it. Do you like Chicago? Berlin?"

"No."

"Hell is better than either. It's bigger, more up to date."

"Well, they say travel broadens the mind. Back there, doctor—I know it's ridiculous—people talk about fire and brimstone. Nothing in that, of course?"

"There's an old crater. They run trips to it in the season. Now there's some idea of using it for a concentration camp. Let me explain. You know we got beaten in the big war."

"So I heard."

"Betrayed by Jewish influence. The treaty was infamous. Everything good that appeared on earth went to the conquerors, and everything bad came to us."

"How terrible!"

"Not so terrible, Mr. Sayers. Of course, at first we were very badly off. The country was appalling. Our imports were things like the rack, the Nürnberg Maiden, a few warlocks, poisoners, trash of every description."

"Oh, dear!"

"Yes, our rapacious conqueror took the enamelled meads, the music, nine-tenths of the people."

"He didn't take me."

"No. He takes very few in these days. The treaty has defeated its own ends. His boats are empty. We have the population, we have the internal combustion engine, the autostrad, radio, apartment houses, films, heavy industries——"

"Yes, you would."

"And the means of mechanised warfare."

"Aha!"

"Aha, indeed! It would be very strange,

Mr. Sayers, if a degenerate state, with a stationary population and a flabby Jewish-Pacifist ideology, were allowed to retain the richest territories in the universe, while we, a long-horned, dominating race, are overcrowded."

"But why go to such lengths to increase your population? For example, little husbands?"

"To justify our demand for colonies."

"But what about the treaty?"

"I spit upon it."

"That's not very hygienic, doctor."

"We all spit upon it. We have built up a self-sufficient state in spite of it. You know Chicago, Berlin?"

"Well, if it's no worse than those . . ."

"It's better—it's bigger."

"Your passengers will be delighted to hear it. They seem rather nervous."

"Enemy propaganda. They should have come out when it was really primitive. We made the voyage then, Mr. Sayers, in a little barque no bigger than one of our lifeboats."

"Terrific!"

"We took some fine people through. The Borgias—grand folk. They've all made good. Lucrezia was beautiful."

"I bet."

"Yes. She offered to cook for the crew."

"That's the great lady—at home anywhere. Did you take Catherine the Great?"

"I should say so! Boy, that was a voyage! By the way, Mrs. Downie is with us this trip."

"Mrs. Downie? Brenda Downie?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Did she get shot too? Oh, that villainous little husband!"

"Don't worry. He's in the hands of the police. He'll be coming on the next boat."

"I must go and see her. Poor girl! She'll need comforting. Excuse me, doctor."

THE fact is, I had a great desire to see my partner in this affair, which had had such a tragic end. The whole business had been rather sudden, and we had had very little conversation in the course of our short acquaintance. I was fairly sure she was pretty. I flew to her state room, and tapped on the door.

"Don't come in—if you're horrible."

I ventured to enter.

"Justin! It's you! I thought it might be somebody black-looking—with horns."

"He'll be coming on the next boat. I see you know where we're bound for."

"Yes, I heard them screaming outside."

"Darling, don't worry. No—er—high temperature in these days. It's like Berlin."

"But I wanted you to take me to a desert island."

"So did I, my love. With a reef."

"Yes, and the moon."

"But things might be much worse. Think of those old flames."

"Justin, if I attract people, you don't want to throw them up in my face."

"I meant the flames of Hell."

"You said there weren't any. Oh, dear!"

"That's right, there aren't any. No more than in Berlin. But there were once. Think of them!"

"Yes."

"Now stop thinking of them. We shall find it very much like the old life—a nice flat, cinemas, restaurants, I suppose."

"With floor shows?"

"Undoubtedly with floor shows. Probably the same sort of food, too."

"But I wanted a desert island."

"You'd have got tired of it. We shall have each other."

"For ever?"

"Yes, for ever."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Oh!"

"Still, there'll be the floor shows."

"Do you know," said I, "I feel I must go on deck. A breath of air, a word with the captain. You put your face straight, honey. It doesn't suit you when you cry."

I ASKED a steward if the captain was disengaged. He brought back an invitation to go upon the bridge. It was pleasant to get out of the over-lit, over-heated interior of the ship, the air of which was jangled by all the questioning, the hysteria, the lamentation and the false bravado behind every door. On the long bridge it was quiet. Small lamps burned bluely over the sensible faces of instruments of precision. One or two panes of the glass-screen were pushed back: a tingling and exhilarating air freshened my ears.

"This is very good of you, captain, to allow me to come on the bridge."

"Not at all, Mr. Sayers. It's a pleasure to find a passenger take an interest. See that big star on the port bow?"

"Yes."

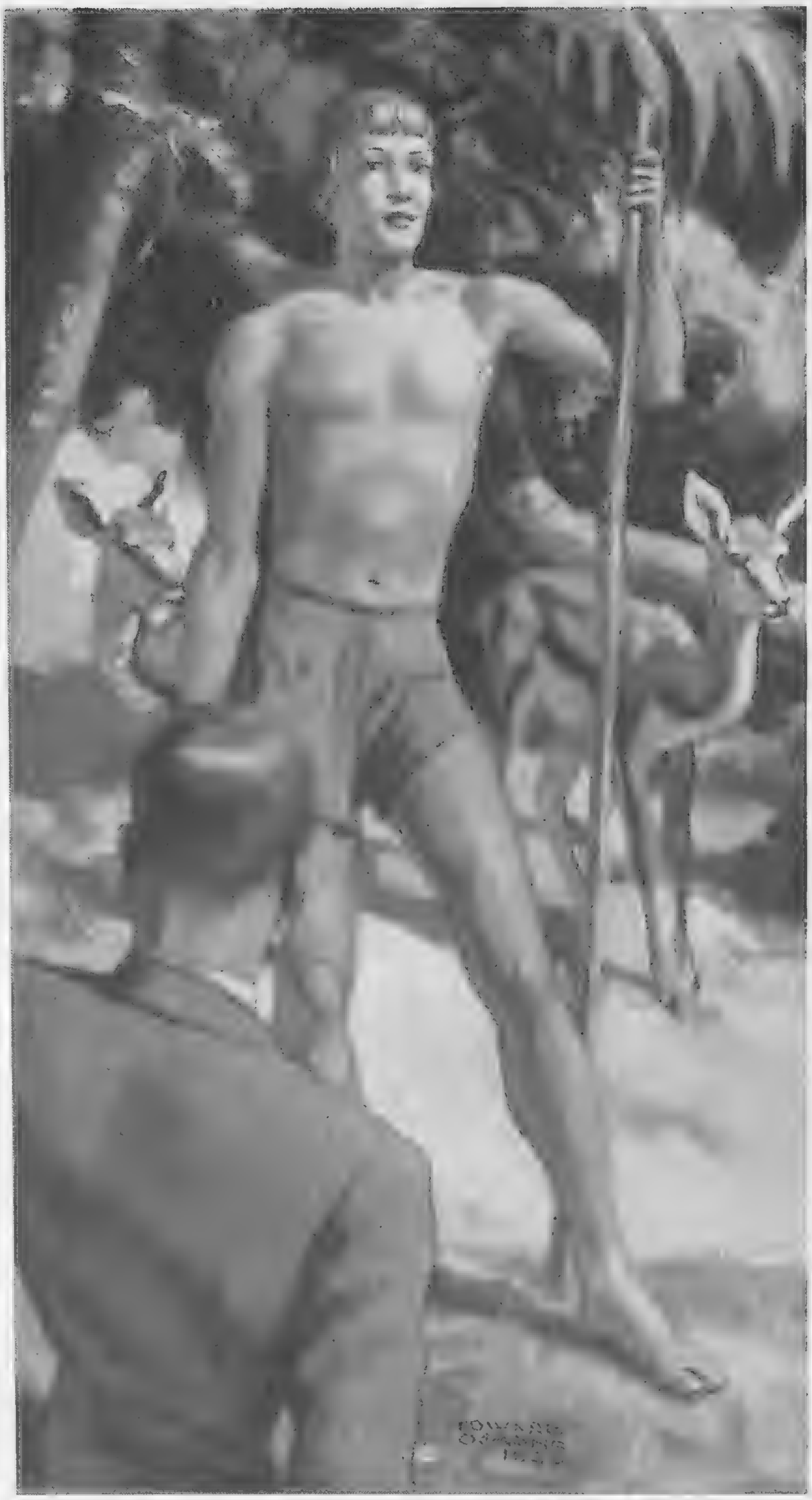
"Arcturus. Nearly ran into her one voyage. Fogged by cosmic rays. Neutralised her light, sort of. Still, we've direction-finders these days. Better chart, too. Like to see the chart?"

"I certainly would."

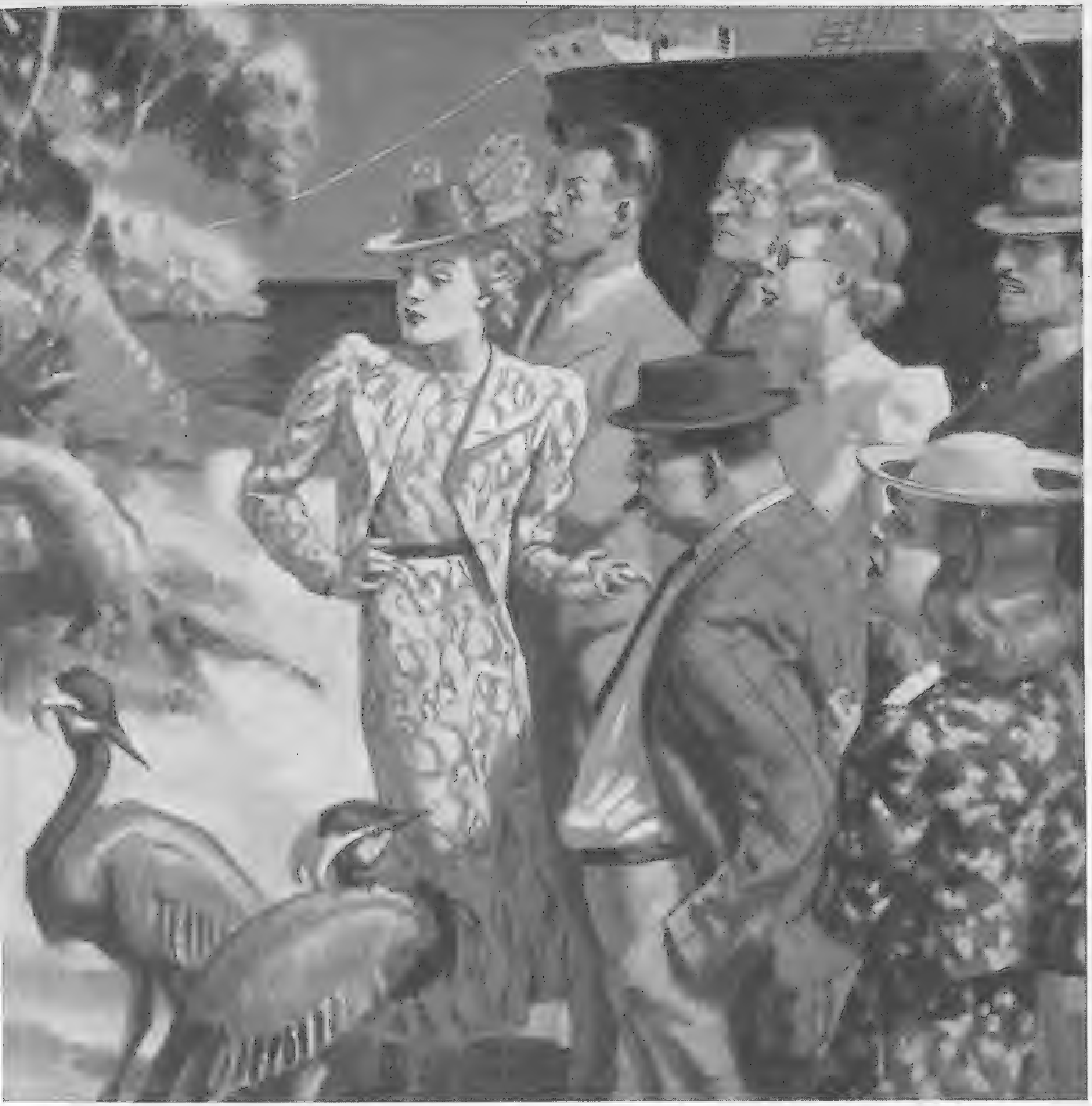
"Here it is—this globe. Wait till I light her up inside. Well now, that's the universal soap bubble. Everything happens on the skin of it, see?"

"I see."

"Here's your solar system, way up on the top here."



A YOUNG man stood on the with perfect good humour.



edge of the wood. At the peremptory shouts of our party, he advanced towards us, smiling "Hi, you! Savvy English?" "Yes." "We want to speak to someone in authority"

"Aha! So that's our solar system."

"See this? That's Heaven. You'll see it on the starboard side pretty soon now."

"Well, well, well! That's Heaven. A grand sight, I expect."

"Not bad. We used to dip our flag as we passed."

"You don't nowadays?"

"Not now. Look here, I'll swing the chart right round. See that?"

"What's that? The Milky Way?"

"Hell, no! Look astern. *That's* the Milky Way."

"Gosh! I thought that was our wake."

"No. That's the Milky Way. This here is Limbo. We've annexed it."

"A dull dump, I've heard."

"Uh-huh. We've started a Youth Movement there. Going strong."

"Well, well, well! Tell me, skipper, how do you work the controls?"

"Oh, quite simple. Like this. Wait a minute, look ahead."

"What's that? It can't be a sunrise."

The light was certainly superb. It changed from the clear inter-stellar indigo to ultramarine, to sapphire, to purest cerulean. A golden bar lay on the horizon before us.

"No," said the captain, "that's no sunrise. That's the cliffs of Heaven. And not a fort along the whole coast."

"Golly! That's grand! I never thought I'd see that. I say, it's gold!"

"Yes, there's some mineral wealth there. They're sitting on it."

"Good for the harp trade, eh?"

"Listen, Mr. Sayers. We're the musical nation. We've got all the best songs."

"I like a good song. Tell me, where's the Blessed Damosel? Have you field-glasses?"

"Mr. Sayers, you're one of us. Let me tell you. We'll have 'em swimming out with leis for us. We'll have . . ."

"You speak very passionately, my dear captain."

"I feel very passionately, my dear Sayers. Wait till our Führer speaks. You'll feel the same." (*Continued on page* 106)

GOGGLER
GUY GILPATRIC
You're Welcome
CHARLES GR
WINE of GOOD HOPE
DAVID RAME
NO LONGER YOU
DIANA RIDLEY
THE GENTLE ART OF WALKING
GEOFFREY MURRAY
BEAUTY UNLIMITED
BEAUTY
THE KING WAS IN HIS COUNTING HOUSE
BRANCH CABELL
ONCE ABOARD THE WHALER
BEN AMES WILLIAMS
GOOD HUNTIN'
CAB SIR?
HERBERT HODGE
MONICA DICKENS
One Pair of Hands

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

A NEW novel from the pen of Branch Cabell is indeed a literary event and this author's enormous number of admirers will rejoice in his latest book "The King was in his Counting House" (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.).

"The King was in his Counting House" is a story of Renaissance Italy and of a king who practises kingship as Machiavelli understood it, an "abominble and prosaic tyrant" who did not scruple to use whatever methods lay to his hand in order to achieve his end—"to help human beings some little way toward orderly and contented living."

No refuges were open to him; no one could say of him that he lived a happy or an easy life; but he did not die unrewarded.

This novel is a wise and witty parable for the present day told with all the grace and charm which endeared Cabell to so very many readers—and yet there is a subtle difference in this Mr. Branch Cabell from the James Branch Cabell of days gone by. Somehow he seems to have grown sober with the years, although there are still flashes of Cabellistic candour—which his fans will find as diabolically diverting as ever.

"BEAUTY UNLIMITED" is the title of a new novel by Marjorie Stewart (Hutchinson and Company, 7s. 6d.) and it is one which is sure to have a wide appeal to women readers for it tells the story of life as it is viewed behind the scenes and screens of a beauty salon.

It tells of the girls who work there, the clients (note that word!) who visit its sacred precincts, eternally seeking to improve on nature and, too often, to abuse those gifts with which it has already endowed them.

Marjorie Stewart showed us in "Coffee at Eleven" and "Consulting Room" that she possesses a brilliant sense of characterisation.

In her new book she has endless scope for her accomplished portrayal of character and she has, I think, exploited it to the fullest extent.

A TOTALLY different type of novel is "No Longer You" by Diana Ridley (Ward, Lock, 7s. 6d.).

This book asks a straightforward question and answers it.

The question is: Should a wife interfere with her husband's career? and the answer is afforded by Pippin, very young and very much in love, but perpetually terrified by a foreboding of disaster overtaking her husband, a steeplechase jockey.

Facing up to the problem of her life, Pippin persuades her husband to change his occupation, with what result this romantic novel will tell you.

"No Longer You" has moments of great excitement and touches of deep sympathy, and for all its ultra-romantic theme it is a novel which should have a wide general appeal.

THERE is an altogether unusual quality of zest about "Wine of Good Hope" written by (*Continued on page* 87)

The Book of the Month

"One Pair of Hands," by Monica Dickens (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

As Compton Mackenzie says in his preface: "'One Pair of Hands' is the record of an adventure which only a young woman of exuberant vitality could have undertaken."

Miss Dickens, great-granddaughter of the novelist, was presented at Court and led the life of a socialite.

Having a restless intelligence she soon grew bored with this life and decided to get a job.

Now when most girls set out to get a job they make themselves look their best but Miss Dickens found her greatest disadvantage was the fact that she was very pretty—because unfortunately she was seeking a job as a domestic servant and good looks are reluctantly imported into the average homestead!

However, she got a job—at £1 a week—living at home with her family and eking out her earnings by doing washing and ironing at 1s. an hour.

This job did not last, however, because, as she tells us, "I got the sack because I always forgot to hang stockings by the heels."

After this she went out cooking dinners for people who gave large dinner-parties, afterwards eating up the scraps in the kitchen with the parlour-maid and discussing the guests in the best "below-stairs" tradition. For this job Miss Dickens received 7s. 6d. a time.

Various jobs followed, including one as a cook-general in a house in the West End of London, working from 8.30 a.m. till 11.30 p.m. for 30s. a week, and another which she lost because her employer's "boy-friend" tried to make love to her.

We are all used to the situation of the domestic servant suddenly thrust into society by a trick of fate and we know the humours which result.

The situation of the society girl thrust into domestic service is no less humorous as described by Monica Dickens, but has the additional appeal of being intensely human.

Not only this, her book is also a very fair commentary upon domestic service conditions, and in these days when the problem of getting servants is so acute, it is indeed valuable to be able to see both sides of the question.

But do not let me create the impression that this is intended to be a serious treatise on the problems of domestic service. "One Pair of Hands" was allied with an acute sense of humour and a ready appreciation of the niceties of human values—hence the very strong appeal of this book.

NEWS ABOUT BEAUTY

Coty have a powder of a fineness that is not to be believed, until tried, in ten exquisite, every-woman shades.

I have seen it prepared : mixed with scents and pigments, shaken into a perfumed-colour consistency and passed into glass cylinders where it has been whirled at incredible speed by machinery until the particles have been broken down into air till they hung like motes in a sunbeam. Then, and not until then, it filtered automatically out of the whirling cyclone into another container where it settled like a film on a belt that passed under magnifiers which reveal the powder particles to be of one shape, minutely even. Evenness of powder makes all the difference between achieving a peachlike damask and a pore-clogging; between having a transparent surface and a paste-like mask. It is of prime importance, both to the beauty of make-up and health of complexion.

A Cleansing Milk has just come on to the market that has three great advantages :

1. It contains some specially potent acid-melting factor, since, after the first wipe which clears the top dirt from the face, the second seems to *lift out* pore secretions.

2. The skin not only becomes whiter, finer and fresher, but *a flawlessness is gradually induced,* owing to the cells being constantly cleansed and conditioned and never losing their elasticity.

3. It is inexpensive (3s. 6d. for a large bottle). Years of research have gone to evolving this product. It is a beauty treatment in embryo. It can and should be used first thing in the morning and last thing at night; and whenever a quick cleanse is necessary during the day, for it leaves the face matt and ready to take make-up. Anne French is the name.

CLOTHES	NEW MAKE-UP	DESCRIPTION
Pastel blue, mauve, orchid pink, primrose, navy or grey	Aquarelle (Helena Rubinstein)	Rouge and lipstick are a clear bright pink. Eye-shadow is a vibrant light blue. But the secret of this make-up lies in its special flesh-pink powder which hides fatigue and lines.
Black	Stop-Red (Elizabeth Arden)	Rouge and lipstick are a vivid true red, cleverly balanced with as definitely blue an eye-shadow. True to name the secret of this make-up lies in its brilliant lipstick.
The deeper pastels, wines and purples	Fuchsia (Jane Seymour)	Lipstick is a slightly exotic but becoming pink, which blends perfectly with the dawn-rose powder and foundation. Eye-shadow is green for brown eyes, mauve for blue, silver for evening. The whole combines most satisfactorily.
Play-suits, river, tennis, and sportswear	Rose-Tan (Helena Rubinstein)	Rouge and lipstick are a deep rose set in a glowing complexion. The highlight of this make-up is the foundation, which is sun- and water-proof and cuts out any suggestion of sallowness from tan. With it we have only radiance. Lasts all day long.

Stop-Red, Fuchsia and Rose-Tan have matching nail-varnish.

By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

There is a lamp which is not quite so big as your hand, has its own protective covering and can slip into all but the smallest bags. All you do when you are done in, is to lie back in an armchair at home, switch on its warm blue rays, muse a bit with your eyes closed and suddenly sit up to find your tired lines gone.

Regular use erases lines and wrinkles completely, closes enlarged pores, clears away blackheads, makes your skin young and lovely.

It's as simple as that : for the scientific principles on which the lamp is based belong to the laws of truth. That is, a certain combination of blue rays with heat is known to penetrate down into the tissues of what is called the *true skin,* far below the outer layers we see, and purify and re-tone them. So that the effect on top is an immediate vitalising which ensures greater fairness. The outcome for many a face is a complete remaking, and in every case, greater youth.

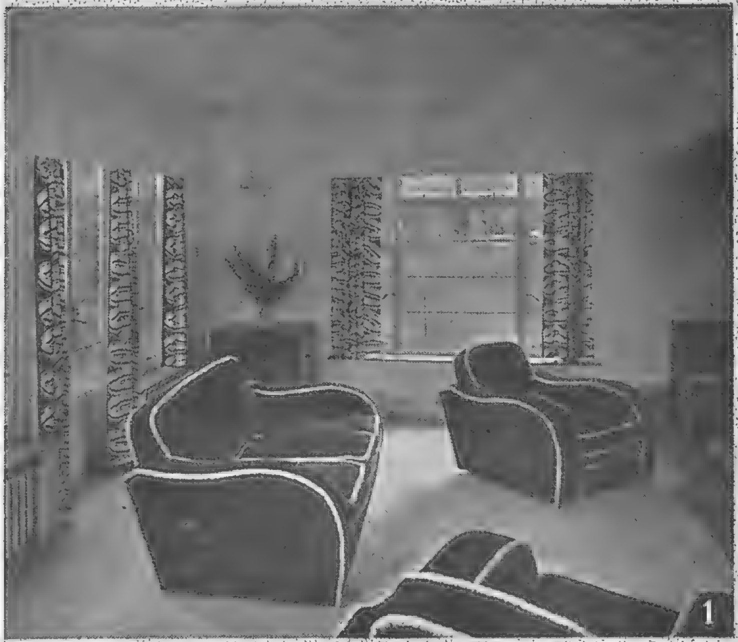
In following the treatment your skin will react best if the blue rays work through a radio-active essence. So, wipe the face first with a softening cream which contains oil of lemon, then tone it with a preparatory lotion before you smooth it over with the radio-active essence (these can be bought with the lamp).

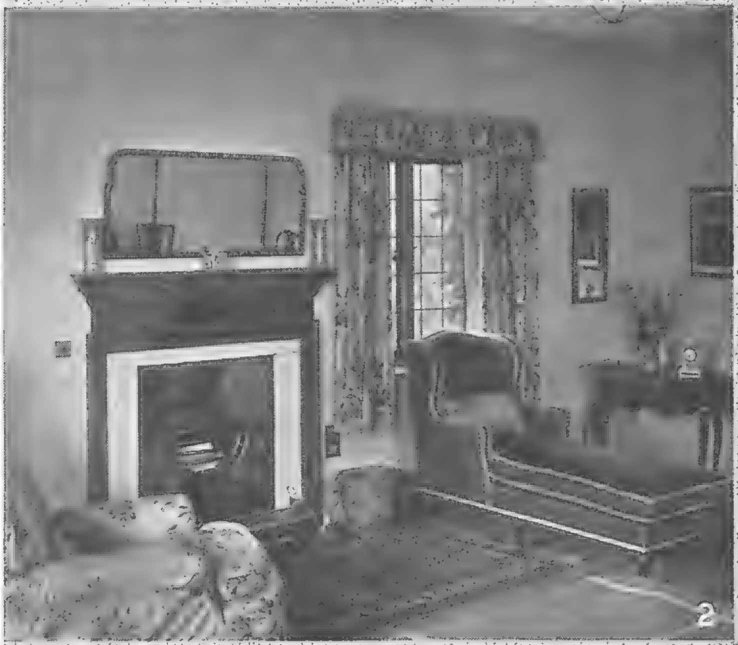
Thus equipped, give yourself twenty minutes under the soothing influence of the lamp.

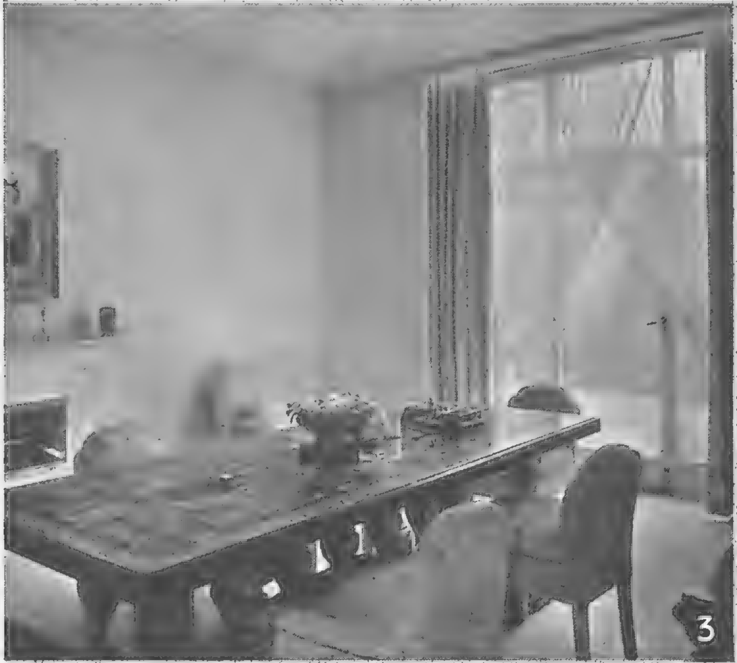
The manufacturers of this lamp are so certain of its success, that they will refund any purchaser who is dissatisfied with its cost in full. That with the cream and lotion is a guinea. I feel they are safe.

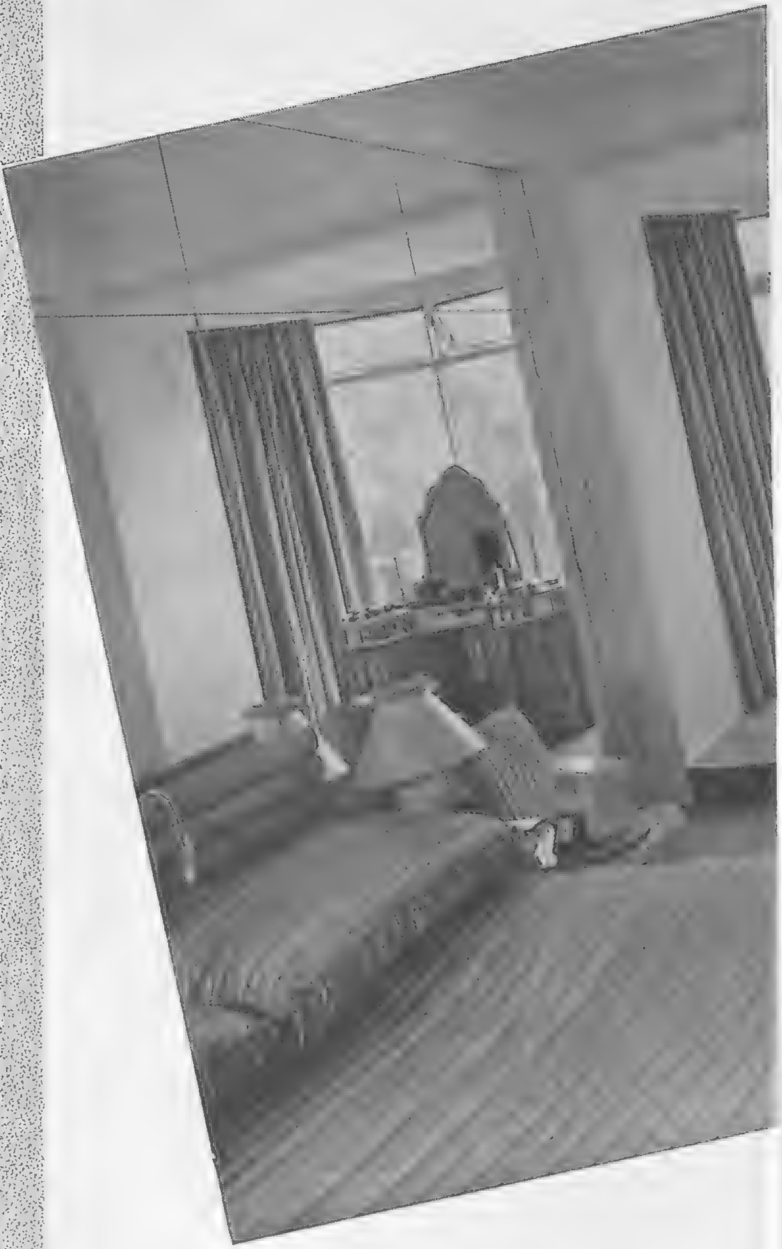
Those about to travel should not fare forth without *Yardley's Voyager,* a purse package holding twin bottles of lavender and smelling salts. At 2s. 6d. it is one of those de luxe fittings that add to the joy of living and confer a sense of being perfectly groomed. On sale next month.

SMALL









1. Simplicity comes to a fine art in this modern living-room with cream walls, brown and cream linen curtains and brown chair covers with a heavy cream braiding. Detail is practically eliminated yet the effect is complete and spacious. **2.** This fireside group expresses infinite comfort and homeliness. There is room to swing a cat yet the room is a small one. The background is simple and extraneous decoration has been reduced to a minimum. **3.** A very distinguished scheme with an importance that is largely provided by the dramatic window treatment. The walls are turquoise and the curtains a rich plum. The table is marble-topped. **4.** Mirror glass on the wall behind the bed gives an illusion of depth to this small bedroom. The draped dressing-table, simple in itself, takes importance from the raised platform on which it stands and the expanse of window in the background. **5.** Originality and charm are in every detail of this dining-room which has palest green walls, blue-green satin curtains and a wrought-iron table with a green frosted glass top. The clock face painted on the wall is a nice touch.

ROOMS WITH BIG IDEAS

There is no reason at all why a room should be dull because it is small, or why a little house cannot be attractive in a big way.

It's not a question of how much money you can spend. Long pockets don't buy good taste, they merely widen the sphere of error if one is without an instinct or an acquired feeling for beauty.

To have ideas and the money to indulge them freely is grand, but if you can't have both it really is better to have just the ideas.

Perhaps you think that too many notions in a small house may lead to eyestrain. If so, you misunderstand me. Originality is too often thought to imply eccentricity which, of course, is anathema to the small house, but surely you can be different without being crazy?

It would be a grand day for all homes and more especially for small ones, if people would only stop playing for safety. Think of all the drab and dreary rooms you've met with and ask yourself how they got that way. In most cases it was because the owners were afraid to step out.

I admit that building up to glamour in a small room is easier when you begin with no handicaps in the nature of furniture and accessories not planned for the setting. All the same, when difficulties of this kind arise we are too often bound by sentimental attachments which have no basis in common sense.

Of course, you can't tip the best sideboard into the ash-can just because it doesn't fit in with your new scheme of decoration, but you can do some common-sense weeding when the problem arises of making (Continued on page 92)

4

5

By Winifred Lewis

Summer, like other seasons, has its problems, and not all of them are concerned with rain and mosquito bites.

I suppose the average person, living an average humdrum life finds it a very real problem suddenly to adapt a rather inelastic mode of life to weather that makes four walls seem unbearably oppressive.

How *can* you live under the open sky when facilities are so short and sometimes so expensive?

If you live right in town the problem is solved already. You haven't a garden so you either stay indoors or take a bag of sandwiches into the park. But if you are an out-of-towner you have simply got to do something about making the garden into another living-room and a comfortable one at that.

It's not easy, but it's not impossible either. The point is that you must attack the problem systematically and with all the circumstances in mind.

Whatever the position, whether you have a young estate or a suburban back yard, there is one common factor to be kept in mind—need I say it?—the capriciousness of the weather.

So think up a shelter of some kind if you want a feeling of permanence or tranquillity about garden squatting.

Summer in this climate simply abounds in the kind of weather that is warm and sweet enough for taking meals out of doors, yet either too showery or too draughty and even, once in a while, too sunny to do so comfortably without shelter. An awning will suit the purpose. Either a canvas or a glass one.

Every other house in England has its casement window leading to the garden, and around this you can erect an awning, either small enough to protect a group of garden chairs and a table or large enough to give this area the right to call itself a loggia.

A Vita-glass awning which admits violet rays and the warmth of the sun whilst protecting you from rain and chilly winds is well worth considering. A simple erection need not be expensive.

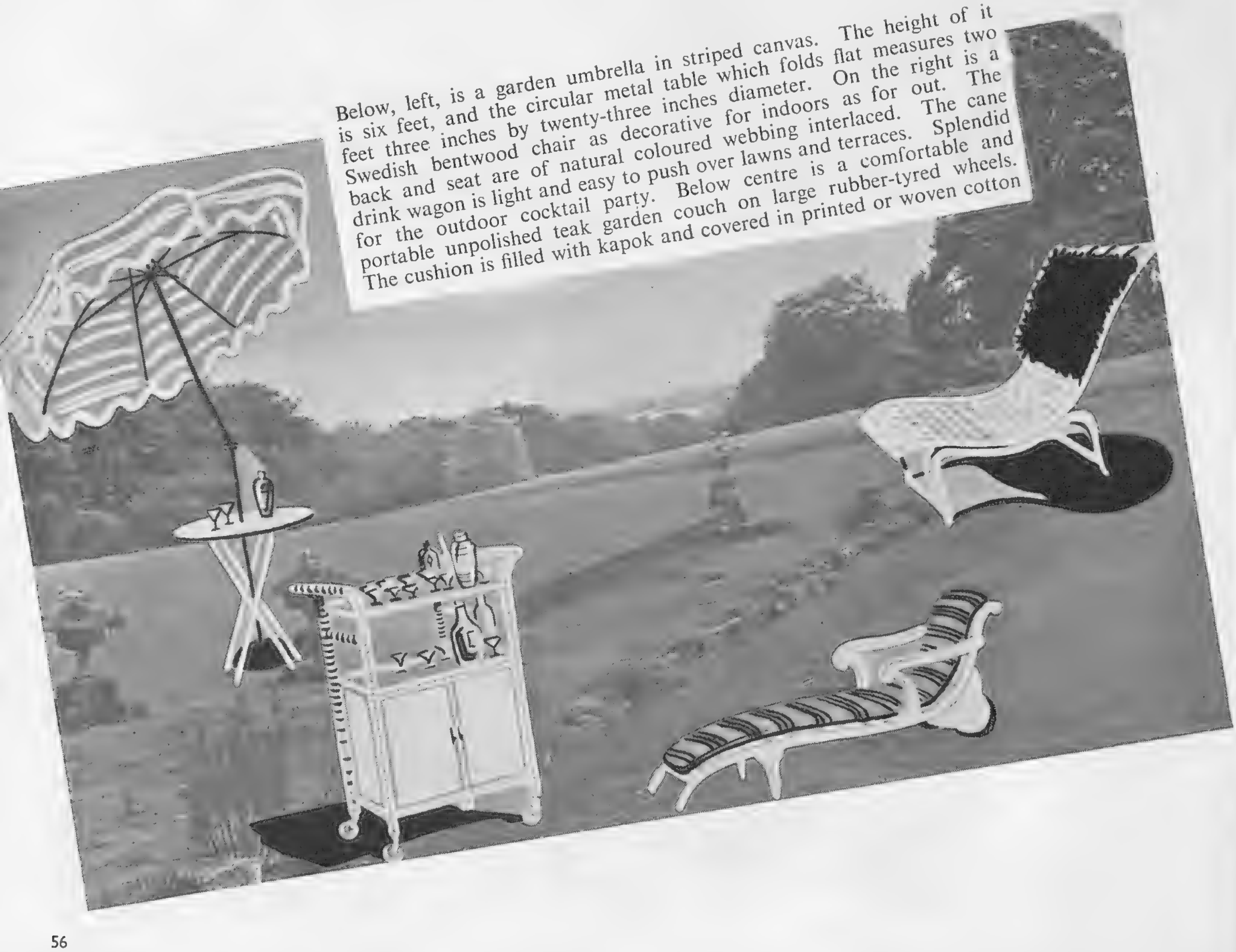
It is very hard to see why the American porch idea is not more widely adopted in this country where the need for summer shelter is felt as keenly as anywhere.

In even the smallest American house there is an addition to the side or back of the building projecting beyond the living-room. This takes the form of a veranda into which detachable frame windows are fitted in winter. These are replaced by fine wire mosquito netting in summer, a precaution which adds considerably to the privacy of the interior without impeding the fresh air.

Here is the family living-room for all the summer months and even for early spring and autumn when the porch has a fireplace, as many do. Immediately outside shrubs are planted, and inside, trailing ferns and flowering plants grow in bright-coloured pots suspended by bent iron brackets from the walls. There are always comfortable rocking chairs, a swing lounge, and a table for meals.

The whole thing is so simple and so practical that it is hard to think of any good reason why it should not be commonly adopted in English homes.

But of course the habit of eating outdoors is something you grow up with or don't grow up with. Americans have



Below, left, is a garden umbrella in striped canvas. The height of it is six feet, and the circular metal table which folds flat measures two feet three inches by twenty-three inches diameter. On the right is a Swedish bentwood chair as decorative for indoors as for out. The cane back and seat are of natural coloured webbing interlaced. Splendid drink wagon is light and easy to push over lawns and terraces for the outdoor cocktail party. Below centre is a comfortable and portable unpolished teak garden couch on large rubber-tyred wheels. The cushion is filled with kapok and covered in printed or woven cotton

MAKING THE MOST OF IT

had the habit largely forced upon them by the intense heat of their summer season, and, with characteristic efficiency, have made a virtue of necessity.

After seeing the manner in which the smallest city back-yard is utilised as an outdoor living-room in New York City, it is obvious to anyone that no available space is hopeless as a loggia, so long as it is under the open sky.

Visiting friends with an apartment in the busiest section of Manhattan, I found dinner served for us on a grilling night in a small courtyard upon which the back door of their apartment opened.

The most honest description I can give of the place is that it resembled the bottom of an empty well, but a nice well. Walls towered on four sides of it, and, way up, was the sky—a piece about as big as a blanket, with stars faintly twinkling through a heat haze.

To say that, in the great heat of New York in July, ownership of an empty well is a decided asset is no idle fancy any more than it is to say that this one was charming.

On one wall, to a height of about six feet, painted trellis had been fixed, and was bright with creeper interspersed with hanging ferns.

The other walls were brightened by hanging iron brackets holding earthenware bowls filled with fern and flowers. The cement floor around our chairs was covered with a square of gay Manilla matting, and the comfortable garden furniture was painted brightly and covered with plain canvas in strong shades of green, yellow and puce.

Light for the glass-topped dinner table came from candles which were held inside large glass globes supported on bent-iron stands. This may seem remote and far off to you, but there is not one thing that could not be easily reproduced in a London courtyard.

The point is that you can be comfortable, and even elegant, in your outdoor living if you set about it determinedly. Everywhere there is good, inexpensive garden furniture to be had that is adaptable to both outdoor and indoor use.

This is important, for, unless you have a fixed outdoor room the problem of storing garden furniture in the summer is not an easy one.

Notable among the new designs in inexpensive portable garden furniture is the Wrestawyle garden lounge. Made on the principle of a hammock, in striped canvas suspended upon a metal frame, the whole thing can be taken to pieces and packed into a slim attaché case.

The frame is of tubular steel and the lounge can be taken down in a few minutes or left out without harm in all weathers.

The price is from 27s. 6d.

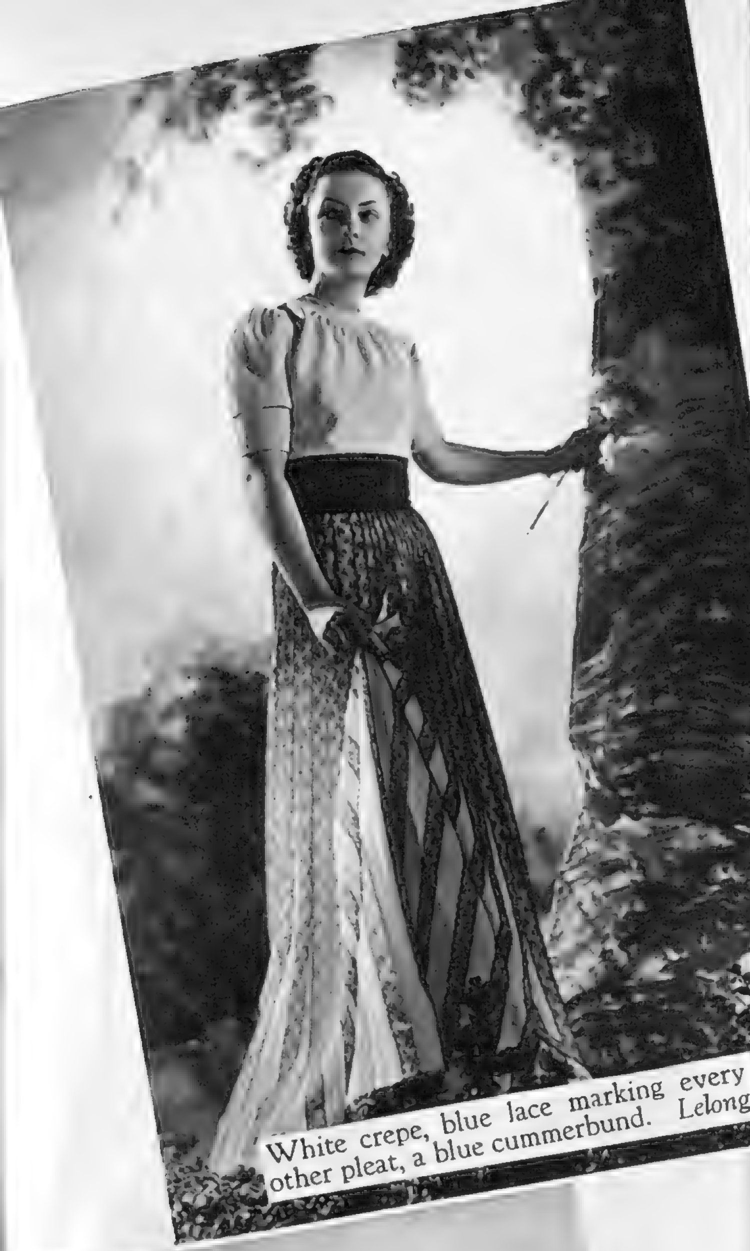
We shall be glad to advise you about the purchase of either fixed or movable garden furnishings if you are in doubt where you can best obtain the styles and prices most suitable to your purpose.

Fashions

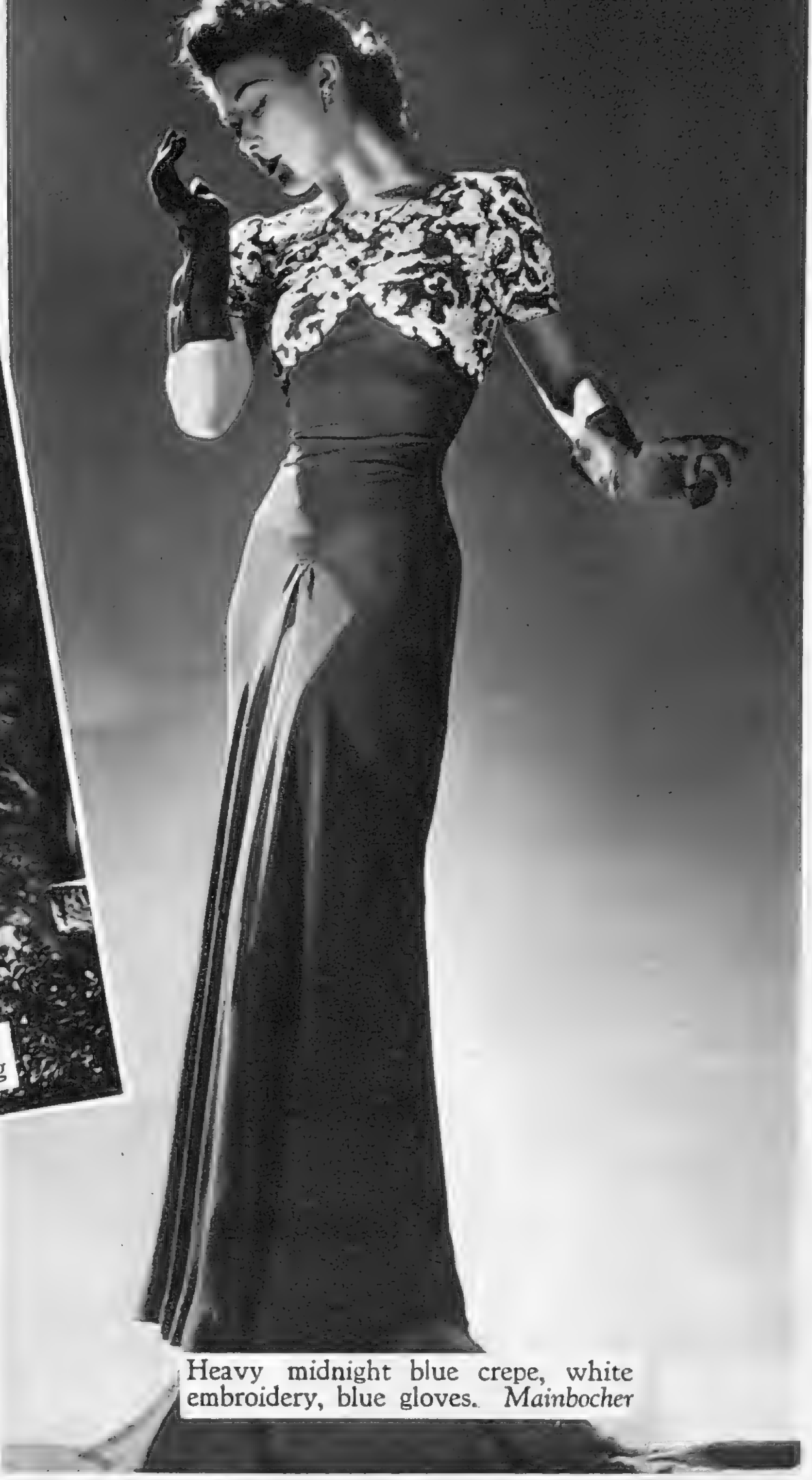
By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

High-waisted blue crepe, silver fish net for the hair. *Lelong*

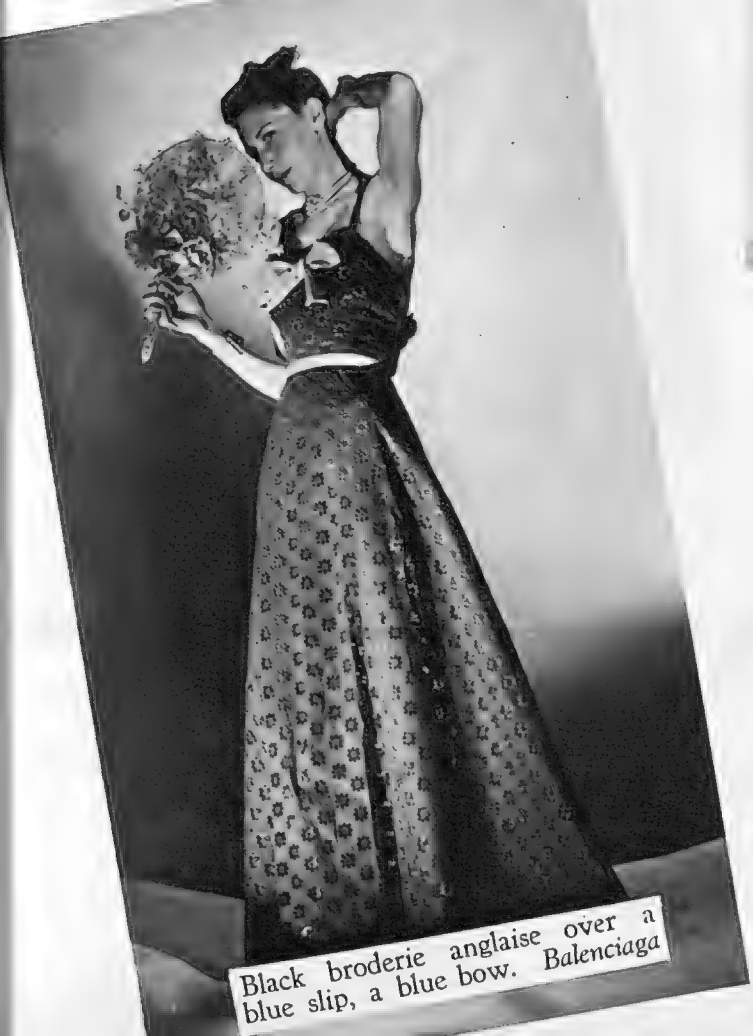
Black georgette, printed with outsize red and green flowers. *Nina Ricci*



White crepe, blue lace marking every other pleat, a blue cummerbund. *Lelong*



Heavy midnight blue crepe, white embroidery, blue gloves. *Mainbocher*



Black broderie anglaise over a blue slip, a blue bow. *Balenciaga*

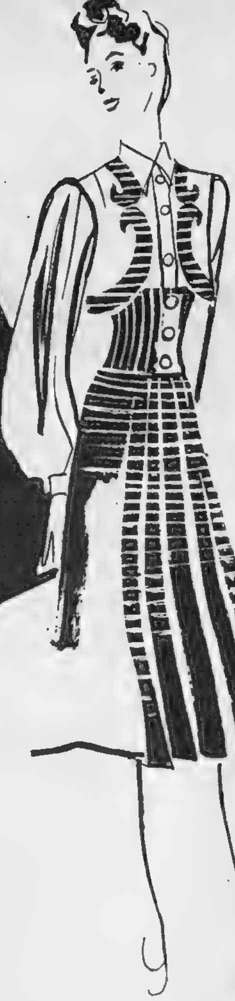
Day

Brief jackets fit tight. Skirts show lots of leg. Pleated, flared, gored, they fight for honour-place with the never-say-die straight, tight type. Small, neat waists are held by very wide or very narrow belts, sashes. Draped bodices emphasise bosoms, midriffs are tightened and narrowed by tiny, vertical tucking. Printed crepes dazzle the eye. Boleros go with contrast, cummerbunded dresses or sheer blouses and full skirts. The coolest outfit for the hottest days is a black, sheer, full-skirted, tight-bodiced affair, a wide-brimmed hat, a white or flower boutonnière.

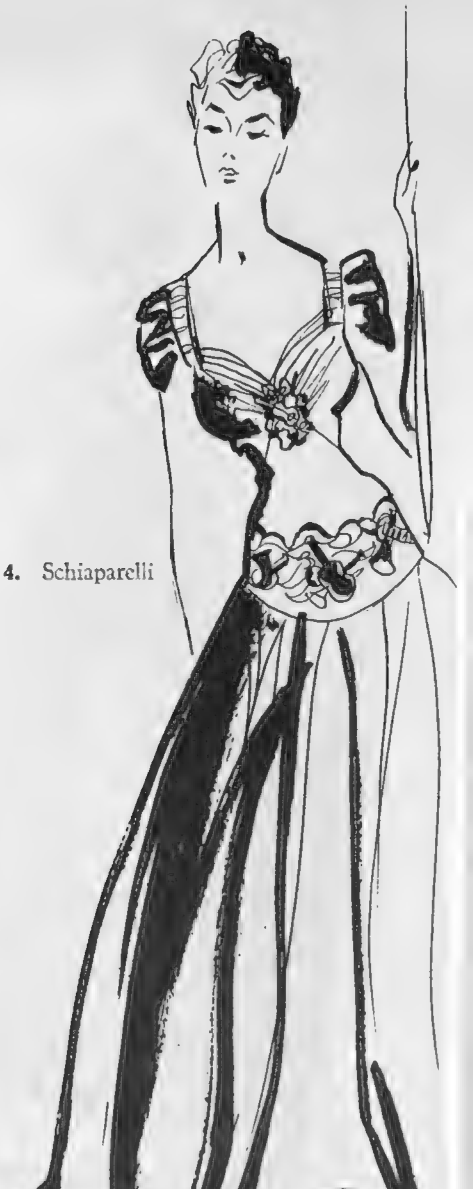
Evening

The formal crinoline curtseys itself out, leaving a legacy of unhooped but still full and spreading skirts. Otherwise the line reveals the figure in a femme fatale way, or is a column of flattering and logical drapery. The straight, tight front with the near-bustle back is in for a run. Varied necklines include the square, the heart, the high, the fischu. Cotton gives a good account of itself. So does plain and printed chiffon and crepe, new nets, lace, marquisette, faille, mousseline, stiffened tulle. White and blue are followed closely by pastel and flower shades.

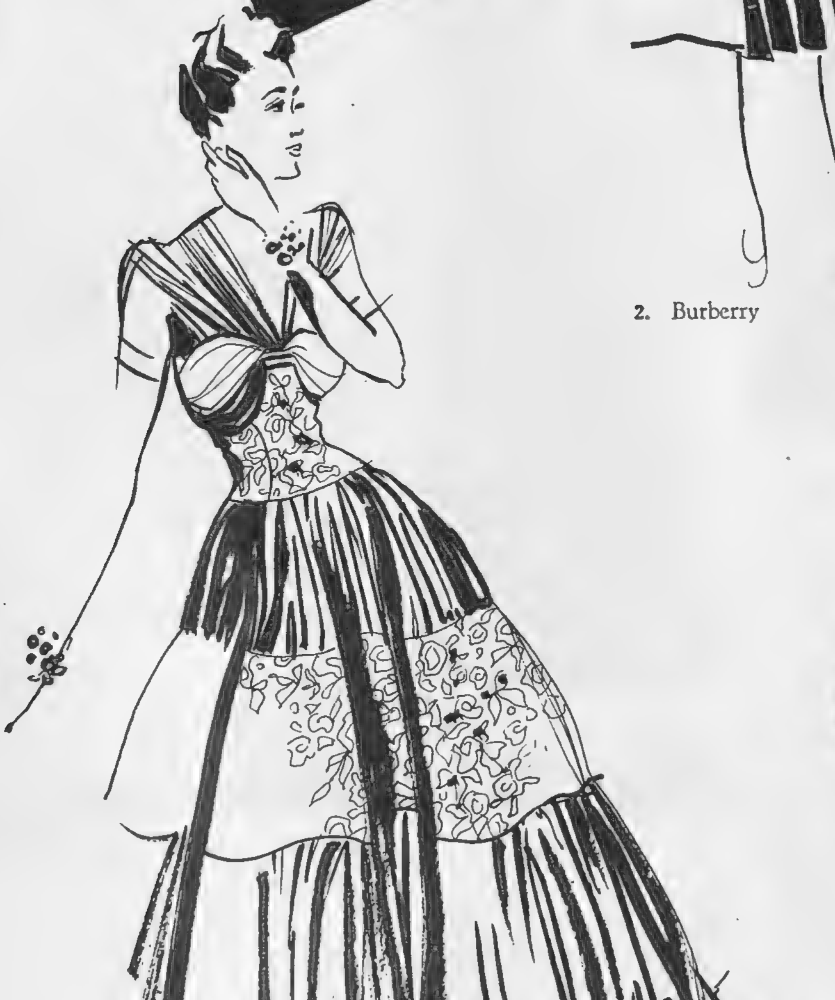
Summer Styles



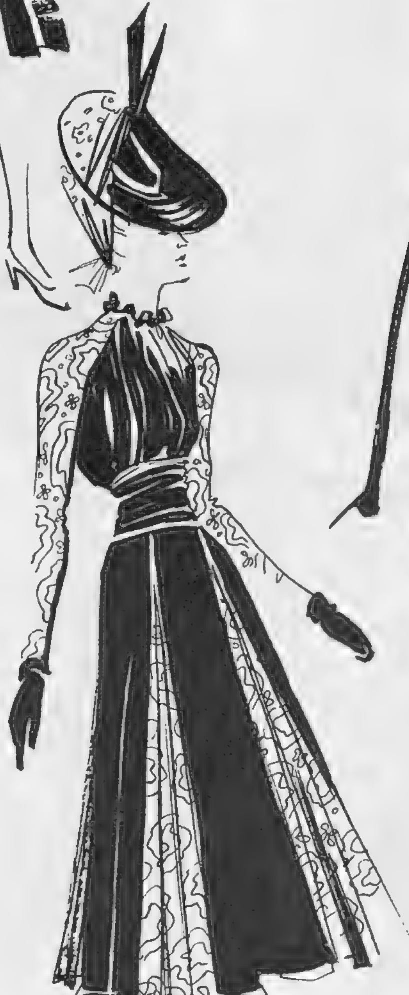
2. Burberry



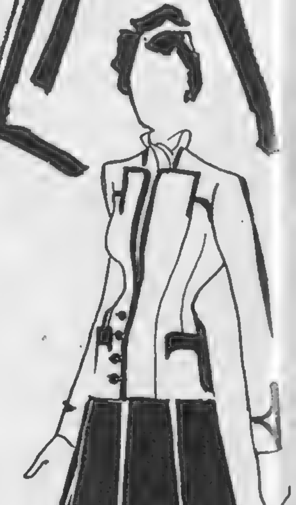
4. Schiaparelli



1. Stiebel



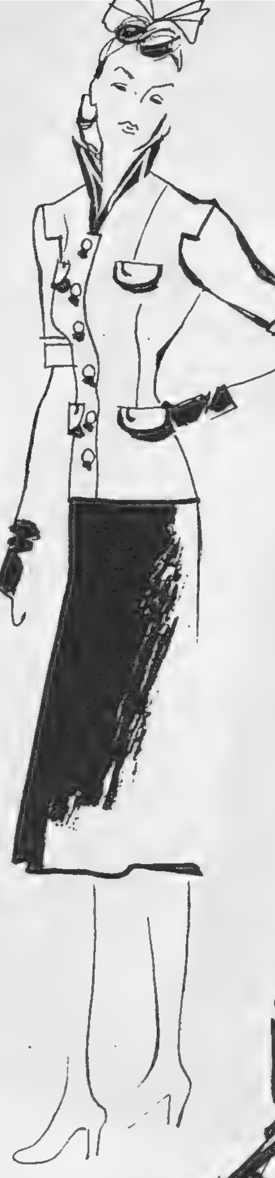
3. Stiebel



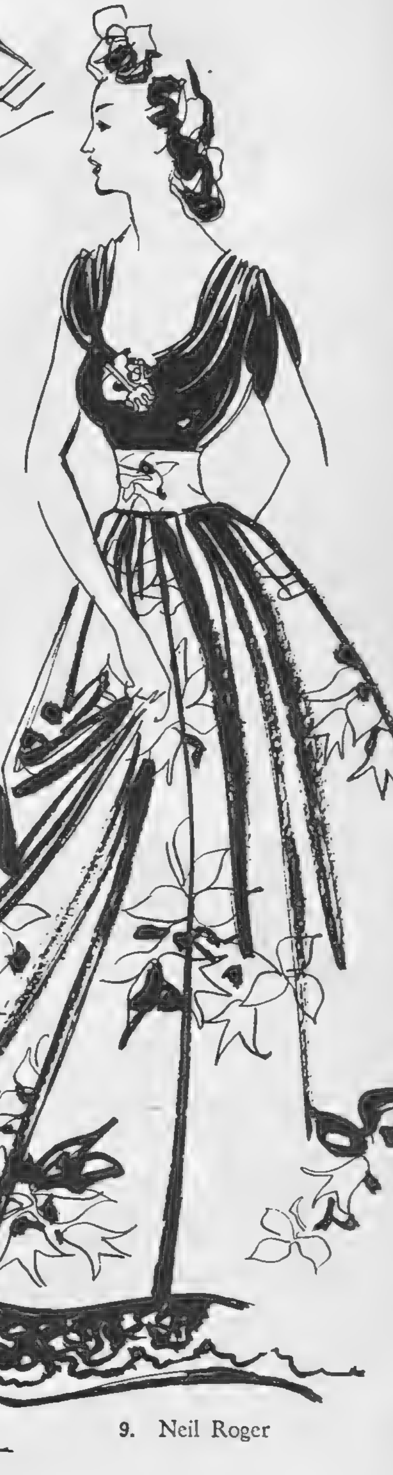
5. Burberry

1. Grey lace and chiffon over stiffened net, a draped, emphasised bosom, a flat midriff. 2. Pink, open-weave jersey sleeveless bolero and shirt-blouse. The skirt, cummerbund and bolero trims are heavier jersey, navy with a faint pink stripe. 3. Black chiffon, with black lace fanshaped inserts, black lace sleeves. 4. Flame mousseline, with turquoise, flame and gold metal musical instruments embroidered around a dropped hip line. 5. White cloth jacket, scarlet trimmed, over a scarlet gored skirt. (Imagine this also, please, with wide scarlet slacks)

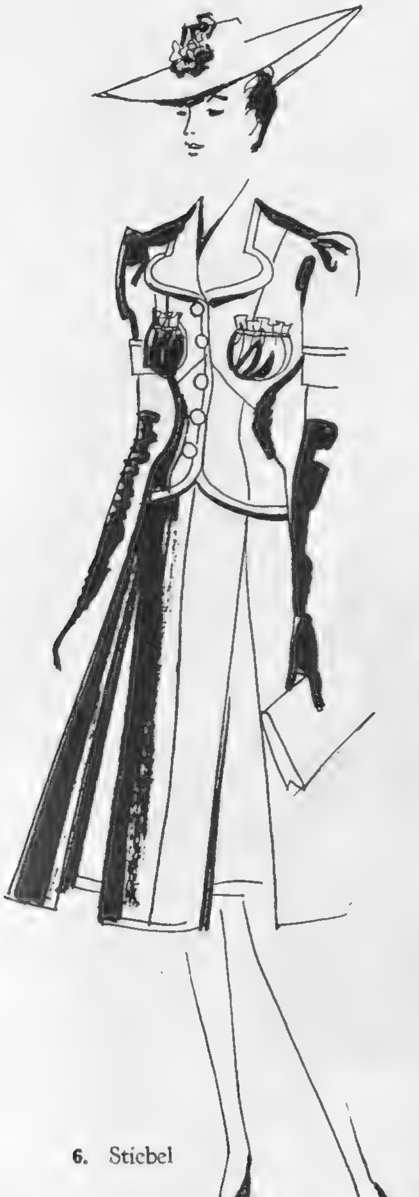
WITH SHOULDER SLEEVES ON FORMAL EVENING GOWNS. BLACK ELEGANCE FOR TOWN AFTERNOONS.. BOLEROS, BLOUSELESS SUITS. FULL, BUT NO LONGER CRINOLINED, EVENING SKIRTS. YELLOW AND GREY, SCARLET AND WHITE FOR SMART COUNTRYWEAR. EMBROIDERY IN MUSICAL AND SEA THEMES.



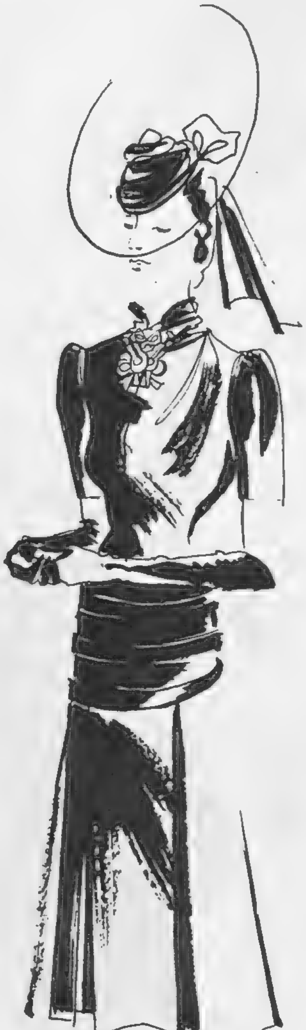
8. Neil Roger



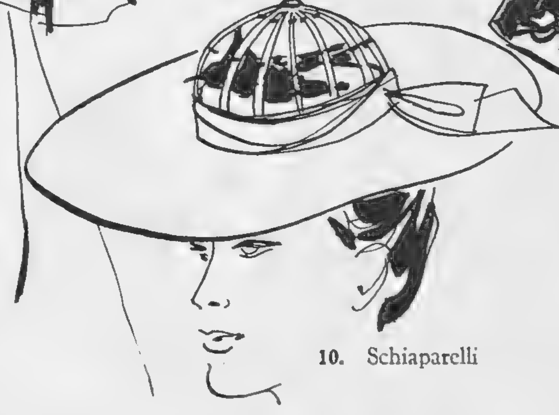
9. Neil Roger



6. Stiebel

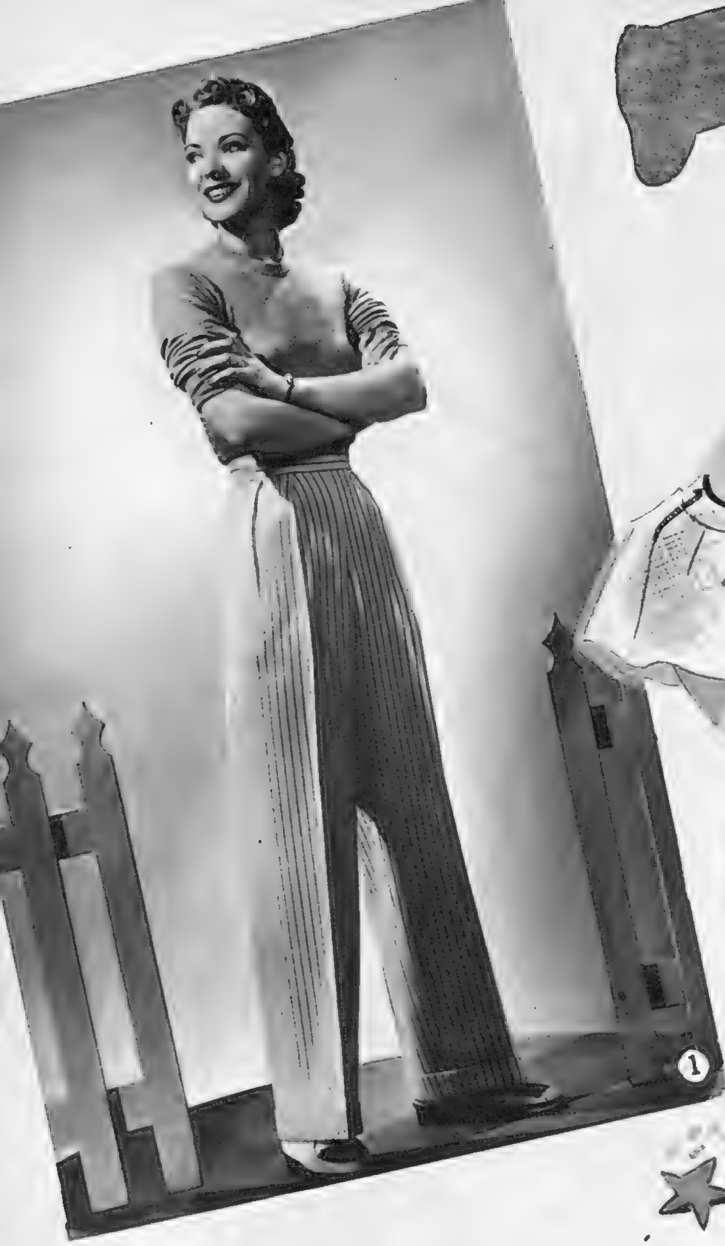


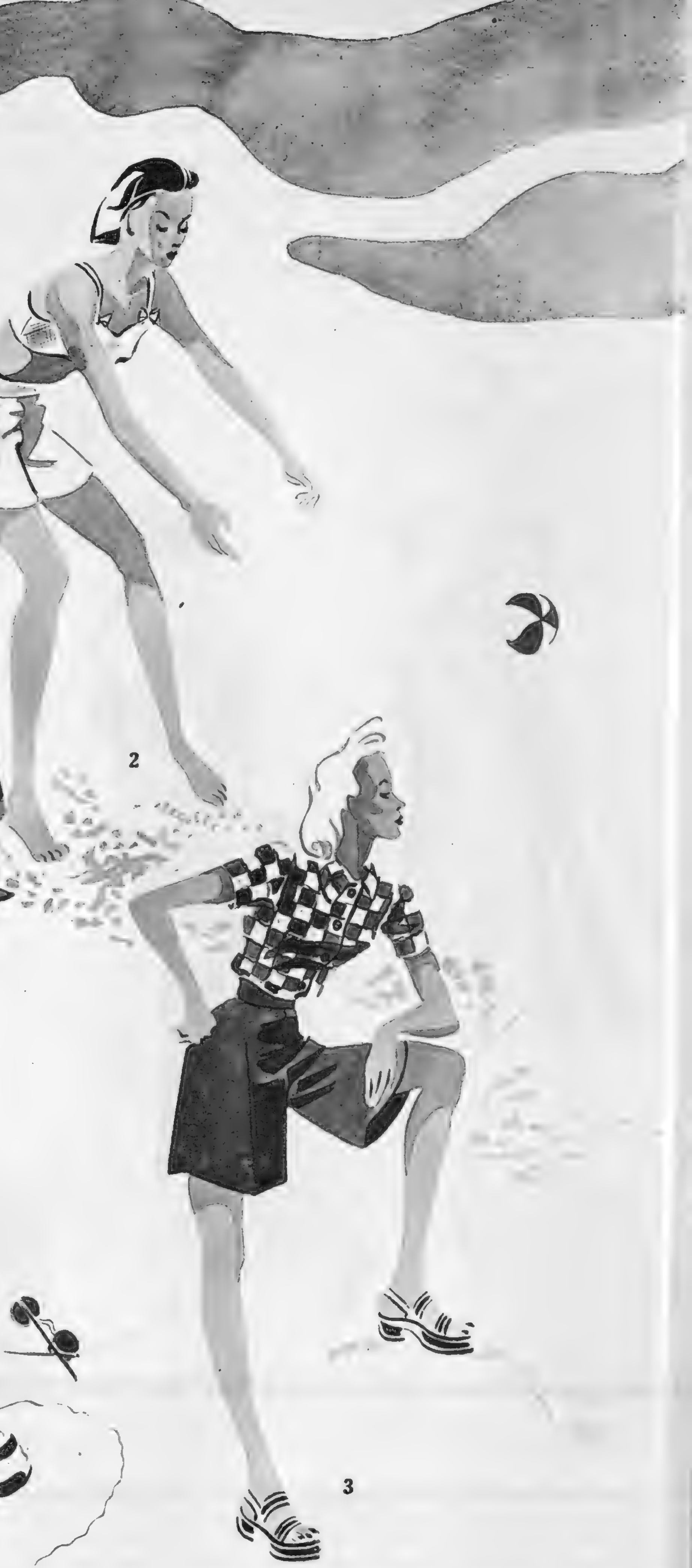
7. Schiaparelli



10. Schiaparelli

6. Skirt and jacket which needs no blouse in light blue fabric like linen crossed with gabardine. **7.** Black crepe, tight to the hips, cunningly folded across the front, a violin ornament at the high throat. The hat is worn so low over the face that it needs, and has, a see-through brim. **8.** Yellow linen collarless jacket over a grey linen square-yoked full bloused dress with revers that stand up like a medici collar. **9.** Dark green jersey bodice, draped to flatter, a full skirt of glazed chintz printed in green, yellow, white, with hem border of dark green lace. The corsage ornament is a gilt fish, coral, seaweed, an anchor. **10.** Wide brimmed straw with a bird cage crown.





1. Dunlop slacks that flatter hips and tail. (The secret lies in the two pleats that come from the waistband). These, spry and man-tailored in white flannel with a navy pin stripe cost twenty-seven and six. In plain or striped navies and greys or rough linen fabrics, they are twenty-five shillings. You can get them from big stores all over the country. The shoes (also Dunlops) are white perforated suede fabric with navy moccasin front and heels. Five and eleven from all good shoe shops

2. White alpaca linen bras and little-boy, beautifully fitting shorts. *Lillywhites*

3. Tobacco and white check shirt in linen gingham, tobacco shorts. (There is also a tobacco fitted cardigan jacket, not drawn here). *Tyrole*

4. Rough linen pinafore play dress, blue top, white sleeves and skirt, crisply appliquéd with blue and pink flowers from green stems, pink and blue sash and scarf. *Simpsons of Piccadilly*

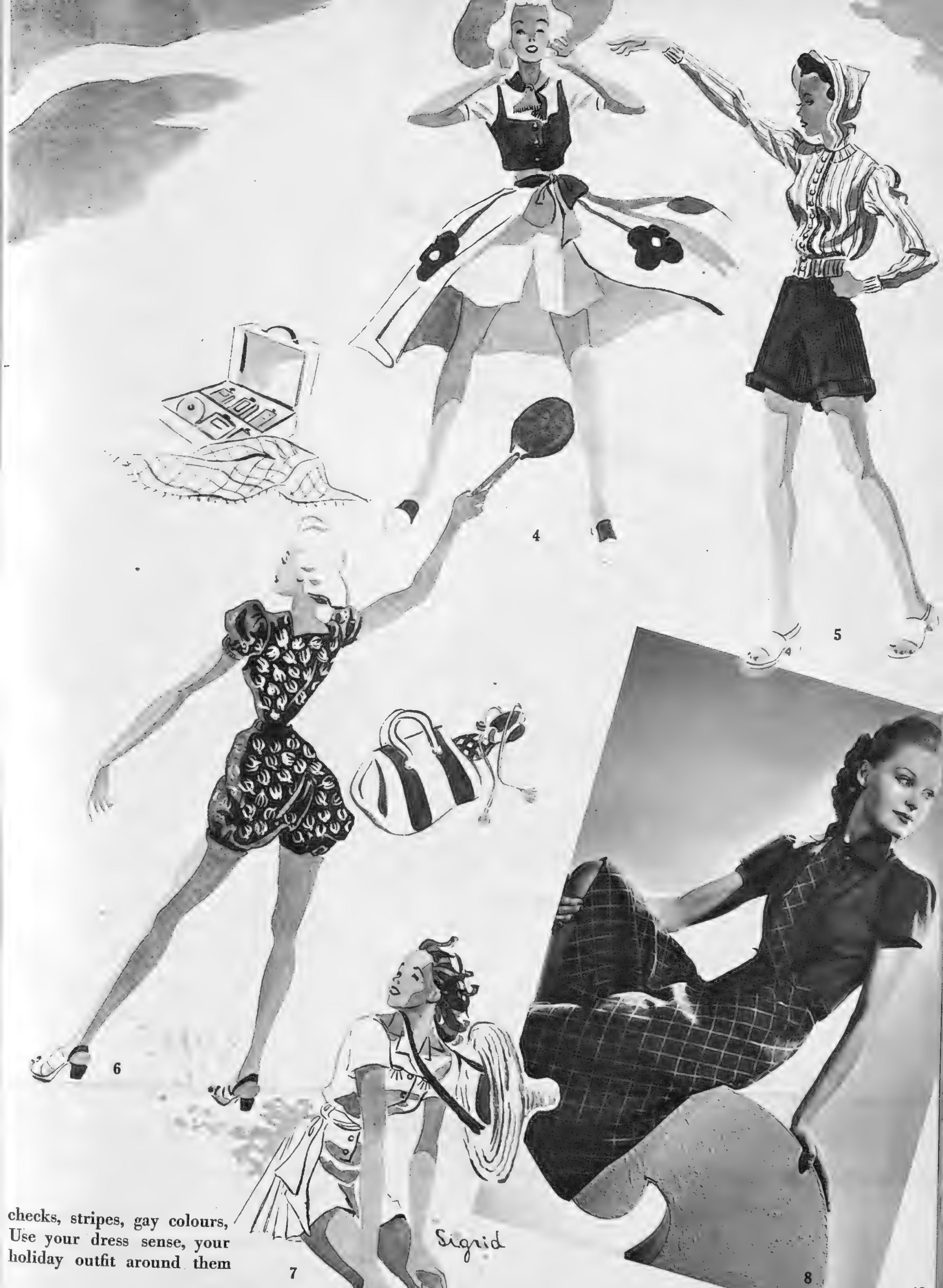
5. White woollen sweater and attached hood. *Simpsons.* Green Bedford cord boyish shorts. *Jaeger's*

6. Brown and white light-weight woollen play suit, bloomer-legged. *Simpsons*

7. White shantung shirtmaker play or tennis suit, the shorts side-pleated for easy movement. (A pink and blue striped pleated, front-buttoned skirt, not drawn here, accompanies this.) *Marjorie Castle*

8. Culotte suit, elegantly styled by Schiaparelli, in plain and checked navy Viyella

Short shorts, bloomer legs, pinafore tops, slacks and culottes, whites, brighten the beaches. These clothes start from scratch. imagination and ingenuity to build up a week-end or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checks, stripes, gay colours, Use your dress sense, your holiday outfit around them

Mary Young's Guide to A Pleasanter Life

JULY

1 I have just returned from New York, and a visit to the World's Fair. Two square miles of it meant some pretty hearty walking. And was I grateful to the friend who, as a parting gift when I left England, presented me with something for my poor feet?

This new preparation is called Foot Ice, and, as the name implies, it gives cool comfort to weary feet, the effect of which is the nearest thing to dabbling the feet in a babbling brook on a hot summer's day that I have yet discovered. The effect lasts quite a while, too.

After bathing the feet, you rub the cream well in, up the ankles, in between the toes, and then remove any surplus with a special foot lotion, or you can take it off with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in tepid water.

JULY

2 A beauty treatment, nowadays, is incomplete without some kind of a mask with which to round it off. There is a reason for this. A mask, properly applied, does give the muscles a lift which cannot be obtained by any other means short of surgery. When, however, a mask is given at home, there is always danger of the good being undone at the time of removal.

Now I have found a mask (it is French, and well liked by smart Paris girls for use at home) which can be peeled off the face when dry, just like a glove. It comes in powder form, and is mixed to a paste and applied in the usual way.

With the peeling method there is no danger of stretching or harming the skin in removal. Price, one-and-six; or four-and-six a box of four.

JULY

3 Living in a hard-water district as I do, I was interested to hear that a water-softening apparatus the running costs of which are negligible, and the price of which, unlike more elaborate water-softening machinery, runs into shillings instead of pounds, has just been put on the market. On testing it, I found this little gadget to be one hundred per cent. effective.

The first size (there are four) is about as large as a 2-lb. jam-jar, and is made of stainless metal. It can be fixed instantly to any tap, with or without a hot and cold water mixture attachment. And it really is portable; which means that it can be carried from bathroom to kitchen, as and when required. Flush out the container with salt water from time to time.

JULY

4 Vitamin B, the little chap you find in cereals, and which keeps your nerves and digestive works in good order, is at its highest content in yeast, which makes yeast one of the healthiest things anyone can eat. As a table delicacy, however, yeast in its natural form is decidedly overrated.

So knowing how important it is for our health, and how much we dislike its taste, those clever men they call bio-chemists got together, debittered yeast and, while keeping it pure and unadulterated, transformed it into a savoury delicacy. We can now take yeast in the form of a sandwich spread, or in soups or stews.

For anyone who is troubled with insomnia, it can be stirred into a glass of warm milk, and drunk as a nightcap.

JULY

5 Taking your knitting down to the beach? Then I think you will like to hear about a knitter's help which will keep account of the rows for you and check up your patterns.

This clever little gadget does all the memorising, saves you the trouble of counting, and eliminates the danger of mistakes made in absent-minded moments.

It will fit all sized needles, and will measure your work by number of rows. Each register numbers 0-99.

You simply slip it down to the end of your needle, and rotate the milled ends to the required number.

In the case of outsize needles, a special adaptor can be obtained. Price, one shilling.

JULY

6 Enraged husbands and indignant butchers apart, throwing away a perfectly good steak or joint, just because it cooked tough, is shocking bad economics.

A clever invention eliminates any danger of tough meat and makes it possible to pass off a pound of rump steak as prime fillet. This subduer of sinew and muscle is simplicity itself. It consists of a number of sharp steel prongs attached to a moulded handle. Place the prongs on the meat, and press the rounded top. The prongs cut the fibres and release the juices, but these, instead of escaping, are reabsorbed by the meat.

By this method, cooking time is lessened and, it is claimed, besides making meat tender, it makes it juicier and more tasty.

JULY

7 I wonder whether you agree with me (your husband will, I know) in thinking that a good carver deserves a good knife?

A new carving set has a fork shaped like a claw, and a knife with serrated edge, same as they use in many of the Olde Englishe Choppe Houses. Why serrated? Because an edge of this type needs no sharpening and with it it is possible to cut even a not-so-tender piece of meat, with professional finesse.

The claw-fork will hold the largest joint so firmly that there is no danger of the meat sliding on to the floor, and, by elevating the prongs, the carver can cut right across a joint of, say, rolled ribs of beef, in one single sweep. When the family has been served, the claw can be used as a knife rest.

JULY

8 Half a million dentists can't be wrong, and every one of those half million should you or I happen to ask them, will insist on the necessity of brushing the back as well as the front surfaces of the teeth. All very well, you say, but there is no toothbrush yet invented that really gets down to the job of scouring out the hinder part of those back molars. That is where you are wrong. There is.

Just arrived on the market is a double-headed brush; one brush concave, the other convex. You get the idea? Convex for the back teeth; concave for the front. What is more, this brush costs the same as an ordinary brush, and lasts twice as long. Price, two and six.

BRIGHTON ROCK

JULY

9 If you, reader, can solemnly cross your heart and say that you never come back from a holiday with more possessions than you left home with, you must be unique. For I have yet to meet the woman who does not acquire something: a dress, shoes, souvenirs or presents for the old folks at home, when she goes away.

A suitcase I have lately inspected, folds up as flat as a folded newspaper and can be stowed away in your luggage and used for the overflow on your return. Although it folds up so conveniently, there is nothing flimsy about it.

In a few seconds it can be turned into a rigid suitcase with excellent fittings and locks. Price moderate.

JULY

Here is news of a home massaging outfit with three separate attachments designed to do three separate jobs.

First, the cleansing bell. A bell-shaped rubber disk, with which to work in your cleansing cream and give the pores something deeper than the usual surface clean. Secondly, there is a pear-shaped attachment, designed to tone up flaccid muscles, tauten the contours and whip up sluggish circulation. Last, there is the scalp massager. This can be used by every member of the family. It will help prevent scurf and dandruff and promote a healthy head of hair. The massager is not much larger than an electric razor; running costs are not worth mentioning, and the price, complete, is 12s. 6d.

10

JULY

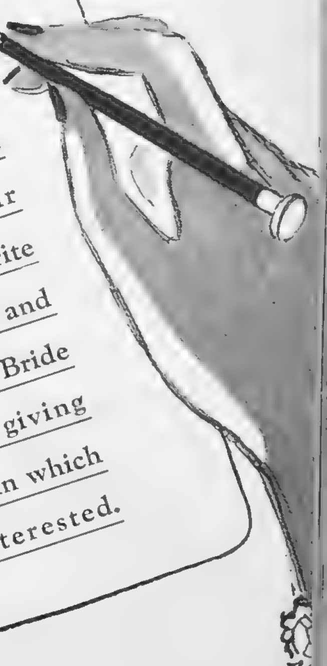
11 This summer the smart woman is going to look tanned while on holiday. But she is not going to let the sun's rays burn into her skin and leave her with that dreary de-tanning process to face when she gets home. If she is wise, she will arm herself with a foundation cream that will make her look as gipsy as she pleases, but will protect her skin as well.

A cream I know will do just this trick for her. And for you, too. As well as protecting, it hides up any red marks, evens up pigmentation, and right from the start of your vacation, gives you the wide-open-spaces look which is the only right look with beach and holiday togs.

It can be used for legs and arms, as well as face, and comes in handy tubes for travelling.

memo

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested.



Living Like A Child

By Martha Coster

For weeks I've been struggling with the idea that I ought to live like a child. It's not only a catchy idea . . . it's sensible as well.

I saw it the moment I began to compare the look of my first-thing-in-the-morning face with my children's faces. Their skin is fresh, their cheeks are rosy, their eyes have a shining beauty that hardly seems to belong to this world. Whereas my face . . . it shakes me.

I find it difficult, even after I do the smart bit of paint-work that helps me to view the world with confidence later in the day, to forget that early morning mirror inspection.

From faces, I naturally moved on to other comparisons. My children wake up in the morning full of spirits, and bounce out of bed the moment they wake. I, alas, too often feel like death warmed up. I dread the voice of the alarm clock, and lie hating the moment when I shall have to start the day's work.

When I do get up, I'm too irritable for words. I hold my temper together with bits of string. My children are light-hearted, pleased with themselves and everything round them. My energy, compared with theirs, is a feeble thing. They gallop about the garden or the park all day long, while I find any form of exercise absolutely exhausting.

It didn't need many comparisons like this to show me that my children win every time on points. Nor did I have to put any great strain on my small amount of common sense to realise the reason why my children look and feel so much better than I do.

I make them lead healthy lives, whereas I lead a slack and indulgent life.

From comparisons, it was a quick jump to the conclusion that if I had any sense at all, I ought to try to live as I make my children live. Why, when I make them go to bed on the dot of six every evening, should I think that I can stay up until two in the morning, smoking a lot, going to parties, with all that that implies?

Why, when I make them have fruit with every meal, all the vitamin-right assortment of foods cooked in the simplest way, do I think that I can be healthy and handsome when I eat all the wrong things at any hour of the day or night?

I breakfast too often on coffee and a cigarette, lunch, if I am lunching out, on a champagne cocktail, *crêpes de volaille*, and black coffee, dine at a sherry party, on chippolatas, olives, smoked salmon sandwiches, pearl onions and pickles. A fine and healthy diet, isn't it?

Why, when I won't let my children have tea or anything stimulating, do I smoke all day long and half the night, and drink coffee to buck myself up to work?

It doesn't make sense, does it?

But to decide what does make sense, in this case, obviously, to live like a child, and to set firmly and successfully about doing it, are two quite different things. I am more than strong-minded in some ways, and practically a border-line case in others.

This was, at first, definitely one of the others. However often I told myself that I must cut down on chain smoking and unconsidered eating and drinking, I went on in exactly the same way that I had before, until I came across a fine new scientific theory of what would happen to my glands if I went on like that. I love laboratories, test tubes, lecture rooms, and any ideas that come out of them have a ready-made fan in me.

This one was especially new and exciting. I got it straight from the test tube's mouth. I knew that being too fat was usually a sign that the thyroid gland was not working properly, that premature ageing was due to deficiency of the pituitary glands, that, in general, the secretions of these mysterious things, the ductless glands, called endocrines, control the working of the body generally. I also knew, as every one knows these days, the importance of vitamins in diet.

But I did not know, until I began to prowl round medical libraries and hospital research departments, that I could, by feeding my glands the right things, cure my bad temper, my weariness, my early-morning-face troubles.

I discovered, in fact, what even very few medical men other than gland specialists know except in the vaguest way, that certain kinds of food affect the glands and through them the emotions, the intellect, the degree of bodily efficiency, the rate at which we grow old.

By comparing the chart in a medical book which showed which vitamins feed the various glands with the chart in my cookery book which shows the vitamin contents of the various everyday foods, I built up a fascinating picture of life among the endocrines.

I found, for example, that irritability is a sign that my parathyroid glands are not being fed enough calcium and Vitamin D, that I get tired more easily than I ought because my adrenalins do not get enough Vitamins A, B, C, G, and other chemical bits and pieces, that if I am mentally lazy, it is because the food I eat does not give my thyroid enough iodine. It is all much more elaborate than that, of course, but you can see the possibilities it opens up.

It is fun to think that I can make myself less irritable by eating more sardines, oysters—Oh, for the month with an R—egg yolks, cod-liver oil, and spending more of my time in the sunshine in order to get enough Vitamin D.

If I feel that a spot of flirting would brighten up my life a little, I can concentrate on the sexy vitamins, and stoke up on asparagus, broccoli, raw cabbage, green peas, carrots, cantaloups, and avocadoes, among other things.

If I want to shine among the highbrows, I shall concentrate on sea food, to tickle up my thyroid, and if I find I am getting old too quickly, I shall take pity on my pituitaries and feed them yeast and whole-wheat bread.

This all sounds like a joke, but to me it makes the sense I've been looking for. It makes me realise that ever since my children were born, I have been feeding their glands by a well-balanced diet and starving my own. Now I'm converted. From now on it's going to be a gland life for me. I really am going to live like a child in a fine grown-up way.

CONFIDENTLY Recommended

Obviously, Providence thought it a good joke to arrange things so that the things we like best are, as Irene Dunne says in *Love Affair*, either "illegal, immoral or fattening."

You get into the habit of thinking that in relation to food and drink, especially drink, you can grow wings more easily than you can eat what you fancy without wrecking your health. But suddenly you find you can, and that life isn't such a darned old sour-puss after all.

To get down to tacks, it seems that Vermouth is good for you. *Real* Vermouth, not the synthetic stuff. Genuine Vermouth is made from herbs and roots known for centuries for their tonic and curative properties. These are blended with fine matured wine, and the result is a drink you like that also likes you.

Make sure of getting *real* Vermouth or the whole thing is a flop. Ask for Martini, it's important.

What do you know about red veins? Not much, I suppose, except that once you've got them it's the very dickens to get rid of them.

That is true, or it was. Now there is a simple way of dealing with them.

You may not know that red veins are drops of dead blood which don't circulate. It is a highly specialised process to remove them, but Mme. Jacobson, of Maison Pompadour de Beaute Ltd., can do it with a hot-air process which, she says, absorbs the blood so it never comes back. You pay two guineas for one treatment and a great many veins can be dealt with at one sitting.

The whole trouble is defective circulation and to help stimulate this to the benefit of the complexion Madame Jacobson makes a Wonder Mask for home use. It is a plastic preparation and takes just twenty minutes to do its work of revitalising the tired skin. Simple, safe and more than good.

Why anything so unruly as acid has to be in the system at all is hard to see, but it does. Acid is one of those things that is very good when it's good, and very bad when it's bad.

There is a list as long as your arm of bad things that an overplus of acid in the system can do for you. As to your skin, it just wrecks it. If you are an acid person you should take steps to restore the alkaline balance in your blood and to improve your complexion. Meanwhile, there is Phillips' Magnesia Cream.

Magnesia, for some reason, is acid's deadliest enemy, so Phillips use it as a basis for both a texture and a cleansing cream that have earned a remarkable reputation for countering symptoms of hyper acidity like open pores, pimples, sallowness and blackheads.

Both creams are light and fragrant in character and constitute one of the most effective and simple home beauty treatments known.

There is a sixpenny size jar in both creams, so expense need not hold you back.

Say what you like, but all this advertising about what your best friends won't tell you has made us painfully aware of the need to be as fragrant as lilies if we are to look for admiration or even common courtesy from our fellow beings.

The point is how to be fragrant as a lily at all times and under all conditions when there is a limit to the number of baths one can take in a day?

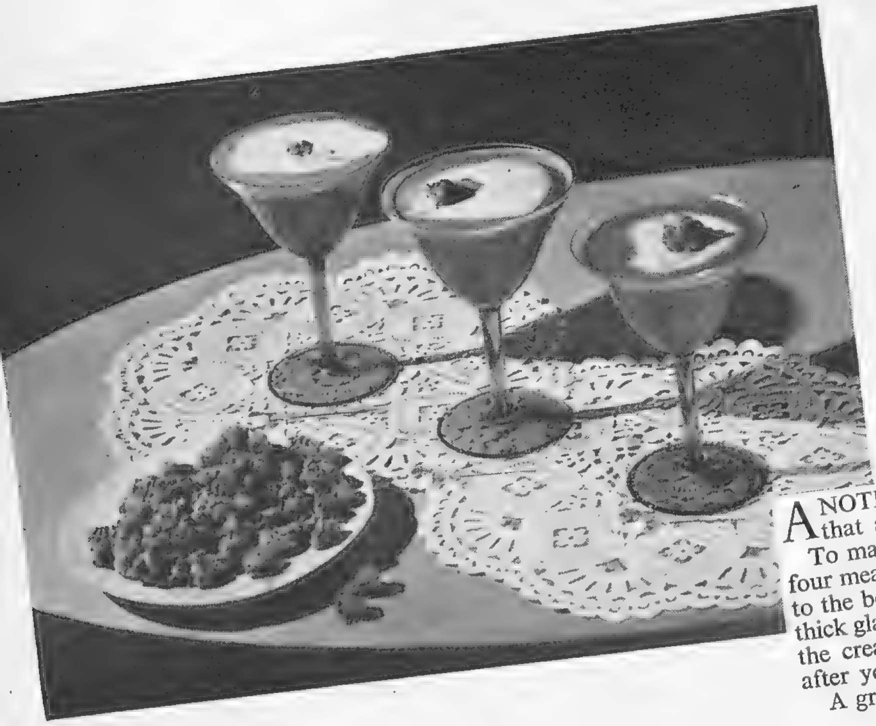
The answer, madam, is Perstik.

It is a cream deodorant in solid form. It looks like a white lipstick and a few touches at any time will make you safe from that form of social suicide frankly known as underarm odour.

It is harmless to you and your clothes, it is economical and small enough to carry in your handbag so why are you worrying?

A good sunburn lotion is a mixture of three things. Something soothing but not greasy; something browning but not frying; something that will stick to you but not to your clothes. In fact, Skol.

You have probably used Skol lotion before and thought



ANOTHER item for your list of nice things that are good for you. Chocolate cocktail.

To make it, pour on to a pint of warm milk four measures of Cadbury's cup chocolate, bring to the boil and whisk thoroughly. Pour into tall, thick glasses and top with whipped cream. Crown the cream with a glacé cherry and don't stir after you have added the cream.

A grand party drink.

We are happy to give endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

LOVELY underclothes are about the most important thing to the average woman.

Thank goodness the people who make underclothes are sympathetic about it, and if we do have to turn down the three-guineas sets in favour of the three-and-eleven, it is still possible to be glamorous underneath.

The new light-weight Juvena underclothes are a miracle. They have a super elasticity which makes them figure clinging. They are charming wisps of lace and silk, charming yet practical. Vests, panties and cami-knickers cost from 3/11 to 5/11 in white and pastel shades.

it good, but this year you will be even more impressed. The makers have improved it so much that it doesn't stain, it isn't sticky and it will burn you a delicious even brown all over.

Protect yourself from eyestrain while you are wearing your Skol lotion with Skol sun glasses. They have Crookes lenses and cost one-and-sixpence a pair.

It is to be hoped you are doing something about looking adorable in your sun suits this summer. In other words and with brutal candour, what about the hair on your legs?

Undoubtedly, by this time, you have learned better than to shave them, which only makes them worse in the end.

What you need and what you can have is something to kill the roots so that the little blighters don't grow again. There is a scientific Balsam prepared by the Dermal Research Institute with which you can give yourself a smooth, clean skin in a few minutes. It is safe and harmless wherever you use it and it removes hair and root as well. The Balsam is absolutely free of harmful sulphides and is positively soothing to the skin.

Bad circulation is undoubtedly Public Enemy Number One, both from the point of view of health and beauty. Beauty specialists are keenly aware of this fact and Barbara Gould has actually produced a Circulation Cream which gently but irresistibly stimulates the flow of blood under the skin and feeds the starving cells which are the cause of clogged pores, sagging muscles and all the rest of the troubles.

Barbara Gould's preparations have earned the fame that they deserve by their recognition of pathological requirements. The regular use of them combined with an occasional treatment at her delightful salon is a safe way to ensure a healthy skin which, after all, is the only beautiful one.

Do you remember when a new kind of lipstick came out and made a small sensation, or was that before your time? It was bright orange in colour and didn't come off, and the people who still thought that lipstick was slightly improper thought that this was even more so. They didn't prevent it from becoming the most successful cosmetic in years, though. It was Tangee, of course, and the orange colouring which changed to blend itself with the natural colouring when applied to the lips was a sensation. Hundreds of women have used it exclusively ever since.

Tangee have now created, by request, a Theatrical Lipstick which is marvellous for evening use. It has the same base as the former Tangee, but is more vivid.

Tangee rouge, lipstick and powder, have a very special quality of their own. All of them are made with the magic Tangee colour principle which blends with your natural colouring and gives to make-up that subtle quality which is the spirit of good taste.

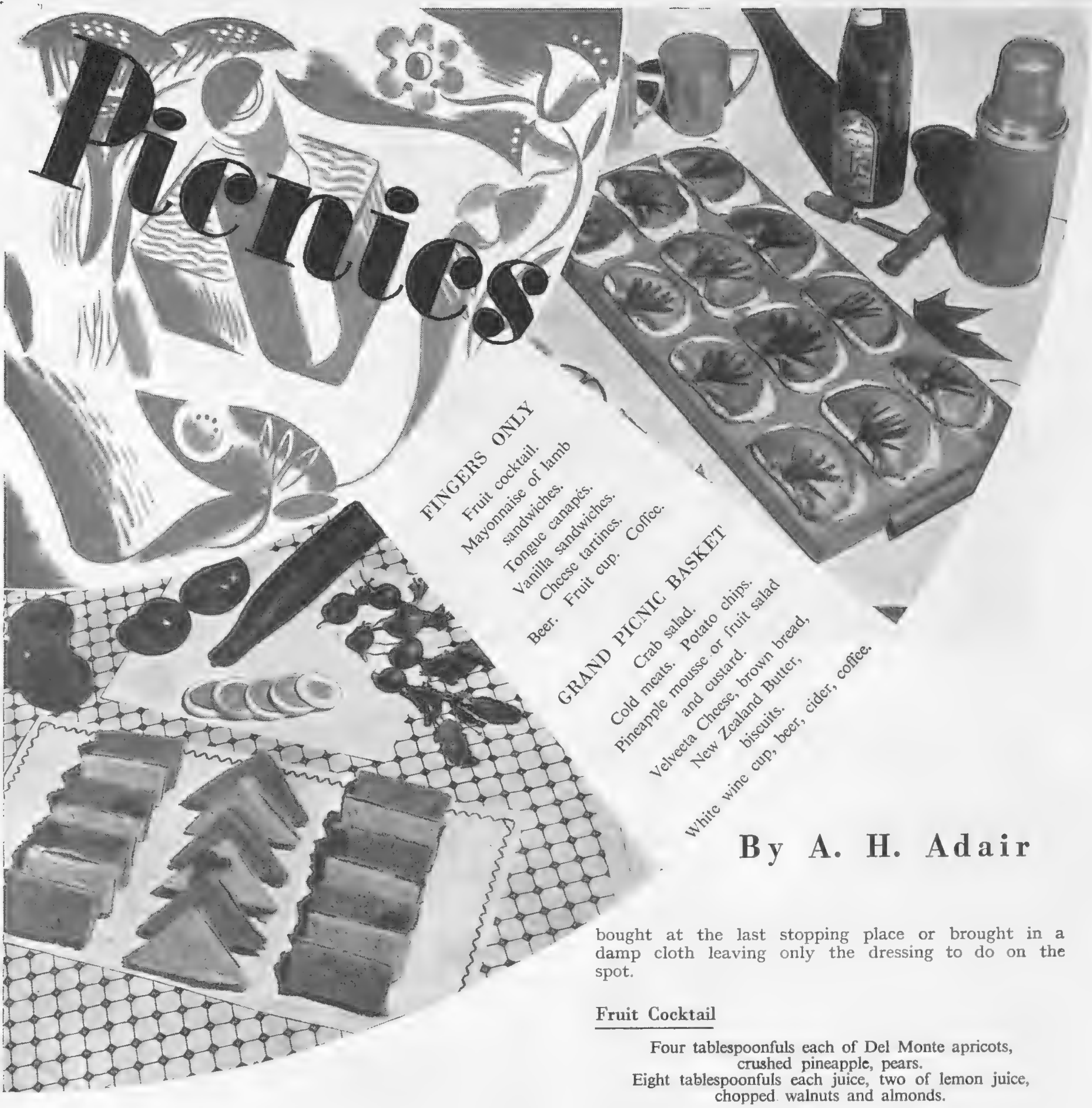
You can do your head-burying act if you want to and just keep on not recognising

(Continued on page 88)

SCENTS come and go, and pretty nice they are, but for cool fragrance when you need cool fragrance most, there is just nothing quite equal to lavender.

It is young and lovely, and it has above all other perfumes the quality which summer and the outdoors require. This is Yardleys' attractive three-and-sixpenny bottle.

Picnics



FINGERS ONLY

Fruit cocktail.

Mayonnaise of lamb sandwiches.

Tongue canapés.

Vanilla sandwiches.

Cheese tartines.

Beer. Fruit cup. Coffee.

GRAND PICNIC BASKET

Crab salad.

Cold meats. Potato chips.

Pineapple mousse or fruit salad and custard.

Velveeta Cheese, brown bread, New Zealand Butter, biscuits.

White wine cup, beer, cider, coffee.

By A. H. Adair

Who produced all that lovely food, those delicious drinks? They don't grow like the wild flowers carpeting this field.

Somebody must plan and organise, so I give you two schemes for a simple sandwich picnic and a more elaborate alfresco meal. In either case remember to have one, or even two, larger-size wide-necked thermos flasks: one in which you can put an iced drink or dish and another for taking cubes of ice. These with the ordinary-sized thermos you already have for hot or iced drinks will make all the difference.

For the more elaborate menu you can alter the courses according to circumstances. For instance, instead of the crab salad followed by cold meats (ham, New Zealand Lamb, Paysandu Ox Tongue), you could have a simpler hors d'œuvre and an aspic of chicken or hard-boiled eggs which you can easily make from Chivers directions. The same applies to the sweet. Del Monte peaches or apricots are suitable, especially as you can always take some cream or Bird's Custard in a carton.

The drinks, too, can be very varied as you may prefer to have a light wine, provided, as I have said before that you take a good supply of ice. Salads can either be bought at the last stopping place or brought in a damp cloth leaving only the dressing to do on the spot.

Fruit Cocktail

Four tablespoonfuls each of Del Monte apricots, crushed pineapple, pears.
Eight tablespoonfuls each juice, two of lemon juice, chopped walnuts and almonds.

Put one tablespoonful for each person of drained apricots, pears and pineapple into a bowl with the lemon and other juices and chopped nuts. Make thoroughly cold and take in a thermos.

Mayonnaise of Lamb Sandwiches

Brown bread, mayonnaise, salt, pepper.
New Zealand Lamb, chopped onion and parsley.

Trim the lamb of all fat and chop into small cubes. Have also chopped parsley and onion and mix with the meat. Cut the brown bread into convenient pieces and spread lightly with mayonnaise. Add a little more mayonnaise to the meat, mix with salt and pepper and use for the sandwiches.

Tongue Canapés

Swedish bread, New Zealand Butter,
Paysandu Ox Tongue, mustard, gherkins.

Butter the pieces of Swedish bread and spread with a little mustard. Place a neatly-fitting piece of tongue on top. Garnish with slices of gherkin.

(Continued on page 100)

Salads, as I have explained before, can be divided into three groups : hors d'œuvre salads, plain green, and complicated mixtures of the American type. I shall begin with :

HORS D'ŒUVRE SALADS

Baked Potato Salad

Floury potatoes.
Vegetable macédoine, ham.
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper.
Heinz Mayonnaise, herbs.

Choose fairly large floury potatoes of even size and shape, oblong, if possible. Wash and scrub them, dry them and bake in the oven till cooked, letting them cool. Cut in two, lengthways, and scoop out cavities in each, leaving a good layer of potato inside the skins.

Make a Russian salad with the macédoine of vegetables; add some shreds of lean ham and dress with Heinz Mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Fill your potato cases with this mixture, having first dusted them with salt and a tiny bit of cayenne pepper. Sprinkle the top with chopped parsley, also tarragon and chervil when available.

This very useful recipe can be adapted in endless ways according to the state of the larder. Any remnants of chicken, of other vegetables, or fish can be mixed and dressed and served in this practical and attractive way.

Quite plain, too, and served tepid with just the dressing, you have a delicious potato salad. In that case, cut the potatoes in the usual way, and just make neat incisions in the flesh with a knife and pour over a plain vinaigrette (one-third vinegar, two-thirds olive oil, salt, pepper) dressing; sprinkle with chopped herbs before serving.

Salade Riche

Cooked beetroot, tomatoes, herbs.
Ham, tongue, Heinz Thick Whip Salad Cream.

Peel the tomatoes, cut into four and scrape away the seeds. Have the beetroot cut into small cubes and the tomatoes cut to more or less the same size. Arrange these in the dish and add a pile of ham and tongue cut into thin strips about three inches long. Pour over a good coating of Heinz Thick Whip Salad Cream, put a little sprinkling of chopped herbs on top before serving.

PLAIN GREEN SALADS

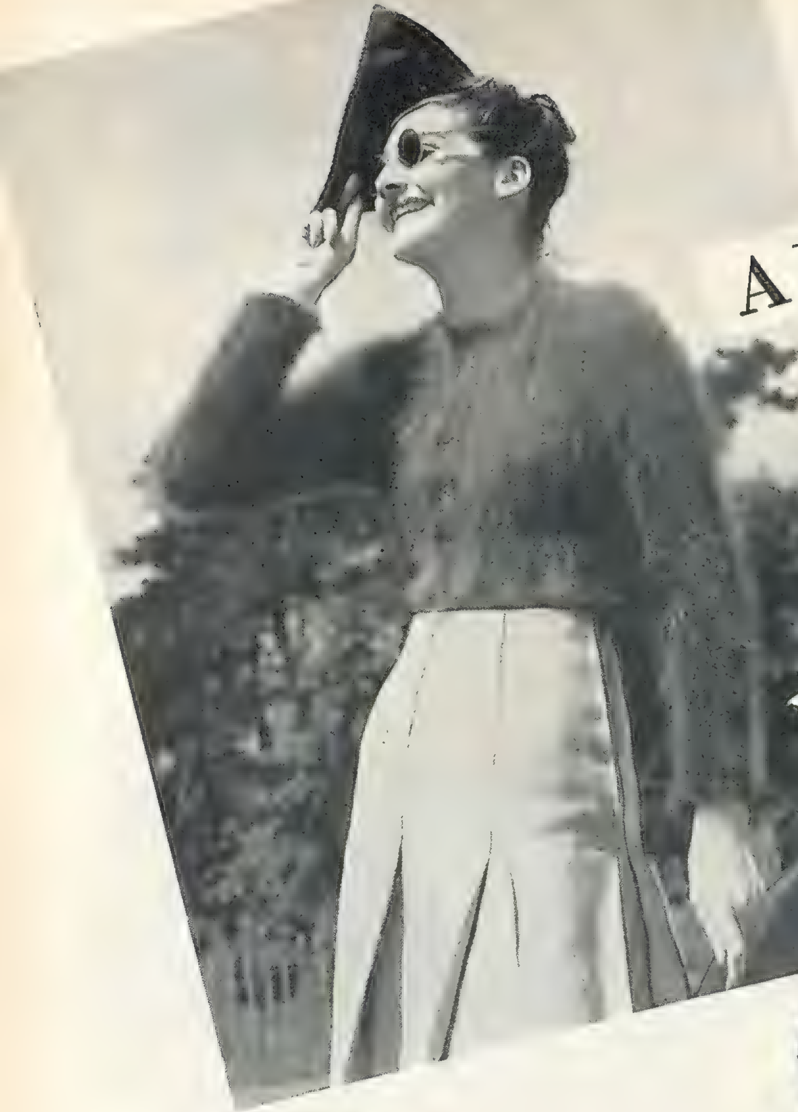
These, in my opinion, whatever they are, lettuce, cos lettuce, and the winter ones in season, chicory, endive, batavia, should always be served with a plain vinaigrette dressing and herbs. You can add onion to lettuce and a suspicion of garlic for the chicory or batavia; never garlic with lettuce.

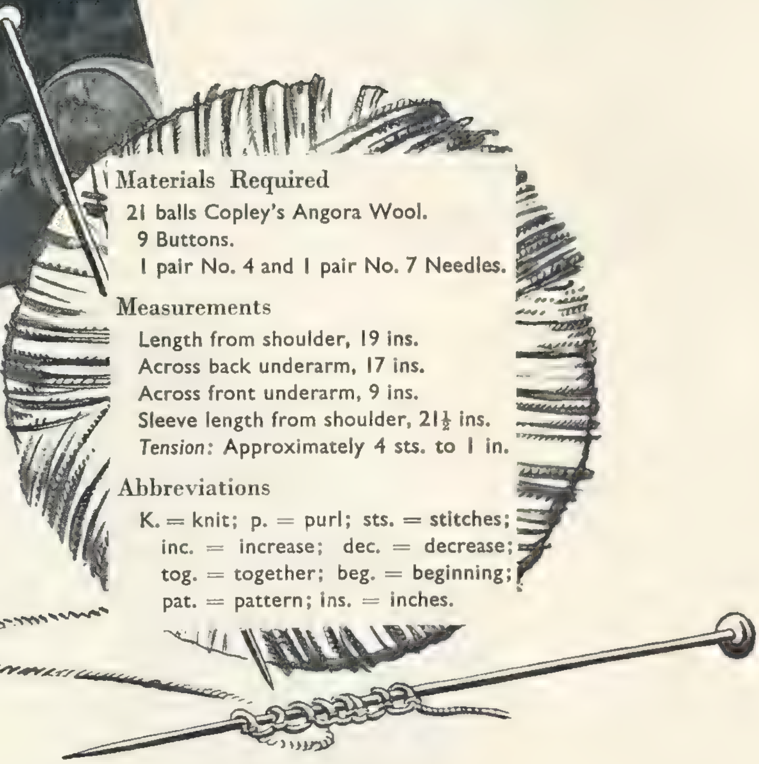
The best way to garlic-flavour a salad is to rub one or two bits of crust of bread with the clove of garlic and put them in the salad when you are dressing it. This gives a faint perfume and you are not obliged to eat the crust unless, like myself, you particularly wish to.

Don't forget to keep the

(Continued on page 100)

ANGORA WARM





Materials Required

21 balls Copley's Angora Wool.
9 Buttons.
1 pair No. 4 and 1 pair No. 7 Needles.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 19 ins.
Across back underarm, 17 ins.
Across front underarm, 9 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 21½ ins.
Tension: Approximately 4 sts. to 1 in.

Abbreviations

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; pat. = pattern; ins. = inches.

BACK

With No. 4 needles cast on 70 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Continue in following wide rib :

1st row: S. 1, * k. 8, p. 2; repeat from * ending k. 9.

2nd row: S. 1, * p. 8, k. 2; repeat from * ending k. 1.

These 2 rows form wide rib. Work until 12 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 50 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONTS

With No. 4 needles cast on 30 sts. Work as for back until 12 ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. every armhole end row 5 times. Work 5 ins. on remaining 20 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Work 2 ins., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 15 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 5 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Work another front with shaping at opposite edge.

NECK EDGING

Sew shoulder seams. With No. 7 needles, pick up and knit 49 sts. along neck. Rib ¾ in. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES

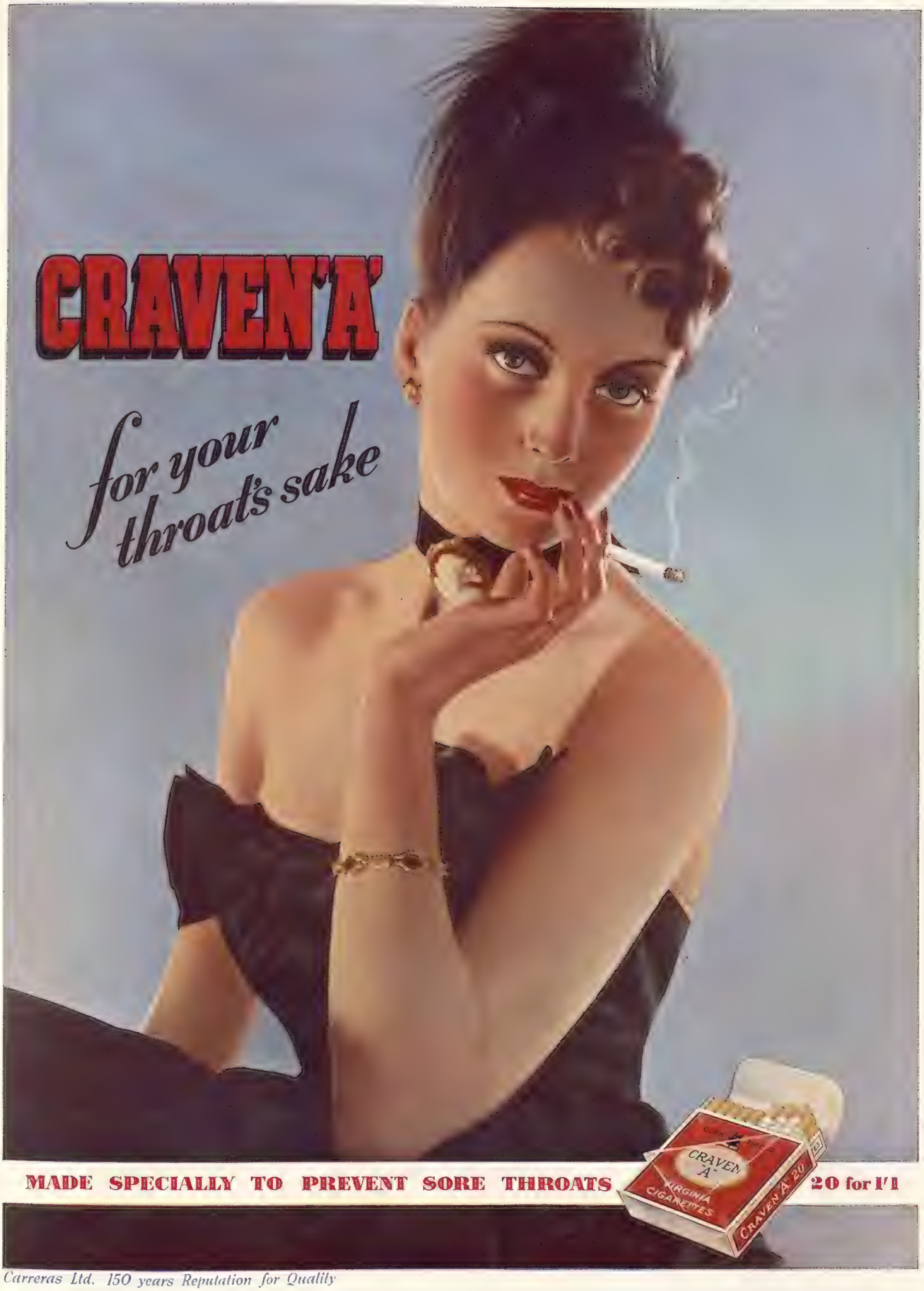
With No. 7 needles cast on 30 sts. Rib 1½ ins. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 4 needles and work in wide rib for 16½ ins., increasing 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 6th row following until 56 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 10 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 7 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: rib 2, cast off 4, rib 2. *Next row:* Rib 2, cast on 4, rib 2. Make further buttonholes 1½ ins apart. Work until 17 ins. from start. Cast off. Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew front strips to fronts. Work buttonholes. Sew on buttons.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for your throat's sake
MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
CRAVEN A 20
20 for 1/1

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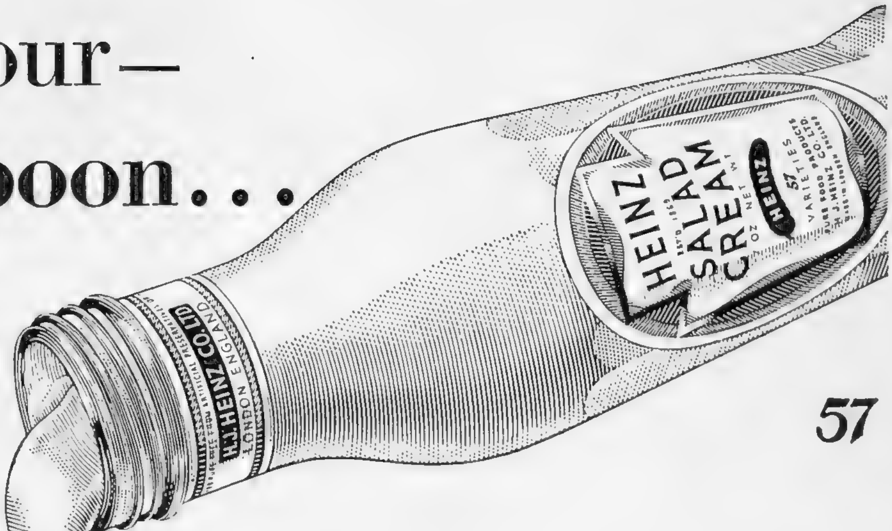
one to pour—
one to spoon...

IT'S THE SAME DELICIOUS SALAD CREAM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SALAD
CREAM
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57 VARIETIES
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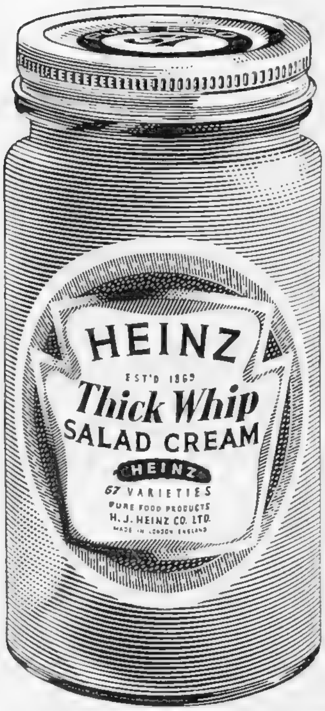
HEINZ
EST'D 1869
Thick Whip
SALAD CREAM
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Heinz is the original Salad Cream, made in England—specially prepared to appeal to the taste of the British Public.

It is made of eggs straight from the nest—the purest olive oil, malt vinegar—and thick, rich cream. Not only does its delicious flavour tempt everyone to eat more salads—but its rich nourishment turns an ordinary salad into a perfectly balanced meal! Salads give you the mineral salts, vitamins and roughage you need for health! Heinz Salad Cream adds the proteins, carbohydrates, fats—and more vitamins.

It is of the right consistency, because when poured over salads, fish and cold meats, it mixes thoroughly with these foods and adds to their richness, fullness and flavour.

But for those who want a cream to spoon on top of a salad rather than to mix with it, Heinz make also a Thick Whip Salad Cream of the same ingredients. It is made fluffier, milder, lighter, and sweeter by additional whipping, but the delicious flavours which have made Heinz Salad Cream the most popular salad dressing in the Old World are still retained.

the dressing that has made the nation eat more salad

HEINZ SALAD CREAM

Either kind at 6d & 10d per bottle.
Made in England

Other Varieties: Mayonnaise,
Baked Beans,
Tomato Ketchup, Spaghetti

MANNERISMS MAKETH WOMEN

Good manners are nice to have. Good mannerisms are indispensable.

Your mannerisms can make a man fall in love with you, which is fine. The same ones can just as effectively make him fall out of love with you.

He got insane about the little twitch of your nose, the time some moon was shining and some band was playing the kind of music Noel Coward says is potent. The same twitch may become the most back-breaking final straw when he has had breakfast with it a couple of thousand times.

When rapture is at its most careless, a gentleman will make a loving mental inventory of all your cute little ways.

Five years later he is apt to have got around to regarding the way you scratch your un-shell-like ear as nothing more poetic than a method of dispelling an itch.

I have personally been exasperated at one time or another by the following mannerisms in different women :

A little giggle prefacing every remark.

Exaggerated finger-work when manipulating a cup of tea.

Scratching the head with a pencil.

Sniffs involving a special nose-twitch.

Sniffs not involving a special nose-twitch. (Artistic and glamorous sniffing is a divine gift reserved for the very few.)

The many and various facial contortions which often accompany the feminine smoke. Especially the one when a cigarette dangles out of the mouth at the same time as the head dangles out of the driver's window of a car which the lady is backing out of a gate.

I add to this list, of course, all verbal mannerisms, from the overworking of phrases like "sort of," to continual repetition of the fashionable word of the moment. (Remember the "definitely" scourge?)

These are purely personal dislikes. You doubtless have your own private black-list, both male and female.

The elaborate ritual of pipes, hair-smoothing actions, spectacle adjusting, repetition of some pompous phrase, ways of whistling, gestures when arguing—these are male matters which bristle with potential exasperation for one who is giving the best years of her life to them.

Therefore, lady, take the advice of the ancient Greek oracle, which was : "Know thyself." Or of the modern American oracle, which is : "Get wise to thyself."

Take a good look at yourself through a very large magnifying glass once in a while. Keep yourself under observation for a day or two, and catch yourself out on your pet mannerisms. That is the only way you can stop them turning sour on you.

You wouldn't wear the same hat for years and years, just because it was a wonderful hat to begin with. Why wear the same mannerisms?

At once I hear the voice of opposition saying that a few paltry mannerisms are all that most of you happen to possess in the way of personality. Strip you of these and you become exactly like every one else.

Not only that, you may say, but once you start examining yourselves in the manner suggested, you will just become acutely self-conscious.

I am not, however, suggesting that you should become too self-critical, nor that you should make yourself sick with worry about everything you say and do.

I simply suggest that an occasional personal stocktaking of your mannerisms will freshen you up. Because it is the accumulative effect of these trivial things that can make or mar you. Irritating minor mannerisms lead more than anything else to that state of getting on another person's nerves.

Minor irritants wreck as many marriages as major faults.

By Fred Majdalany

Exaggerated Finger Work

A Dangling Cigarette

Inartistic Sniffing

Head Scratching

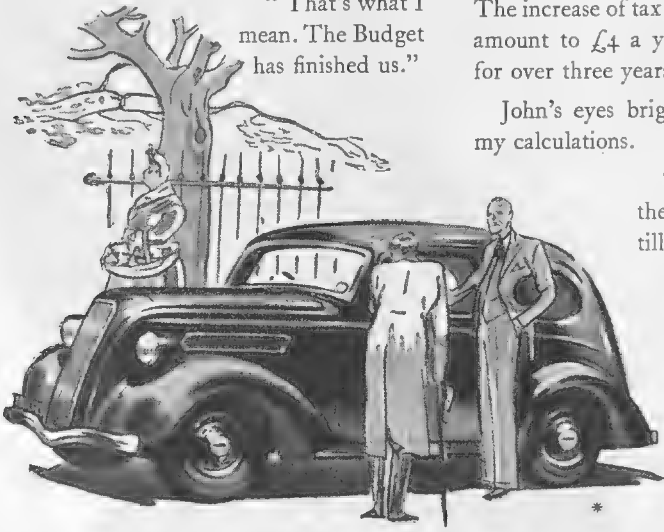
Every budget has a silver lining

"IT's a knock-out blow, I tell you. It's not fair. It's the last straw."

John crushed his cigarette stub despondently.

"You mean you've decided not to buy a car after all?"

"That's what I mean. The Budget has finished us."



"Have another cigarette," I said kindly. "Have some more coffee .... What kind of car have you decided not to buy, John? Seems a pity! You had a motoring holiday all fixed, hadn't you? How much are you not going to spend on the car?"

He told me. I took a piece of paper out of my pocket.

"Look here, John. Why don't you think of it this way? Suppose you didn't buy that car. Suppose you bought a Ford 'Eight' instead. Now, the Ford 'Eight' is a British car that sells at £13 less than *any* other 'eight' saloon on the market. It puts you £13 in pocket from the start. The increase of tax on a Ford 'Eight' will amount to £4 a year, so you're covered for over three years."

John's eyes brightened as he watched my calculations.

"Eh?" he said. "And the tax doesn't change till the end of the year."

"So you won't have to think about the Budget for nearly four years. Come and look at *my* Ford 'Eight'."

* * *

We left the club together, John walking with the jaunty air of a reprieved man, and picked up my "Eight."

"Nice looking car," he grunted amiably. "Suit Madge, too, during the day .... Room for a couple in the back. Neat luggage compartment there behind the rear seat .... Plenty of leg space. Did you say it cost *less* than any other 'eight' saloon?"

"It does; and, for that matter, the 'Prefect' is the only British Ten under £150. Fords are pretty good value, all along the line. Here, *you* drive," I said, as we turned into the park. I could see he was longing to be at the wheel.

Well, to cut a long story short, I had half an hour to spare, so we drove down to John's house and picked up Madge.

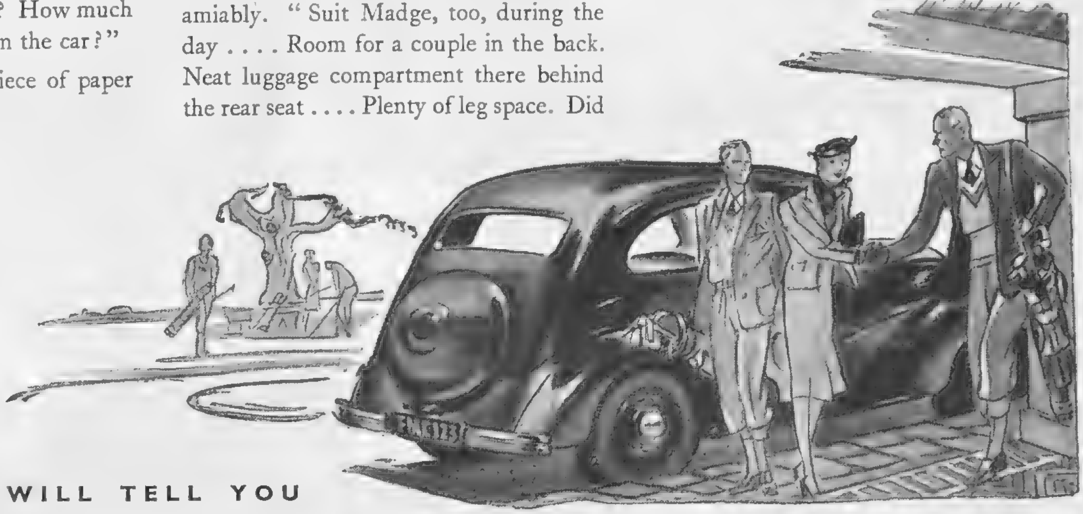
"It's nice to see John smiling again," she said to me. "What *have* you done to him?"

"Don't say a word," said John. "We're going to a Ford Dealer right away .... And we're going to have that motoring holiday after all!"

* * *

I met them at golf a week later. They glided up to the club-house door in a new Ford "Eight."

"You're lunching with us today," said John; "it was you who showed us how to smile at the Budget."



Ford "Eight" Saloon £115
Saloon de Luxe £125
The "Prefect," the only British Ten under **£150,** prices from **£145**
PRICES AT WORKS

FORD OWNERS WILL TELL YOU

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

Shall we have "Budget Cars" Next Season?

By

The Earl of Cardigan

IT is going to be very interesting to see how the motor trade eventually reacts to the increased taxation which we have to expect next season. For the h.p. tax (a shockingly ill-contrived tax at the best of times!) to be raised from 15s. to 25s. per unit of alleged horse-power is a serious matter. In the case of a big car, it may add £10 or £15 to the owner's annual expenses, besides depreciating his car's value in the second-hand market.

The owner of a small car naturally escapes more lightly, but even he will find that an extra £4, £5 or £6 is payable next year. It may be—and indeed a learned judge has expressed the view—that people should not own cars unless they are sufficiently well off to be unaffected by an odd £5 one way or the other; but the fact remains that many people *do* own cars, to whom this sum represents quite a lot of money.

The question therefore arises—will there in future be a market for cars of lower power than those to which we have been accustomed in the past? For many years, we have accepted the 8 h.p. car as being the smallest which can give really satisfying results. Shall we now have to consider the possibilities of a 6-h.p. type?

Myself, I think that this is very possible—for there is no technical reason why a 6 h.p. car, within its limits, should not be perfectly efficient. I have driven a 6 h.p. car (or it may have been 6·5 h.p.) and have had quite good results from it. I recollect that the top speed was around 50 m.p.h., and that in one of the indirect gears one could get quite brisk acceleration up to 40 m.p.h.

These are not high figures; but how many motorists in fact drive at more than 40 or 45 m.p.h.? When I drive a small car at such speeds, I find that I overtake others more frequently than I myself am overtaken. In other words, the average cruising speed of the average motorist is not really in excess of 40 m.p.h.

Of course, if the 6 h.p. car is to be capable of fair acceleration and useful hill climbing, I think it is essential that it should have a four-speed gearbox. (As a general rule, you *must* have more gears if you are to do a job efficiently with less engine power.) I would suggest something like a 5½ to 1 top gear with a 7 to 1 "third." Second gear should be around 10 to 1, and bottom gear a really low one for the bad hills.

Such a gearbox would have to be freely used, so that at least three of the ratios, if not all of them, ought to be synchromesh. In particular, the driver would have to be encouraged to use his third gear freely; otherwise there would not be adequate acceleration for, let us say, overtaking a lorry at 20 or 30 m.p.h.

Most important of all, the 6 h.p. car ought not to be over-burdened with coachwork. I very much doubt whether it could carry a full four-seater saloon body, for instance, without suffering in the matter of road performance. My impression is that, if one requires coachwork of this type, it will be foolish to utilise a chassis of less than 8 h.p.

There will be a temptation, of course, for manufacturers to try and turn out a 6 h.p. saloon; but it will be a poor thing if, as I fear, it will consist of two moderately comfortable seats, with a miserable little shelf behind on which two more people will be invited to perch themselves in a cramped attitude, with no space either for their heads or knees. This sort of "compromise" four-seater can give no lasting satisfaction.

On the other hand, a 6 h.p. chassis could carry two-seater coachwork which might reach a high standard of comfort. There are, after all, quite a number of people whose motoring is done almost exclusively with a single passenger. The 6 h.p. car could very well cater for them.

ALTERNATIVELY, there used to be such a thing as a "clover-leaf" body. (For some years, such a type was built by the Citroën Company.) If this was revived, one could have two seats in front, with a single small seat behind. The latter would not have to be placed far back, since there would be knee-room for the rear passenger in between the two front seats. The third seat, indeed, could hold either one adult or two children.

In short, if manufacturers could refrain from being too ambitious, there is no real reason why a 6 h.p. car should not be marketed with success. With 2/3-seater coachwork, a four-speed gearbox and a maximum speed capacity of 50 m.p.h., it might well prove to be a useful little vehicle for those who are compelled to "count their pennies" in the matter of tax and upkeep costs.

A New Avon Tyre

AVON tyres have so good a reputation that a new model must always be of interest. It is not for nothing that, for 1939, the familiar Avon tread pattern has been varied, and the whole design of the tyre altered. In making these changes, the manufacturers have had definite objects in view.

In the first place, the new Avon tyre runs with extreme silence—a good point when one remembers how little mechanical noise the modern car makes to offset the sound of the tyres on the road. Then again, it is expressly designed to facilitate rapid cornering, such as a driver is liable to indulge in when at the wheel of an up-to-date sports car.

As for its capacity for long life, the new Avon is only conforming to precedent in being good in this respect. It is believed, however, that the new design will permit of even greater mileages than those which Avon users have been able to obtain in the past. This is a big claim, but factory tests support it.

The New Austin Ten. A view which reveals the attractive lines of this latest newcomer to the most popular class of motor vehicle. Roominess, appearance and a sparkling performance are the outstanding features of this New Austin model

"....livelier acceleration and increased power is obtained when Ethyl is used"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

". . . and the way she licks up hills on top!"

said the Scratch Man

The horse-power basis of taxation in Great Britain makes for small engines of high compression. Esso Ethyl is a vital necessity for *all high performance engines.* Try Esso Ethyl next time you fill up. An improvement is certain—often it is an amazing one.

**ESSO ETHYL—
THE PETROL
THAT STOPS
MUFFLED
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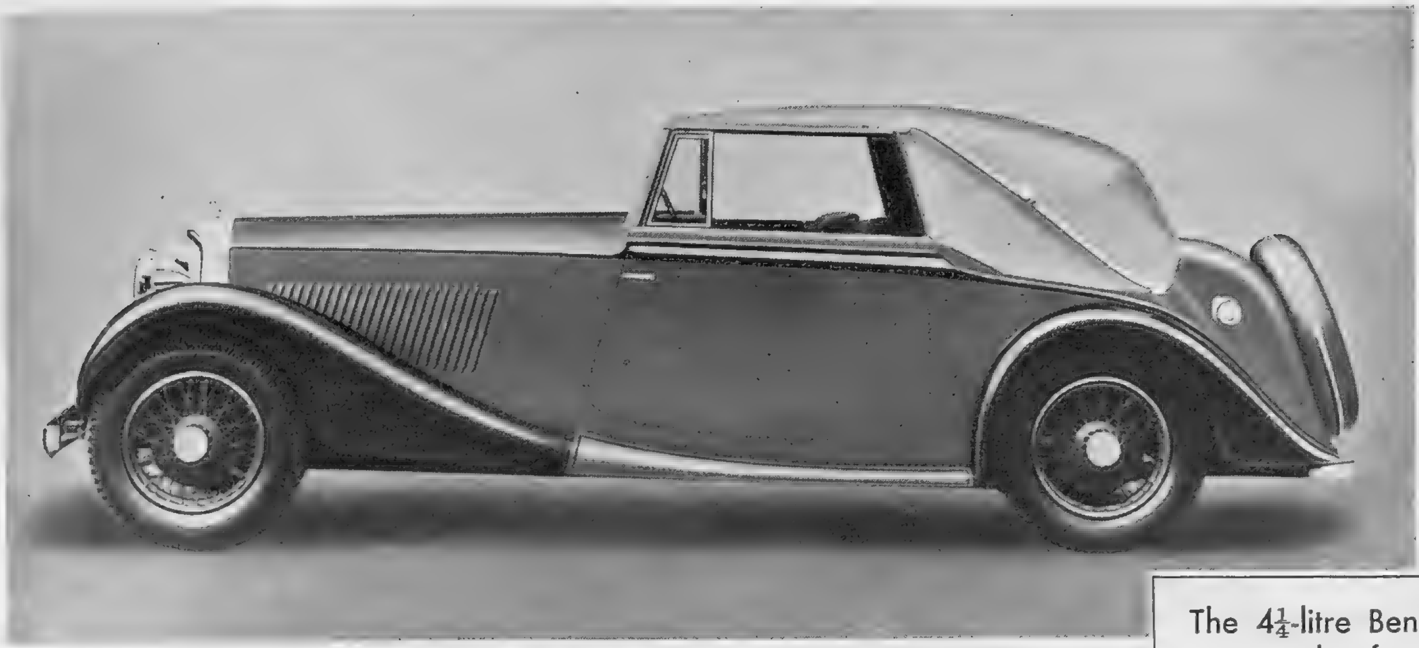
**LOOK FOR
THE OVAL GLOBE—YOUR
GUARANTEE OF QUALITY**

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL



A Remarkable Sports Car

The Latest 4¼-litre Bentley

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 4¼-litre Bentley in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves and twin carburettors; 30 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with direct third gear and indirect "over-drive" top gear.
Performance: Direct third gear 90 m.p.h.; indirect top gear 100 m.p.h. or more.
Steering: Excellent, of improved design.
Brakes: Of special Bentley pattern.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, with controllable shock absorbers.
Coachwork: Seats four luxuriously.
Price: Coupé £1,535.

By a coincidence, just before I sat down to write this article, I happened to see what a fellow scribe had written concerning the Bentley and "its beautiful gearbox." The author of this phrase was at some pains to justify the use of the word "beautiful" in relation to a piece of machinery; but there is an excellent precedent which he might have quoted.

Did not Rupert Brooke write:

> "These have I loved . . . the keen
> Unpassioned beauty of a great machine"?

It was a part of the coincidence that, while I myself had been driving the latest Bentley between London and Wiltshire, I had had this particular quotation in my mind. Indeed, machinery *can* be beautiful when, as in the Bentley, it performs to perfection the task which is assigned to it.

Thus the Bentley engine is surely not without beauty. It is rated at 30 h.p., and must develop a vastly greater power output when it is turning at speed. Its rate of acceleration is remarkable; yet it is invariably smooth and almost entirely noiseless. I say "almost," because the beat of the exhaust can be very faintly heard, and its sternly subdued note seems to me more attractive than literal silence could be. Only at high speeds is this exhaust beat finally lost in the rush of the wind.

As for the gearbox, this offers something quite new to post-War motorists. (Few people will now remember a celebrated car appearing with a similar 'box in the year 1908.) It gives its direct drive in third gear, instead of in top gear as is normal practice. When the driver changes "up" beyond this, he finds an indirect "over-drive" top gear, having a very high ratio in the region of 3½ to 1.

The charm of this is that the direct third gear is ideal at all moderate speeds. In it, the car will potter at 5 m.p.h., accelerate with wonderful rapidity to overtake other traffic, and if required continue up to a good 90 m.p.h.

What more could one want? The "over-drive" top gear supplies the answer. On the open road, this also proves to be an ideal ratio. It is dead silent (although indirect); it gives more speed, so that 100 m.p.h. can definitely be exceeded; best of all, it enables cruising speeds between 60 and 80 m.p.h. to be maintained with complete lack of effort—the engine having to turn over at only a very moderate rate.

I would like to praise second gear also. This again is a dead silent indirect gear, and provides the means for a really fast get-away—almost in racing-car style—from a walking pace up to perhaps 60 m.p.h. I enjoyed using this ratio, and would personally be sorry to have it altered in any way. Some drivers, however, would no doubt appreciate it more if it had synchromesh mechanism to make it fully fool-proof, as the two highest gears are.

Four paragraphs about the gearbox! But it really is of outstanding merit. Hardly less so is the new Bentley steering gear, which retains all the firmness and precision of the old, while being a great deal lighter in its action. A valuable point also is that it provides an uncommonly good lock, enabling the car, big as it is, to turn within quite a small space.

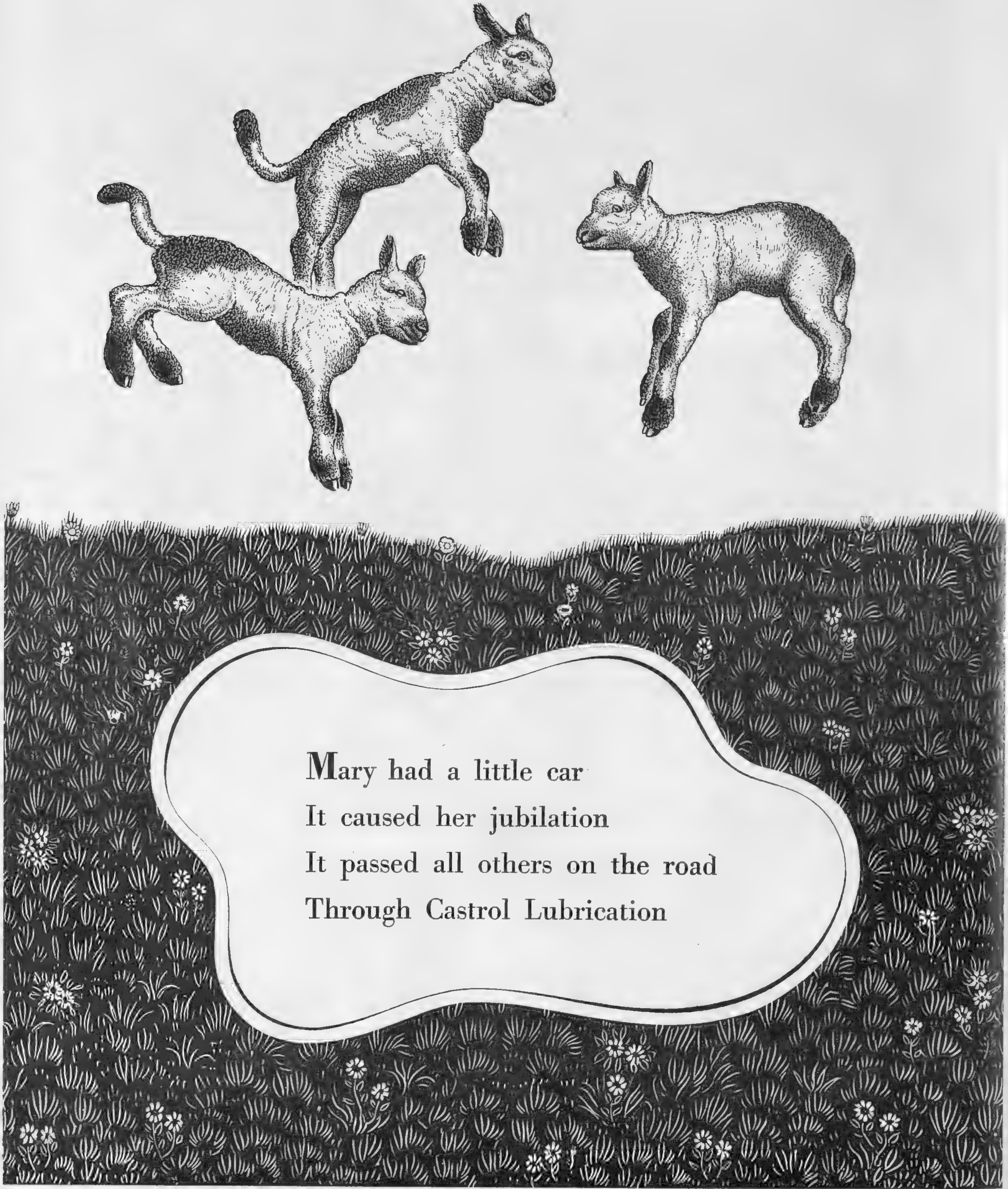
The brakes are definitely first-rate. They are delightful to use under normal conditions, and are specially designed also to prevent front-wheel skidding if they have to be fiercely applied. (I think it was noticeable in the last R.A.C. Rally that the Bentleys were among the best and steadiest performers in the severe braking test.)

The car is extremely well sprung also. To prove that it is not *only* designed for travelling at high speeds, I took it over a grass track for about a mile, and was able to keep going quite happily over ruts and mole hills. Returning to a main road, and moving the shock-absorber control over to "hard," I was able immediately afterwards to run up to 80 m.p.h., again in absolute comfort.

As for the car's steadiness at even higher speeds, and its ability to hold the road on bends, I can only say that it behaves magnificently well. From the driver's point of view, handling it on a fast stretch of main road is a sheer delight. One can "knock off" fifty miles within the hour, and still have no sense of fatigue, either bodily or mental.

The four-seater coupé coachwork is really attractive, either when open or when closed. It does not set out to provide unlimited space, but it has four truly luxurious seats, with a generous amount of luggage accommodation. The folding head, moreover, really *is* a one-man affair.

The complete car costs £1,535—and I do not hesitate to say that, for the man who has £1,535 to spend, it is genuinely worth the money. Not just as a means of conveyance (perhaps no means of conveyance is worth more than £500), but rather as a superb piece of mechanism which will represent a continual source of pleasure and pride to the fortunate owner.



Mary had a little car
It caused her jubilation
It passed all others on the road
Through Castrol Lubrication

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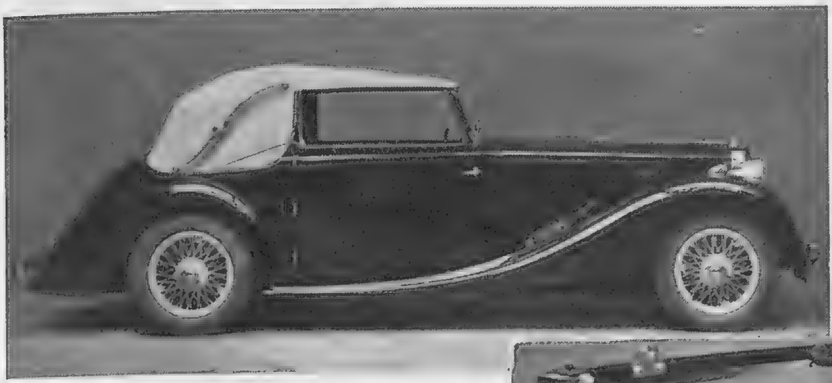
An Attractive twenty-h.p. M.G.

The 2·6-litre Coupé

By The Earl of Cardigan



The 2·6-litre Coupé M.G. This latest model has a six-cylinder engine with overhead valves and twin carburettors. Price £475

THE 2·6-litre M.G. belongs to a type of car which nowadays is deservedly gaining in popularity. It is a sports car, in that it has unusual speed and can be driven fast with an unusual degree of confidence. On the other hand, there is nothing "fierce" about it. A lady could handle it quite happily on shopping errands, and would find no more difficulty with it than with any other fairly large car.

The whole idea of combining high performance with docility and quietness is comparatively new—and newer still is the idea of doing this at a strictly competitive price. The ordinary 20-h.p. car costs something like £400, while the M.G., with many sports-car features to endear it to the enthusiast, keeps well inside the £500 mark. Its admirers, therefore, do not have to be plutocrats, nor need they reproach themselves for undue extravagance on becoming M.G. owners.

This latest model has a six-cylinder engine with overhead valves and twin carburettors. With this design, carried out by a firm which for years has specialised in building high-efficiency units, a really lively and vigorous performance is assured. The degree of quietness, however, is good, and there is sufficient flexibility to enable the car to run quite slowly in its top gear. In negotiating traffic, it is an advantage—but never a necessity—to make free use of the lower gears.

The four-speed gearbox provides three synchromesh ratios, so that the only unassisted gear-change is the rarely-needed one from second down to first gear. In all other cases, if the driver will remember to move the lever fairly slowly from one slot to the other, a perfectly silent change can be made without any ingenuity being called for.

I did not test the maximum speed in second gear; but this is a thoroughly useful ratio which can be used with good effect in making a quick get-away from a sharp corner. If one is not in a hurry, however, third gear will tackle almost any situation so long as the car is on the move, and will give ready acceleration up to 60 m.p.h. or more. Hills can thus be climbed both easily and fast.

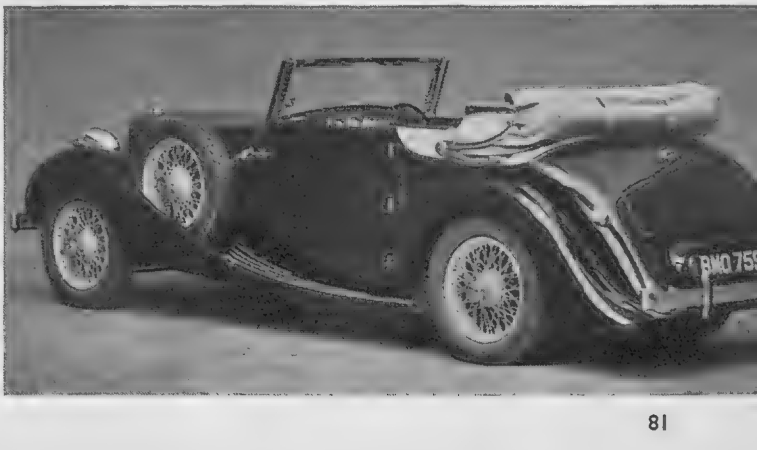
In top gear, this M.G. will accelerate immediately to 80 m.p.h., at which speed it runs perfectly happily. This is, however, not the absolute maximum, for figures up to 90 m.p.h. have been recorded. The best speed which I touched was close on 85 m.p.h., and I am not sure that the engine even then was quite "all out." Perhaps of more importance to the average owner, however, is the fact that an honest 80 m.p.h. can be obtained "any day of the week" and on any reasonably open stretch of road.

I have often commented before on the superior road-holding of cars which have a "pedigree" in which there is a racing strain. I have noticed this again and again even when the car under consideration is a 10 h.p. saloon and the "ancestor" was a racer in the unlimited h.p. class. It is still *(Continued on page 83)*

The brakes are of Lockheed hydraulic type with a powerful and smooth action. The steering column is extensible, and with the seat pushed back, the wheel still comes conveniently into the lap

There is ample room in the luggage boot in the rear of the car. Another feature is the Jackall hydraulic built-in jack

The upholstery is good looking, and both the front and back seats are made additionally comfortable by semi-elliptic springing



The Coupé body is of the popular "Tickford" type. It can quickly and easily be transformed from a closed to an open one

The 2·6-litre M.G. in brief

Engine: Six cylinders, overhead valves and twin carburettors; 20 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox with three synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 60 m.p.h.; top gear 85 m.p.h.

Springing: Semi-elliptic.

Steering: Light, accurate, with extensible column.

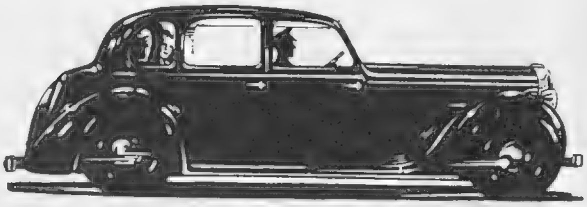
Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.

Coachwork: Good looking, easily convertible.

Price: "Tickford" "Foursome" Coupé, £475.

ROVER

H. E. Symons says (in *The Sketch*) "I do not think that any car round about the £300 mark can possibly compare with the Rover Fourteen for the silence and smoothness of the engine. There is an indefinable air of breeding about it, a lightness and feeling of control that one normally associates with vehicles selling at four times the price . . . . a real gentleman's motor car. It will outlast most others in its class fetching in consequence an excellent price when sold second hand. Altogether a very fine car".



Write for illustrated Catalogue to The Rover Company Limited, Coventry. London Showrooms : Henlys Limited, Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CVS—334

HEALTH IS OUR HERITAGE.

To have healthy nerves should not be a subject for personal congratulation, any more than is cleanliness. It is a solemn and sacred duty—and it is within everyone's reach. To have calm and healthy nerves is a husband's duty to his wife, a wife's duty to her husband, parents' duty to their children.

"In the present state of medical knowledge.."

Whatever the future holds, the doctor of to-day stands by this proved and certain truth: to maintain nervous vitality the nerves must be supplied with the correct proportion of essential phosphorus and proteid. 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and proteid in their most assimilable form.

'Sanatogen' is a tonic *food*, containing no drugs or stimulants. It will not give you merely a *momentary* lift, a passing sensation of health: the good it does is permanent. 'Sanatogen' nourishes and repairs worn nerves. It builds strong red blood corpuscles to give you new strength, new energy. By keeping you always at the razor-edge of fitness it provides the one sure protection against illness—radiant, vigorous health.

Live up to life this Summer : take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'

(Regd. Trade Mark)

Brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate

THE NERVE TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

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M&C

true—and unquestionably this M.G. holds the road better than the average 20-h.p. car which does not possess the advantage of such a "background."

The road springs are of semi-elliptic type and give very comfortable riding, while being firm enough to prevent the car having any tendency to "roll" on corners. The steering is extremely pleasant, and succeeds well in combining lightness with accuracy. A good point is that the steering column is extensible, and is also so well "raked" as to be nearly horizontal. The long-legged driver can therefore push his seat well back, extend the steering column to its full extent, and still find that the wheel comes conveniently into his lap.

The brakes are of Lockheed hydraulic type, having an action which is both powerful and smooth. As a precaution, the front and rear brakes are arranged to operate independently from separate master cylinders, while the hand brake has a cable system of its own. Thus only a triple mischance—which really is inconceivable—could prevent the M.G. owner having at all times a safe amount of braking power at his instant command.

The coupé body of the car which I tested was of the popular "Tickford" type. This gives an attractively smart appearance, and has the great virtue of enabling the car to be transformed from a closed into an open one quite quickly, and with extremely little fuss or bother. As to comfort, I found the front seats uncommonly good, and could only criticize the rear seat on the ground that the headroom there is hardly sufficient for a man of my height. Another three or four inches would be valuable.

Among many good chassis features, the Jackall hydraulic built-in jacks must certainly be mentioned. I liked also the fact that there are duplicated pumps to raise the petrol from the sixteen-gallon rear tank. It is points like this which make motoring truly trouble-free. With coupé coachwork, this new M.G. is listed at £475, which really is not a high figure for a car of more than ordinary merit.

The Women I Meet

(*Continued from page 41*)

charm and informality of period furniture and easy—very unthronelike chairs. There are beautiful pictures and chandeliers of carved wood or glittering crystal, but they are not obtrusive as if meant to create an impression of vast expenditure upon a designed setting.

Pale yellow paint gives an illusion of sunshine, and pitchpine panelling forms a cool contrast to rich hangings of brocade. It is difficult to believe that outside is the crowded hum of "big business" and "vested interests" while the narrow streets of medieval naming and inheritance wriggle away on all sides, perhaps even more crowded with chafferers than when the first guilds and merchants dreamed a dream of the palace they would build, one day, for their elected first citizen and his lady.

And Lady Bowater has another startling distinction in her home of this year, for, down a flight of stairs from the private apartments, through a swing door, is the Mansion House police court, where daily the Lord Mayor sits and considers the cases brought before him for his jurisdiction. Below is the grimness of the cells but prisoners are removed from them at night when blue-uniformed vigilance is relaxed from the somewhat sinister seriousness of the administration of the law.

But if the presence of the police court strikes a serious note there is so much which is serious in all this civic splendour.

There are not only the many functions such as the Mansion House Ball for Bart's Hospital for which Lady Bowater worked so hard last month and which was attended by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, but from the Mansion House emanates, perhaps the greatest organising of assistance to charitable objects and causes which exists in the world. Millions and millions of pounds have been raised and dispensed through the different channels to their proper recipients, and as well, many important movements in thought and activity owe their original promoting as well as later support to the Mansion House.

EACH year brings there a new Lady Mayoress to a year of regal state which must be unforgettable, but which leaves few minutes of any day free from its accompanying duties and routine, many of which inspire responsibilities which linger on after she has left that great building and its gilded impressiveness which as a home is beyond most women's most vivid flights of imagination.

Yet most women, I feel, would in so many ways prefer the London home of LADY KENNET of DENE.

It has, to begin with, the delicious cosiness of "country cottage" aspect, so rare in a great city. Not only does it face Kensington Gardens but it has its own garden, back and front, while every window, all of them unusual in shape, opens on to growing flowers and trees.

Perhaps the most fascinating is a side window in a writing-room off the entrance hall set deep in the wall like a port-hole and overlooking a garden terrace on a higher level than the street. As the window is oval in shape it is difficult at a single glance to determine whether one sees a framed flower picture, a mirage or a mirrored reflection so unexpected is the view, and, as the wind stirs a most "stylised" little pine tree which must be seen to be believed, one feels that the whole vision must be a legacy of Barrie "feyness."

At the back of this enchanting house is a storied cottage which is Lady Kennet's studio. The ground floor has just been denuded of her latest work, which has gone to be cast in bronze and is a nine foot statue of Lord Delamere to be erected this autumn in the centre of Nairobi, and a three-foot replica of which she is commencing for the Imperial Institute in Kensington.

On the next floor is some of her finished work which not only includes her exquisite portrayals of nude youth which move one with their pagan grace and that line of arrested perfection in ballet movement, but some of the portrait busts which are a real record for posterity.

There is one of Mr. Chamberlain, another of Mr. Lloyd George, whose eye-sockets, empty as often in sculpture, nevertheless contain the illusion of an unbelievably wicked twinkle. That gives his head such animation that upon one occasion when in transport from exhibition it was cheered by workmen in the street.

While a small portrait bust of the King is not to be seen as it is now in the possession of the Queen there is one of His Majesty wearing an open-necked skirt, to pose for which he would come over to the studio in the mornings. Near it is Lady Kennet's conception of the "King in the Future." It is more than lifesize, the head of a man who looks with wisdom from the experience of the past with a certainty of the future. It is as impressive as it is royal in an imagined maturity which has nothing to do with age.

Lady Kennet seems a little stern until she smiles. She is as definite in character as her strong sculptor's hands which have no aimless movements of feminine mannerisms. She works almost ferociously hard, sometimes from six o'clock in the morning, for otherwise, she says, she would have no time for her husband and her children.

And then, perhaps (*Continued on page* 85)

SATINBASE CREATES SENSATION

Women demand bottles before labels are printed

From OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT

WHEN Peggy Sage, the famous cosmopolitan manicurist, launched her new nail polish foundation, SATINBASE, there was almost a riot in the New York salon. Women who had seen how smoothly the polish flowed over this transparent foundation demanded the Salon bottles at once, even before labels had been printed!

WHAT SATINBASE IS

Peggy Sage experimented and tested months before Satinbase was perfected. It is a colourless transparent liquid that contains a percentage of wax. Applied before polish, it provides a surface into which polish can *get a grip.* At the same time Satinbase protects the delicate tissues of the nails and actually enriches them. Peggy Sage polish *plus* Satinbase gives your nails a literal coat-of-mail—chip-proof, peel-proof, and flake proof for longer than you'd ever thought possible!

SATINBASE is now obtainable in England at all high class toilet counters.

Peggy Sage

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PARIS: 7 PLACE VENDOME
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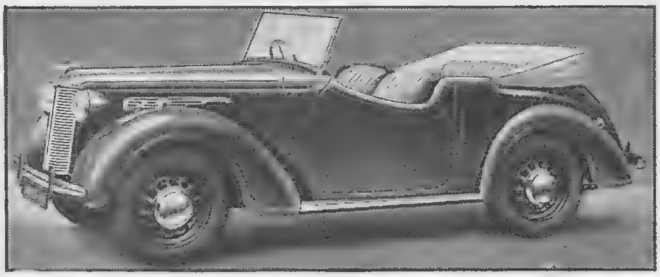
* * * * * * * * *

The new sensational

AUSTIN '10'

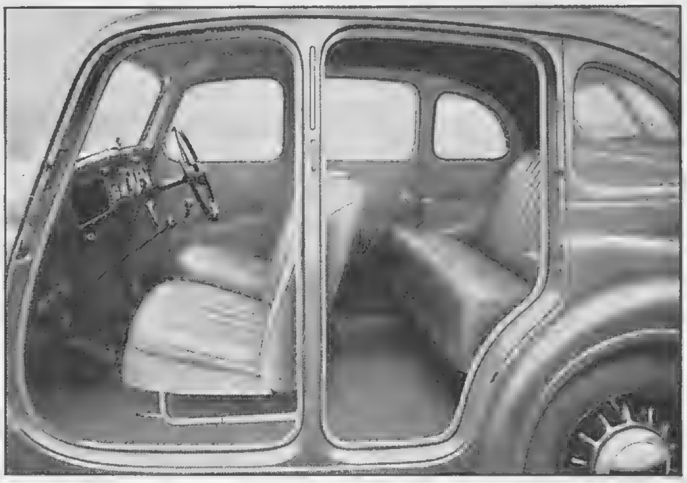
MODERN ELEGANCE — EXCITING PERFORMANCE — GENEROUS ROOM
IMPROVED ROAD COMFORT AND SAFETY — SPEED — ECONOMY

Enter the second motoring thrill of 1939—the new Austin '10'. First came the Austin '8'—and what a reception! Now the '10' carrying on the good work of giving you more for your money. Brilliant, modern styling. Luxurious comfort and gala performance—brisk, lively, full of "go". At your nearest Austin Dealer's—where the crowd is.



THE OPEN FOUR-SEATER. The clean-cut lines of this model make an instant appeal to all who like an open car. The special construction of body and chassis—a feature of all the new 'Ten' models—saves weight and so adds to the lively performance.

LARGE LUGGAGE LOCKER. There are 7 cubic feet of luggage space in the boot and the rear panel forms a platform for 1 cwt. of additional luggage. The spare wheel is partitioned off, out of the way of mud and dust.



SPACIOUS INTERIOR. Look at the wide doors which make for easy entrance, and the big sit-back-and-enjoy-yourself seats. The back seat is particularly wide and comfortable and there is ample head-room and leg-room even with the front seats well back. The shoulder-high backs of the front seats are hinged to tilt forward and are on runners for instant adjustment. The screen, side and rear windows are all of toughened safety glass.

PRICES
(at works)

Open Four-Seater .	£175
Fixed-Head Saloon .	£175
Sliding-Head Saloon	£185

See these models at your local Austin Dealer's or at Austin's London Showrooms, 479 Oxford Street, W.1

INVEST IN AN AUSTIN—THE CAREFREE CAR

3.D.80

in reaction, she will be seized by the desire to wander. Sometimes it is a brief part holiday, such as her trip this month, at the invitation of the National Trust to visit the chateaux of Belgium, but more often it is farther afield. But where other women spend weeks in planning clothes and itinerary, driving their menfolk demented in a search for impossible steam or rail connexions, Lady Kennet takes the equivalent of the nearest suitcase and departs, then and there. Once, at luncheon, curiosity overcame her as to the interior of South America; by eight o'clock the following morning she was on board the boat and on her way.

She has travelled to practically every part of the world and she likes to do her travelling unconventionally—a pack on her back for choice, containing her whole outfit. It is difficult to persuade her to discuss her experiences on such occasions but there is one story she will tell against herself. She was determined to penetrate beyond the usual travellers' limits in the interior of Australia and refused to be deterred by warnings that the rivers ahead were in flood and not only dangerous but impossible to ford. Lady Kennet continued her journey to find such a description of the first river only too clearly painted. Undaunted, she and her companions proceeded to swim to the other side of the river, one trip after another with bundles on their heads until they had succeeded in transporting their stores, equipment and clothing in dry safety. The exhausting feat having been, at last, accomplished, they continued the journey somewhat elated at their pioneering hardihood, only to find as they rounded the first bend of the river that before them was an inviting ford through which they could have waded ankle deep.

It is rare for a woman to be a sculptor of genius and have literary talent as well, but Lady Kennet has one book to her credit already which was published some months ago. If she could be lured into writing some of her reminiscences of her unusual travels she would be adding to the debt already owed her for the beauty in marble and bronze she has already given to the world.

LADY HILLS is also a woman with literary talent which has earned her a very established reputation. Her books are published under the name of Mary Grace Ashton, for she had already made her maiden name well known before her marriage and she continues to write under it.

Her latest book, out this month, is called *The Gates of Luthany*, which phrase is taken from a poem of Francis Thompson.

Lady Hills is tall and pale and dark haired with a manner which is serious and thoughtful. She does not chatter idly and one feels that she is very unready to express any opinion unless she has first considered it. And at the same time she can make a very good speech for she has both the presence for a platform and the charm of a clear and low-pitched speaking voice.

Political meetings have given her considerable experience in public speaking for during her husband's lifetime she assisted him in his work as member for Ripon and Harrogate, and though, when first facing her audience she admits to nerves, her self-possession soon rendered her at ease and as capable of scoring her points as if she had been in her own drawing-room in the company of her own friends.

But though she is still interested in politics and studies and reads omnivorously, she devotes herself almost entirely to the care of her small son, Sir Andrew (almost six and a great singer of "Yo ho ho and a Bottle of Rum!"), and her writing. That has always been the great urge in her mentality. From a very early age she was determined to become a writer and she recalls with much gratitude her mother had the understanding to permit her daughter to follow her star. In consequence, Mary Grace Ashton, almost seventeen, appeared at random upon a publisher's doorstep, a mass of schoolgirl shyness and—manuscript. The novel, as might be expected, was not accepted in the first five minutes, but not for the usual reason. It was, in fact, so long that in comparison *Anthony Adverse* might be a magazine story.

With a breaking heart she was forced to cut the great work down to publication length and then—Mary Grace Ashton saw herself in seven and sixpence worth of bound print, put her hair up, or the equivalent, on the strength of it and was in all ways greatly justified.

Since then she has published six other novels, one of which was an American "Book of the Month," *Shackles of the Free*, for she is one of the few writers who has captured the attention of the American public, which these days means much in the way of success in a literary career.

AND that career and success in it is one of the dreams of RONDA KEANE, the clever young daughter of Miss Doris Keane. Although she has attained the mature age of twenty-three, with her wideset dark eyes and hair curling round her childish face she looks too young to be out of the schoolroom. Portraits and photographs of her give her a maturity which she does not possess and small boned and slim she looks less tall than she is, which with her delicately shy manner accentuates her youthful aspect. She has had literary aspirations for some considerable time and her great ambition is to become a playwright.

Following in her famous mother's footsteps she has had a certain amount of experience in the theatre for not only has she worked in repertory, but she was for some two years with the Marion Lorne—Walter Hackett management. That has given her a good deal of practical knowledge of stage technique but she has had the experience, heart-breaking to her, of seeing her first play twice almost in rehearsal, and then, alas, shelved.

Which, however, is really the most tremendous encouragement, for while so many plays are written there are so very few of which more than one act is read, and fewer, far fewer, to be considered ever in terms of production! Her poetry has been published recently in America, and it may not be nearly as long as she thinks, particularly in view of her concentration upon work, that she will see her name up outside the theatre, not as one of the cast, but with that magic, small word, "by" on the second line of the playbill.

Most of her writing is done in her charming flat, a stone's throw from Park Lane, to which she has recently returned after a long visit to New York. It is always filled with flowers, and is a picture of creamy paint and modern restraint, and it is there that she is able to indulge in one of her favourite forms of hospitality—her Sunday night suppers. She is then both butler and cook and takes a great pride in the meals she prepares and serves, so far, she boasts no one has refused a second invitation or complained of internal discomfort.

Which is not the experience to which LADY CHURSTON whimsically confesses. She is very humble about her cooking abilities for she insists that they lead to ptomaine poisoning for both herself and her husband; and moreover that she hates all connected with saucepans and meals in the raw.

That to some extent may be due to the fact that Lady Churston's cooking is not undertaken under usual conditions, for it is on the yacht which she and her husband enjoy madly, that she is condemned to the wielding of a frying-pan and the wooing of a Primus stove. She has made some experiments at sea. Some she can recommend, others she deplores. She still wonders why an Irish stew, simmered with loving care in sea water, was put overboard, after serving, with some haste. The water, she points out, would have had to have salt in it! But only those who have experience in preparing the incredible amount of food which is required by those who go down single handed to the sea in small ships, can understand its difficulties and echo in their hearts that agonising shriek (*Continued on page* 87)

At all times

PHOSFERINE

keeps nerves equal to changing conditions

Whatever difficulties and trials come along in these days of unrest, you will be far better able to withstand the strain if you fortify your nerve system with Phosferine. Its energising qualities sustain your nerves through busy days and dull days alike, and reinforce your resistance to worries and anxieties.

Tired nerves are reactivated by Phosferine in a remarkably short time, and, so fortified, the system is enabled to respond more quickly, and derive more immediate benefit, thus assuring fuller enjoyment of bright days and holidays. Its ingredients are medically approved tonics, and the formula on every bottle informs you why Phosferine is exactly what your exhausted nervous system needs to recover its lost power.

See to it that you store up, and guard, your nerve vitality with Phosferine—and you will then feel cheerfully confident that your strengthened nerves are equal to any unforeseen strain, and so ensure your happy well-being.

Take Phosferine now,
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The Greatest of all Tonics

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DEPRESSION	LASSITUDE	SCIATICA
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Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—*(Not available in Eire)*

Warning: The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

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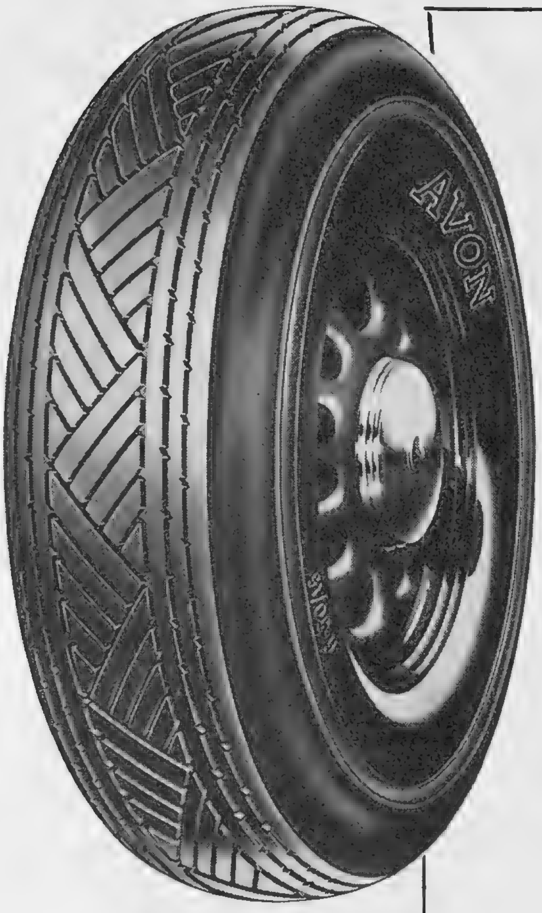


An important new tyre

A new Avon motor tyre is now available. It represents a development in motor tyre performance which is of more than ordinary importance. This new Avon combines almost complete silence with road-holding and cornering power which have been developed by a new technique to a degree never previously attained. It has, also, the strength and toughness to give satisfactory mileage under all road conditions. Available in Standard and Heavy Duty types, the new Avon is priced but five per cent. higher.

AVON

THE ARISTOCRAT OF TYRES

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO.
LTD. (Est. 1885), MELKSHAM, WILTS.

LONG LASTING BUT ALWAYS *fresh!*

Ah, the strange charm of "Mischief"! Exciting, sophisticated, adorable. Shedding its beloved fragrance about your evenings. Bewitching your work-a-day self into a romantic personality. Into this lovely and subtle perfume is distilled yet another excellence which makes it last and last without loss of the first delightful freshness.

Mischief

3/-. 5/6. 12/6.

MISCHIEF
SAVILLE

★

A ROMANTIC PERFUME

BY SAVILLE

TRIAL SIZE.....**1/3**

Prices do not apply in Eire.

CVS—78

which can so often rise to the man at the wheel, "Come quick, the galley's on fire!" And know the fury when the sausages browned to a turn must be left to dry up disgustingly because "he" on deck wants a rope hauled at the precise moment when they should be served to a raging appetite.

To see Lady Churston in London, her dark sleek hair moulded to her small head, her long-fingered hands exquisite with enamelled nails, all slim perfection, grooming and poise, makes it difficult to believe that with the greatest enjoyment she can become a yacht hand and ship's cook, and with professional efficiency swab the decks.

These last few weeks have been a period of grass widowhood for Lady Churston, for her husband, who is in the Royal Naval Reserve, was officially detailed to follow the Royal Tour, and has only just returned; but during that time she has been making up her mind to turn her experience and ability to a further purpose, for she intends to join the W.R.E.N.S. very soon, feeling that in every way she seems associated with that branch of women's National Service.

In that decision she will have the greatest approval from MRS. FITZMAURICE of the ORKNEYS, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Orkney. Mrs. Fitzmaurice is a real pioneer in National Service, for it is almost four years since she first commenced to organise classes for training not only nurses, but women who could take over all and sundry jobs in time of emergency.

It is she who raised the Ninety-ninth Kensington Brigade, now at full strength and completely equipped, which has as well many subsidiary organisations for training and enlistment. This has been a matter which has needed not only great ability but wholehearted effort, neither of which has Mrs. Fitzmaurice spared, and she is now seeing the results of her work.

She has been associated with military technique a great deal of her life for her late husband was in command of the 4th Camerons, after being with the 74th Highlanders. Which gave her as well, a knowledge of those desolate and far away islands, the Orkneys, for when in Scotland, it was only natural that her husband should take her visiting to the seat of his family!

Amidst the cromlechs and burial mounds of the Vikings the great "Earl's Castle," Kirkwall, is not much more now than ruins. That is due to a long ago romance and the fact that the earldom passed in the female line. There came a thieving Lord Lansdowne from Ireland, who captured the heart and hand of the Orkney heiress and bore her away to his own domains, and, so it would appear, so happy did she live ever after, that she and her descendants left her island heritage deserted, though they still retained possession of it and its great name.

To reach the Orkneys it is necessary to weather almost the worst seas which can be encountered in any part of the world. Two great ocean currents meet and snarl through the fangs of bitter rocks. Rearing through the turbulent waters are the gaunt masts of the many ships which have sunk there, left as grim warnings.

There is, however, one which cannot be seen. It was sighted off Thurso. It was driven towards the deadliness of the Orkneys as the winds roared over the seas as ragingly as did the great guns. It was never seen again, and while a world gasped with mingled emotions a nation mourned.

It seems fitting that when one remembers that so near the Orkneys Lord Kitchener left of himself only remembrance to the country he had rallied, one who bears the name of Orkney should in her way continue in that same inspiration in the proclaimed need of 1939.

END

Books

(Continued from page 52)

David Rame (Collins and Co., 7s. 6d.). This is a tale of adventure which moves excitingly round the world; colourful and amazingly capacious; and through it all moves a love story to find an ending in strength and beauty.

To say that this novel is romantic is an inadequate description because its romance is so broad, so stirring and altogether so vast as to be something almost greater.

The background is one of the greatest wine farms on the Cape of Good Hope. Against this background the family of the Lemaires has developed—still, when the story opens in 1922, rooted in their lovely farmstead of Languedoc.

Deeply rooted, though on the matriarchal side; for the wandering devil is in the blood of the Lemaire men. Jacques Lemaire, the present owner, has been away for upwards of eleven years; fragments of news about him, echoes of his reputation as an adventurer on the grand scale, drift back to Languedoc.

The farm is run by his mother, a woman of the same stamp as Granny in Mazo de la Roche's "Whiteoaks."

His daughter Tonia and his son Tony are fighting for the inheritance of the farm which means to each of them more than anything else in the world.

Ranged on Tony's side stands his love for Lowell and against him is the wanderlust in his blood.

A terrific odyssey of adventures begins for Tony when the restless blood of the Lemaires stirs in him—his trek with ox-wagons and the fearful storm when Bokram, his friend, is killed; the forest fire which sweeps down on Languedoc, destroying the vines and trees which were its pride; adventures in the contraband diamond trade; the gale when his boat founders and the agonising excitement of his rescue by a passing steamer which lands him in Brazil, where he becomes embroiled in revolution.

All these are told with a breathless realism, that is sustained throughout the book, which goes on to cover his escape to Buenos Aires where he picks up traces of his father and follows them to Malaya, to London, where for a year he lives on the borderline of starvation, and to America where he again meets Lowell.

Throughout all this time the elusive flame of his father's reputation gets more and more vivid, luring him from country to country. At last he finds him, burnt out and withered, and in his disillusion the wanderlust of the Lemaires is dissipated and Tony, passion spent, returns to the Wine Farm of Languedoc which claims him for its own.

It will be seen that "Wine of Good Hope" has epic qualities and I can pay it no higher compliment than to say that Mr. David Rame has done full justice to the immense conception of its theme. It is a memorable and moving saga. It is a book you *must* read.

ANOTHER eminently readable book in this month's batch is "Once Aboard the Whaler" by Ben Ames Williams (Robert Hale, 8s.).

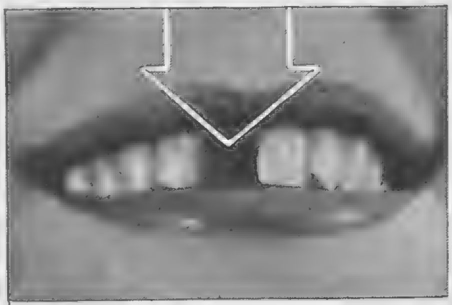
This tale of the sea is set in the palmy days of sailing ships and is told with all the robustness fitting to such a subject.

Its characters are strong and simple people to whom deeds of heroism were no more than part of their daily life. Thus, when Mary Doncaster rescued George McAusland from drowning in mid-Pacific, she regarded it as no extraordinary feat. But to George it was a strange and wonderful thing and he married her.

Mary was nineteen and full of the joy of life. George was forty, puritanically-minded and insanely jealous. So it was only to be expected that the marriage proved a bitter disappointment for Mary. Yet she had strength of character enough to stand loyally by her husband

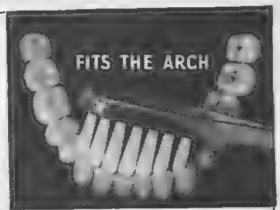
(Continued on page 88)

WOULD YOU PAY 3^{d} TO FILL THIS GAP?



Would you pay 3d. each to possess sound, healthy teeth? You would! Gladly! Well, on this reckoning a perfect set of teeth is worth 8/-. And 8/- is all it will cost you *spread over two years* to change from a cheaper 1/- brush to Tek—even if you wish to use as many as four Tek tooth-brushes every year. 3d. a tooth for sound, healthy teeth, firm against decay.

1 SHAPE
1 SIZE
1 PRICE



The tooth-brush with a plan

Why are tooth-brushes made in so many sorts of sizes and shapes and prices? Isn't there one best way of cleaning your teeth, and one perfect shape and size of brush to do it, and one legitimate price to charge for such an inimitable brush? Yes! But only one! The TEK tooth-brush is the one brush that is single-minded, the one brush with a superiority complex, the one brush possessing perfect assurance that it is planned to clean your teeth properly. A dentist designed it. Afterwards dentists were asked their opinion of it and 92 out of every 100 agreed it was an improvement. There are cheaper brushes than the TEK. There always is something cheaper than the best.

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through the first disastrous experiences that overtook them. Then, one day, when they found themselves in an unusually desperate situation, they were rescued by the whaler *Venturer* and once aboard the whaler, new and more dangerous troubles arose, for there Mary found Peter and Richard Corr, two handsome brothers whom she had known before.

So the stage was set for a drama which, against the fascinating background of whaling, developed with strange and tragic intensity.

There are some beautifully written descriptive passages in this book, but where the author excels is in the utter conviction created by his dialogue.

His characters at all times speak as such characters would, and this unfortunately is a quality all too rare in modern novels.

FROM the whaler let us now turn to the goggler in "The Compleat Goggler" by Guy Gilpatric (The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), we have one of the most fascinating fishing books I have ever seen.

I must admit that until I read this book I was in complete ignorance of the existence of the art of goggle fishing and I am indeed grateful to the author for what he is pleased to describe as:

"The First and Only Exhaustive Treatise
On the Art of
GOGGLE FISHING
That most Noble and Excellent Sport
Perfected and Popularised by
GUY GILPATRIC
IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Though Long Practised Elsewhere by Other
BENIGHTED SAVAGES:
Setting Forth the Proper Manner of Making the
GOGGLES, SPEARS and Other Needful GADGETS
Together with
Descriptions of Many Marvels Witnessed Upon the
BOTTOM OF THE SEA
And Fully Exposing the Author's Cunning Methods of
Swimming, Diving and
SPEARING
FISH
AND
OCTOPI

I might perhaps be forgiven for my ignorance as goggle-fishing is described as a new sport and this book is the first ever to be written about it.

Apparently, what makes the sport so fascinating is the fact that it combines hunting, fishing and submarine sightseeing and Mr. Gilpatric has perfected a method of stalking fish, diving after them and actually spearing them under water.

His book is profusely illustrated with photographs and drawings and it is written is a most distinctive and amusing style. A considerable craze for this new sport is forecast by the publishers of the "Compleat Goggler" and it will be interesting to see whether or not their prophecy is fulfilled.

I certainly feel, personally, that if I had the leisure—and the courage—to indulge in it, I should find it an absorbing hobby.

In any case I recommend readers not to miss this most original and beautifully produced book.

FROM submarine hunting we now come to "Good Huntin'" by Diana Rolfe (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.)—a book distinguished by a wealth of humour and an ingenious outlook.

It is impossible not to admire the Wymondham-Hoope-ffoulkes-Flamborough clan, those bulwarks of Empire, whose pride of race and tenacity of purpose so effectively steered them through a series of crises that would completely have shattered a less stalwart family.

From the moment that The Rosebuds, débutante twins of rare beauty, arrived at the house of their great-great aunt Louisa, Duchess of Flamborough, aged ninety-nine, the fun began.

But the fun changed to drama. Melody Regis-Wyke-Regis revealed her knowledge of the skeleton in the cupboard, and supported by her trusted friend, Pills Pulkington, she weighed the repute of the entire Flamborough family against the possession of the famous string of Medici pearls.

Miss Rolfe has a rich and irresistible sense of fun and in this effervescing novel she tilts, always good-naturedly, at the foibles of high society.

"Good Huntin'" is a rotten bedside book—because you just can't put it down until you've finished it!

Without wishing to appear in any way disparaging of Miss Rolfe's excellent book, I should prefer to describe "You're Welcome," by Charles Graves (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), as a more intellectually witty book than hers.

The primary purpose of Mr. Graves's book, however, is not to be witty, and it is only because he writes so naturally that his own intelligent sense of humour will protrude itself every now and then.

Actually "You're Welcome" is an almost clinical description of his 14,000-mile journey which took him right across the continent of the United States.

The majority of English authors who visit America describe their experiences with a kind of lofty self-consciousness but Charles Graves glories in being natural, and having enjoyed every minute of his time in the United States. he sees no reason why he shouldn't say so.

He visited the White House, took a 2,000-mile aeroplane flight by the full moon, went on an intimate tour of Hollywood with Marlene Dietrich as his personal guide, visited the famous garden of Charleston, attended hysterical prayer meetings in Savannah, visited the night courts of New York and like a good rubber-neck toured all over Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia.

In New York he attended First Nights, Ice Hockey Matches at Madison Square Garden, joined Clubs and wherever he went discussed the political situation with every type of person from Senator to hairdresser.

I know of no one who enjoys life as heartily as Charles Graves and by no means the least important aspect of life to him is a proper appreciation of those items which come under the heading "the good things of life"—food, wine, motor cars, clothes, and good smokes.

The good things of life and the interesting things of life are his dominating preoccupations and he has a wonderfully vivid way of expressing his reactions to his changing environments. The result is that in "You're Welcome" he has given us a book of immense interest and at this time when an understanding of Americans is so important to us all, his book derives an added importance. I advise you on no account to miss it.

AND now to turn from novels to what may be described as the first history of pedestrianism. In "The Gentle Art of Walking" (Blackie, 8s. 6d.) Mr. Geoffrey Murray has given us an account of the joys and sufferings, humours and adventures and of the entertaining characters connected with walking—with accounts of men who have left landmarks for the trampers of the future.

He has a breadth of vision which has enabled him to write a book of absorbing interest even to those to whom walking means nothing in particular, and Clifford Webb lends good point to all the author tells us with a series of wholly admirable little line drawings.

Many interesting and notable people stroll through the pages of this book—Bunyan, Dr. Johnson (the worst walker), Constable, Shelley, George Borrow, Hilaire Belloc, C. E. Montague and a host of others reveal interesting and often unsuspected traits visibly brought to life by the author's sympathetic pen.

And their playground is a wide one. Though many a mile of English and Scottish highway yields its quota of entertainment, it is not Britain only that reveals her secret. France, Italy, the Alps, the Himalayas and the Andes present a variety of incident and outlook as wide and varying as the personalities from whose records Mr. Murray has made his interesting selection.

AS a complete contrast to a book on walking we now turn to the last book of this month's collection, which is "Cab, sir?" by Herbert Hodge (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

This is by way of being the autobiography of a taxi driver and I could wish that it were not marred here and there by a certain crudity of expression not commonly to be found even among taxi drivers.

One thing above all others which stands out from Mr. Hodge's account of his activities is that a taxi driver's life can be filled with excitement and interest, provided he who lives it is imaginative.

Most of the taxi drivers I see appear to be embittered men with down-drooping moustaches who are sitting in the driving seats of their cabs, at the dismal end of the rank, suffused in a philosophic hopelessness, but I can imagine that even when he has been without a fare for hours on end, Mr. Hodge is so mentally alert that he is fascinated for some perfectly good reason by the fly which is walking up the windscreen in front of him.

In the present book the author deals entirely with his experiences as a taxi driver and he leaves us with the impression that he and his colleagues are the most abused, oppressed and unjustly maligned class of the community.

This, however, is comparatively unimportant. What really matters is that "Cab, sir?" reveals a strange and unsuspected world, full of queer people, often mysterious and sometimes thrilling.

It is a book which shows men and women and the night life of London in a new and fascinating perspective.

Confidently Recommended

(*Continued from page* 69)

the fact that constant permanent waving improves your appearance but doesn't improve the health of your hair. Some time or other, just the same, you'll have to face it. Those locks are going to curl with fright when you realise that dryness and thinness and general impoverishment of your hair is making itself more noticeable than smart hair-dos.

You'd sooner have impoverished hair than no curls — who wouldn't — but why not have healthy hair and the curls as well? You can.

The Kerka Nukair system of permanent waving isn't new, but it has been so perfected by constant experiment that it produces lasting waves without harming the hair one bit. In fact it is actually said to act as a tonic.

Naturally it costs a little more, but lovely healthy hair is worth keeping and worth paying for, and you can't deny it.

This week's beauty problems are pretty nearly enough to keep most of us busy without thinking about next week's, but there is good sense in coping with both at once if you know how it can be done.

You probably didn't realise that you shed your skin every few weeks. Off it comes in fragments too tiny for the naked eye to see, and underneath is a tender new skin all ready and waiting to take its place. All the time, next week's skin is down below this week's waiting its turn, and if you can do something about beautifying it before it even shows up, then you've got something.

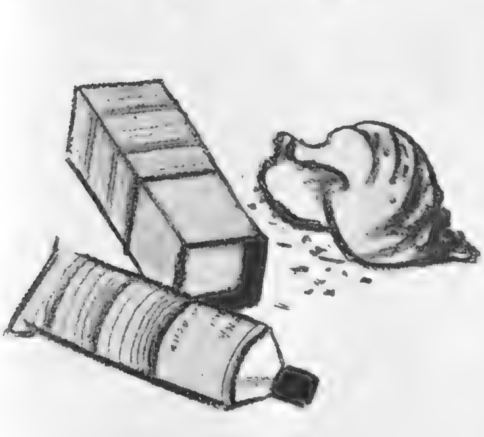
Potter and Moore's Powder Cream holds a secret ingredient that sinks right down through the surface pores without clogging them, and gets busy on the underskin while it is still amenable to discipline.

The same cream refines, nourishes and makes a perfect powder base. In brief, it gives you beauty that is more than one skin deep.

THE MODERN WOMAN – ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Sunpruf Cream

Where the sunlight trembles back from a dancing sea and white beaches glimmer with noon-tide radiance—bask and laze without a thought of harm to your beauty ! . . . Thanks to Elizabeth Arden's incomparable SUNPRUF CREAM, your skin will remain soft, fresh, delicate. Not only is SUNPRUF CREAM a perfect powder foundation, but — applied generously — it is a sure guard against unattractive sunburn: while in smaller quantities it allows your skin to acquire an exquisite nectarine glow. STOP RED lipstick — arresting, vivid, gay, is the perfect accent to your warm summer complexion. Sunpruf Cream—the tube 3/6 & 5/6. Stop Red lipstick, 6/6.



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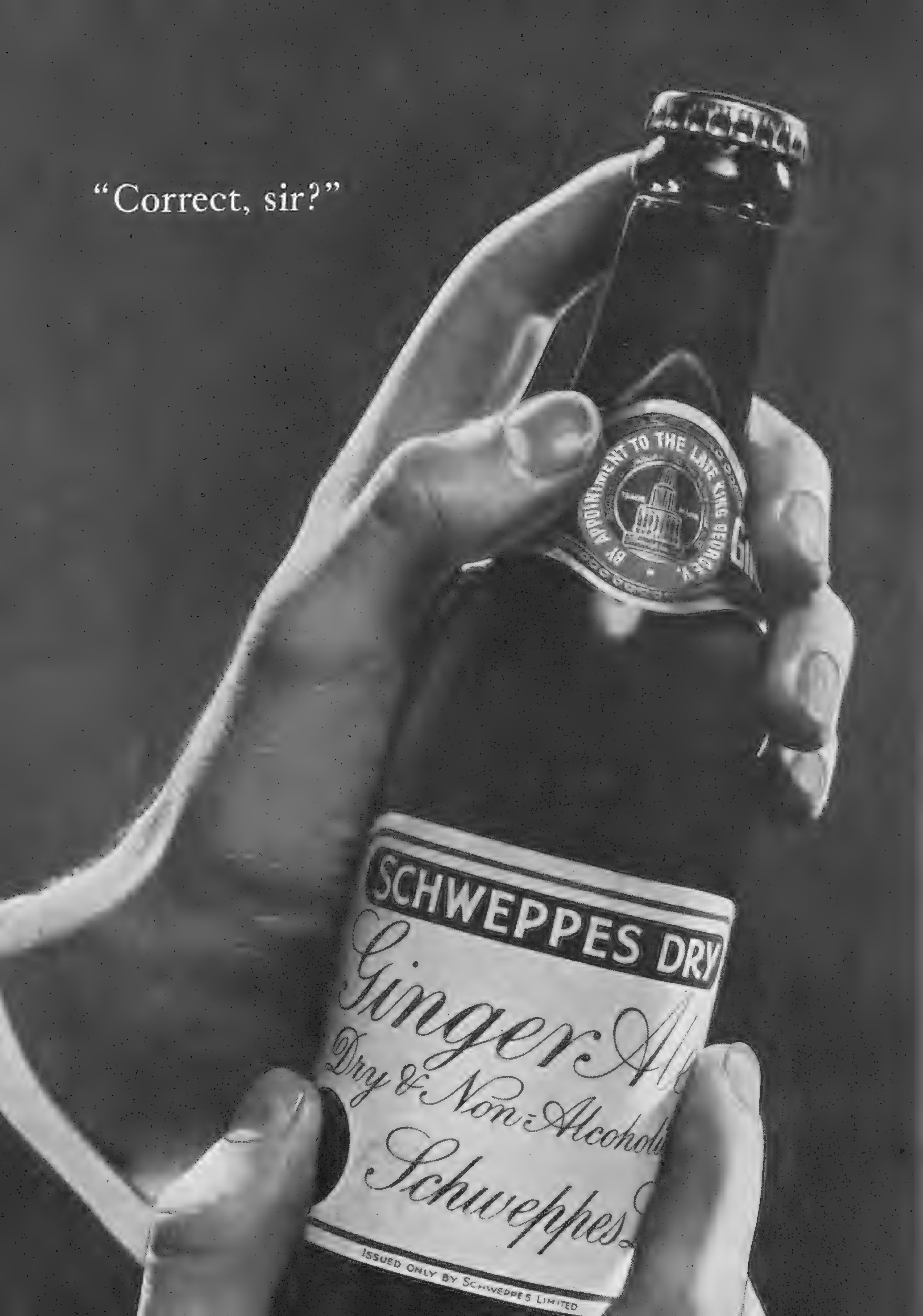
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The Face of a Saint

(*Continued from page* 45)

had ever given his father beyond a shrapnel wound? What would it ever give Jean-Baptiste except the privilege of being slaughtered in modern warfare? No, he would rather have money than glory—especially when it brought him the confidence of a woman such as this.

He tried to say something because she seemed to expect it, but all he managed was: "No, I'm not afraid—not of anything at all." But he had the satisfaction of reading appraisal in her eyes—eyes which were neither green nor brown and had golden lights in them. Combined with the allure of a pretty mouth and coppery hair which swept upward to an absurdity of a hat, they might have dazzled a wiser man. They finished Jean-Baptiste.

He never remembered afterwards exactly what happened—why she got out of the car and stood near his shoulder, so that the warm silence of the empty road was alive with her scent. He only knew that they were alone in a world high-flung above the glittering sea and that he was kissing her passionately. His awe of her vanished then, and he treated her as roughly as one of his village girls, so that the coppery hair was disordered and the little hat fell off. Her body was softer than any he had known—but only for a moment. With a shock he realised that her face was transformed by anger. Amazed, he let her go—and felt a stinging slap upon his right cheek.

"Impudent peasant!"

And then he heard her laugh as she climbed into her car again—a cool, derisive laugh that made the blood run to his smarting face. "So—" she was saying, "you thought you could make love to me? You have a pretty conceit! Did you think that was why I smiled at you—for the sake of your beautiful eyes? No. I may have wanted something, but it wasn't love."

Deliberately her fingers manipulated the starter switch, and the powerful engine sprang to life. Above its purring her voice was light and scornful. "How dared you! A waiter—and not even an honest waiter, but a dirty, sneaking spy! You would sell your soul for gold, Jean-Baptiste."

He darted forward, blind with fury, and ready to strangle her. But she laughed again and let in the clutch, so that the great car shot away from him like a shining beast. And he was left standing in its dust, with the sound of that mocking laughter echoing from the mountains as if it would go on for ever and drive him mad.

At his feet, an absurdity of a hat lay in the road and seemed to mock him, too. He kicked it viciously into the bushes.

ON the Sunday Dominique put on his suit and went to meet the *autobus*. It was an occasion which lent him prestige in the driver's eyes and subsequently in the village. To have a son arriving by the *autobus* with money in his pocket was a distinction. He had looked forward to it all the morning, and to the chicken which Marie was preparing in the kitchen with so much red-faced care for Jean-Baptiste, who loved chicken. He stripped the meat off the bones with his strong white teeth, talking all the time for the benefit of his most appreciative audience—his parents.

But to-day, when he came, he was disappointing. He was pale and quiet and (most startling of all) he had no appetite.

Marie looked at his plate in consternation. "What is it, my little one? Is the chicken tough? It was a young bird and I could have sworn it was cooked to perfection. I watched it—just so. . . ."

Jean-Baptiste ran his fingers through his hair.

"But yes, mother, it's excellent. No chef could do better. It's just that I—well, I'm not hungry."

"My poor child! You must be ill——"

"No," said Jean irritably, "I'm quite well."

But his mother sighed and shook her head as she cleared away the dishes. It was so unusual. Perhaps the jolting of the *autobus* had upset him, but even that wouldn't account for the dark circles under his eyes.

Later, when he had wandered off by himself, Marie asked her husband what he thought. "What is the matter with Jean-Baptiste?" she said anxiously. "He ate nothing—and he doesn't laugh. Is he ill, or in some trouble? Or is it this war talk that has upset him—or just the *autobus?*"

But Dominique had eaten himself into a happy indifference of this world and its affairs, and was already nodding in the sunshine. "It is most likely the *autobus*," he grunted sleepily. "Or perhaps he has been drinking."

Marie whisked into the house again impatiently. Dominique's unconcern did nothing to allay her own anxiety. She could only hope that Jean would return for supper in a more cheerful mood. Perhaps he was even now with his friends in the café and forgetting his troubles.

But Jean-Baptiste was not with his friends. He was sitting alone, staring across the ravine at the brown mountains of Italy. The sky behind them was very blue, making their stark outline bolder. Half-way down their barren slopes, the green terraces began, like narrow shelves where men could scarcely balance. Lower down they grew wider until they were hidden in a smother of silver-grey where olive trees veiled the deep gorge—dividing line between two countries.

Jean-Baptiste knew that those mountains across the border concealed guns and forts, even as these innocent orange groves and green hillocks on the French side screened a subterranean line of defence. He knew—only too well—all about the French. He had acquired his knowledge partly by accident; partly by stealthy observation; and a good deal from conversation in the village café when his garrison friends drank a little more wine than they could safely hold. And he had sold this information, adding more notes to the fat roll in the satchel which he wore next his skin night and day. That was good; but he had sold it to a woman who had dared to laugh at him—at Jean-Baptiste who was irresistible to women. He hated her as he had never hated a woman before.

A spy! Not until the word had been flung in his face did Jean-Baptiste realise the full significance of his actions during the past few weeks; the secret signals in the restaurant; the communications disguised by remarks on the menu and the weather; the stolen meeting on the Corniche road. Only now, freed from glamour, his eyes opened and he saw himself as a public enemy of France. With sick dread he realised that men had been shot for less.

Mon Dieu! If he died, he would see to it that she died, too! He had only been a puppet in a game. Doubtless someone else would reap the benefit of the risks he had taken—a woman with coppery hair and eyes as lustrous as her jewels. It was not too late to incriminate her. Never to write anything, she had said . . . but he had all the plans and figures in his mind. It would be easy to write them down and hide them in her car while it stood outside the restaurant; the police would find them if they searched. He would do it at once—to-morrow, in case they caught him.

With trembling hands he drew a notebook and a stub of pencil from his pocket. He began roughing out the positions of forts and placements of guns, aided by his local knowledge of the district where he had been born. When this was done, he thought, he would come back to the mountains and help his father at home—if he were lucky enough to avoid punishment. Perhaps there, in his own valley, the chatter of running water might drown echoes of that mocking laughter. Even now, he seemed to hear it on the still air.

Absorbed in his (*Continued on page* 92)

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plans, his mind in a feverish turmoil, he didn't notice the sun had already dipped below the mountains at his back. The shadows crept higher up the opposite Italian peaks, stealing a march upon the sun-kissed slopes.

When his task was finished he was dazed. He pushed the notebook into his coat pocket and got up stiffly. Like a man in a dream he began walking along a narrow footpath—one he had often taken before. It led to the very precinct of the fort. From here he had often crawled upon his belly until he could look down upon the gun-shelters below.

But this evening all caution deserted him. All that was over and done with. Whatever harm he had already committed he was powerless to remedy, but there was no need to augment it: no woman who laughed at him could make him a spy.

So he passed—not caring where he went—beneath the shadow of twisted olive trees and out again, until he stood upon a bluff overlooking the ravine. Behind him the sky was golden; a great and merciful peace soothed his troubled heart. Once he thought he heard the echo of a woman's laugh, but it was only the trickle of a stream—the earliest sound he remembered from the days when he crawled in the sun beneath the water-wheel. He lifted his head and took a deep breath of his native air.

Devastatingly the peace was shattered. A deafening crash, and a blow which stunned him, made the mountains and the sky rush together in mad chaos. He reeled with a burning pain in his chest like red-hot irons. The sound of running water grew louder in his ears until it became a torrent which threatened to engulf him; darkness blotted out the golden sky. Drowning, he clutched the air; he struggled beneath the flood which swamped him in suffocating waves. Reality no longer existed—nothing but the roar of water—or was it a terrifying peal of mocking laughter?

Then suddenly it ceased, as if she who had laughed died, with blood upon her lips. Jean-Baptiste laughed, too, in the darkness. . . .

BUT that was before the soldiers found him. When they came everything was very quiet and the clatter they made seemed sacrilege.

The lieutenant was swearing: "Why did you shoot, fool? If he's dead we'll never know the truth——"

"You said to shoot, *mon lieutenant*, if we saw him again. It's the same man—as I told you—and in the same place."

"Idiot! I wanted him to talk—" but even as he said it the lieutenant saw that it was too late: the peasant who sprawled face downward in a pool of blood would never talk again; and for a moment he was afraid. What if they had mistaken an innocent country bumpkin for a spy? There would be the devil to pay; and the lieutenant was young. He couldn't afford to make mistakes.

He cleared his throat nervously. Already the soldiers were turning out the man's pockets—a soiled handkerchief, a ball of string, a few coins. . . .

"What's that?" asked the lieutenant sharply.

They handed him a shabby notebook and watched while he examined its pages. His eyes widened at the accurate sketches—forts, guns; he whistled softly. Obviously there had been no mistake.

"Turn him over," he ordered grimly. "Let's see who this traitor is."

Someone wiped the olive skin. A young soldier gasped, horror-stricken: "Mother of God! He's from our village!"

The rest stared in awed silence at the features of Jean-Baptiste. Once again, in the peaceful twilight, he wore the face of a saint.

END

Small Rooms with Big Ideas

(*Continued from page* 55)

old furnishings fit an entirely new scheme.

When you walk into a room and get an impression of restful, inviting spaciousness, the probable reason is that the furniture is grouped to satisfy the eye as much as the practical requirements of comfort.

If you are beginning from scratch to decorate a room you are in a position to select each piece of furniture with strict regard to its relative proportion in connexion with the room itself and the objects which are to be grouped around it.

Arrangement, in fact, has almost as much to do with the beauty of a scheme in the small room as colours and designs. So it is a good plan to select a focal point and let everything else lead up to it.

Supposing your focal point is the fireplace. It must of course be a beautiful one. Place your furniture around it in a charming conversation group that catches the eye as you enter the room. Arrange inviting chairs, a small table, a beautiful lamp, a footstool, heights and shapes artistically varied. Concentrate colouring upon the group. Make the rest of the room simple but harmonious, and you have character.

If, as sometimes happens in the small room, an important fireplace is lacking but there is a nice window with a garden view, let this be the focal point. Try a beautiful draped curtain effect. The smallest window can be given height and glamour by a well-designed curtain treatment.

Frame the window dramatically without impeding the view. Have some inviting chairs flanking the window, or fix up a window seat. Concentrate all the interest you can about this point.

If you have neither a good fireplace nor yet a good window to use as a centre of interest, make up something. Take one really attractive piece of furniture, a well-designed chest, a graceful side table. Give it a background, either with a panel of contrasting colour, a beautiful picture or a panel of striking wallpaper. Think up a stunning arrangement of flowers to go on it and concentrate lighting on the whole group.

However simple the rest of the room may be, this one important group point will give point and character to the scheme.

In a general sense backgrounds for the small room are best kept soft and light in tone. Darker colours and all busy patterns tend to make the walls move in upon the occupants, so reducing spaciousness.

Light walls, either plain or self-patterned, give every inch of value to the space available and more still if the doors and skirtings are coloured to match.

Curtains and chair covers, too, are best kept to match the colour of the walls, though this need not imply monotony. A touch of brilliant braiding or piping, bright trimming on the lampshades, a colourful picture, a vase or even tie-ups for the draped curtains will give the colour accent that is needed.

Don't, if you value the spaciousness of a room, have a margin between the carpet and the wainscot. Or, if you must, have it coloured to match the carpet. Avoid small rugs like the plague and restrain any fancy you may have for assorted knick-knacks.

It is hard to define the subtle difference between bleakness and simplicity, but it is safe to say that there is more in simplicity than just taking things away.

Let "Ranee" read your Character from your Handwriting

See announcement on page 107

"My dear—why don't you do as I suggest? Let me get you a drop of **Gordon's** out of the bottle in the sideboard. You will find it will put you right at once, and is far more pleasant to take"

Gordon's

The Gin that has medicinal properties

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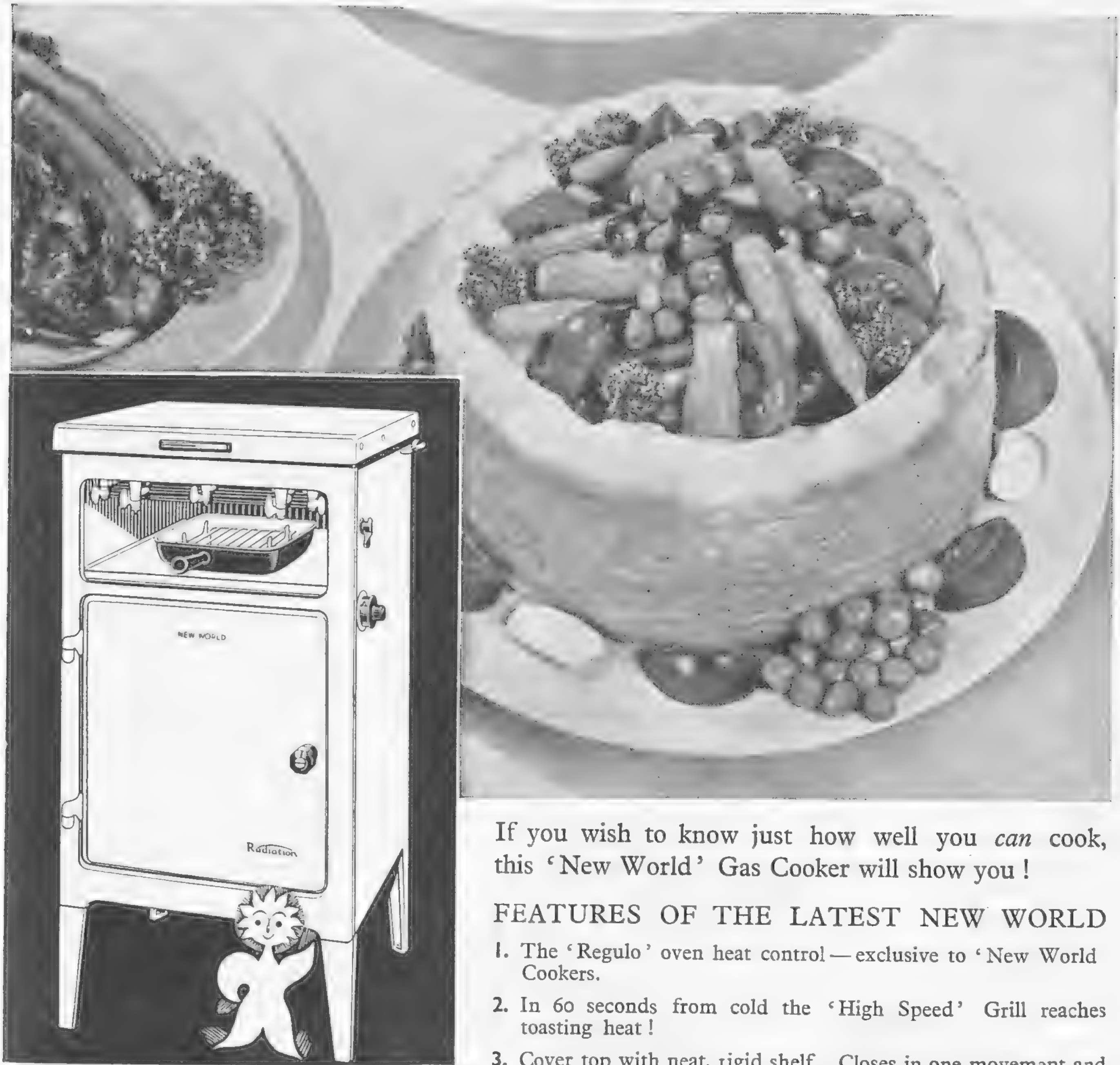

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They Are Human

(*Continued from page 17*)

But the side of the face towards me made no grimace to keep the other eye shut. The body was icy cold. The little arms were like cold pipe-stems in my grasp. It was precisely as if we had gone into a medical college—and were trying to examine the eyes of a *cadavre*

Only his rounded little stomach had any life in it. And that, when I placed my hand against it, fluttered under my fingers like a bird's wing.

These surviving Bushmen have presented a nice problem to well-meaning South African anthropologists. If you leave them out in the open, to take their chance of survival against the white man, they will soon peter out as a race. If you put them in reserves, they die. What can be done with them?

One of the latest suggestions, made to me over in Natal, was that they should be placed in the big national game reserves, like Kruger Park.

"They can't do much harm there," said this trustee of the park. "Of course, they'll shoot a certain number of game with their bows and poisoned arrows. But that is what they have always been doing. They and the game lived together. And that is where they belong now."

In a peculiar fashion, which he did not realise until after he had said it, he was stating precisely the exact psychological and physical position of the Bushman in the world to-day—he is a wild thing in human shape. And none the less lovable, or deserving of protection, for all that.

As I said, it is not so very long ago when the Bushmen were hunted like wild game. Among these Bushmen who sat so suspiciously, so mutely apprehensive in the grass around our camp in the palm-lands were, therefore, several men and women who had experienced all the terror that any hunted animal feels at the sight of the white man. It was an interesting speculation, therefore, to estimate what was running through their heads. The Englishman from Dorset, named Gandy, had established contact with some members of this batch during the fifteen years he had been on the most outlying farm in this part of South-West Africa. We took a couple of Bushmen from his ranch, drove them another twenty or thirty miles out into the parklands on the edge of the desert, where they disappeared—and at last found one of the wild Bushmen.

Don't think I am going to ask you to accept the equivalent of a Zulu war dance, danced in a Johannesburg mine compound, for this Bushman episode. I merely state that just as there were any amount of wildebeest, eland and gemsbok in the salubrious forest around us, so there were herds of spotted giraffes, and the Kalahari Bushmen. If we had gone after *them,* they would simply have vanished. They take cover like game.

One of the Englishmen asked his little Bushman "boy," whom he had found under a bush and tamed as a servant: "What do you do when you see a white man, N'gani?"

"We get behind a bush, master."

"Why?"

"Because if the white masters see us, they shoot."

Little N'gani, aged twelve, who has been house-broken, makes the best cocktail server at "sundowners" in all South-West Africa. He is famous. When he was found, and the cover of dirt was removed from him, he nearly died of exposure. He was then dressed in a tiny Grecian white tunic and shorts, with half-inch scarlet ribbon as trimming on its margins. When he was taken into Windhoek the first time, in the dickey seat of his master's coupé, and he saw that master raised his hat to people in passing—little N'gani raised his hat.

With unbelievable expedition his mimicry made it possible for twelve-year-old N'gani to learn English, Afrikaans, sufficient German, and enough Ovamba to wait upon any guest (or retail gossip in the servants' kitchen) at any of his master's official and frequent dinner parties.

The only thing N'gani can't be taught to do is count—after seven he can't keep track of numbers. They just don't mean anything at all after that.

Ironically enough, this land where the Kalahari Bushmen live is by far the most delectable country in all South-West Africa.

The scene is a sweep of low grasslands, as open as Richmond Park. Instead of horse-chestnuts there were clumps of acacia-like thorn trees, and one baobab near us had a base over twenty feet in diameter. The air was warm and spring-like, but very dry. The soil of the parkland is grey sand with a grass almost like that seen on the sea sand-dunes growing sparsely out of it. There were individual palms whose grey fans rose up like sprays of silver water on the vast plain. The watery depressions, called *vleis,* were vivid green on this grey carpet. And their rushes in the centre, where some vestige of damp sediment kept water throughout the year, were patches of incredibly cool colour. The water was warm in the *vleis* as I waded into them to shoot duck.

There were flocks of clattering, red-legged African plover—snipe, diving ducks in the *vleis*—and all the bird life that lives around a water-edge.

And, just as furtive as this game, the Bushmen came towards us. Lured by our emissaries' promises of food and tobacco, they conquered their fears of us and came in. They were sitting in the grass around our camp when I came back.

The quality of their *wildness* was fascinating. It was evinced by their absolutely blank expression. It was as if they were afraid to show any sign of anything, for fear it might get them into a difficulty of some sort. It was quite uncanny to walk among them, and see not one face light up.

The women wore strings of beads made from coloured ostrich shell. Around their waists they wore a tiny coloured apron of red skin. Their babies were strapped on their backs with pelts which still had some of the original animal fur left on them. Polished steel suspender buttons seemed a necklace of great worth. They sat like a row of little foxes behind their men.

The men had loin cloths, and nothing else. All except one man, who wore a head-dress of a lion's mane. Each man had an axe, made from a strip of steel stuck in a knobbed stick, thrust through his skin belt. Every man carried a bow and a quiver full of arrows. With these Bushmen the poisoned arrow-head comes off in the object it hits. No Bushman shoots an arrow to kill anything by impact, except a bird. A flat-pointed arrow is used for these, to break the bird's bones. But with a huge eland, a buck which is considerably larger than a horse, they simply sneak up and shoot a poisoned arrow into him.

The shaft falls and is picked up. They follow the track of the wounded animal; they can easily pick it out from a thousand others. In about two hours, the big buck falls over dead. There is an area of flesh around the poisoned dart about five or six inches in circumference. The Bushmen simply cut this out—and then eat the buck.

They roast it over a fire. They can make fire in less than a minute, simply by spinning one wand between their palms, against a bit of dry wood they hold down with their bare feet. A smoking tinder, fine as snuff, appears in about fifteen or twenty seconds. I have frequently watched them do it.

Only a few of the Bushmen themselves are allowed to know the secrets of their poisons. Like some snake poisons, they cannot be analysed. At least, although several arrow-points have been

(*Continued on page 96*)

"I love your tennis make-up, Jane Seymour!"

"I wish I knew how to get hot and still look well groomed," said a keen tennis player to me the other week. "Some women seem to manage it, but I always get so red and shiny."

I smiled. "A skin like yours, which is inclined to be greasy, certainly needs care," I said. "If I were you, I'd steer clear of greasy creams, and give those pores of yours some attention with Pore Cream. I'd use plenty of Astringent Lotion night and morning, too."

"And what for make-up?" she asked.

"Oh—Petal Lotion, of course—and Greaskin Powder. The two together are splendid for keeping down shine."

I gave her the advice quite casually, but evidently she took it all in, for she called at my Salon this week full of gratitude. "I love your tennis make-up," she said, "and your anti-grease treatment! It's put a new complexion on tennis for me!"

Any shop that sells my preparations will give you my book 'Speaking Frankly', or write to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd. 21-22 Grosvenor St. Bond St. London, W.1. Mayfair 3712, Salon Extension 3.

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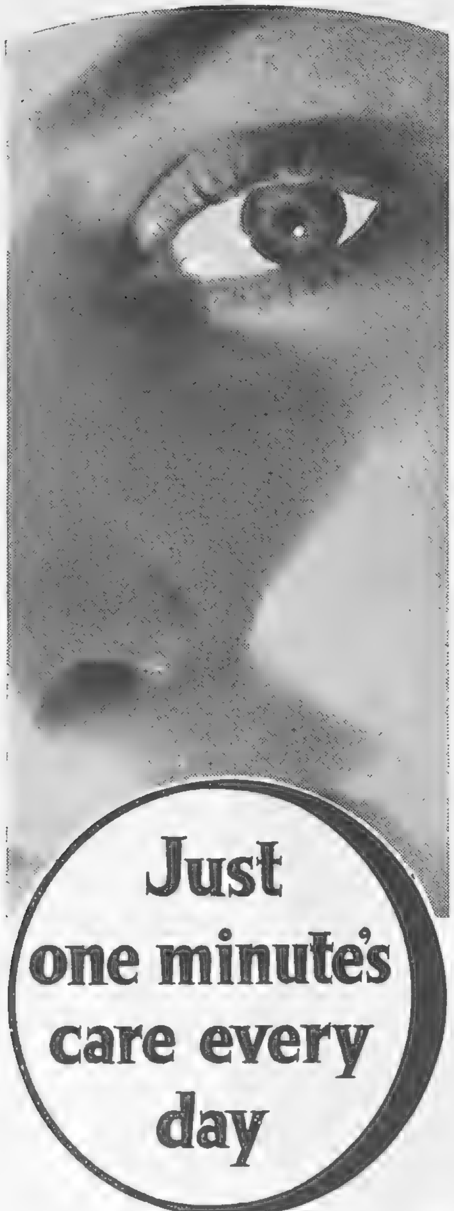

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sent to an Italian scientist from here, no analysis has appeared yet.

The Bushmen rock paintings are famous for their artistic skill. Their arrow-heads are incredibly finished in design. I made some tracings from arrows which I took myself from Bushmen's leather quivers. These are made from bright steel; their points are beautifully thin and sharp.

I saw when the Bushman won the tobacco that there were some products of the white man's civilisation that will annihilate the Bushmen—if we don't soon stop them using them. These are sections of steel tubing. Wherever he can find a section, the Bushman at once uses it as a pipe. He makes no attempt to bend it. He simply sticks the tobacco in at one end—lights it, and begins to suck on the other. The flames must go down that horrible cylinder as well as the smoke. The result is that if you give a Bushman an ordinary cigarette to smoke, he finds it tame.

NOW you can go to any mine compound on the Rand, and, if its owners consider you important enough to put on a show for you, you will see a Zulu "war dance." They are exciting. The rhythmic thud of the dancers' naked feet, the incredible bounds they make into the sky, their dynamics of timing and responding shouts—these all stir your blood. They are genuine, because the natives lose themselves in them; they dance for their own joy, not for yours. And they are so vital with it all, disclose such a terrific force within their race, that you easily agree with many people here, when they say: "Their native is always there . . . always waiting . . . the white man's civilisation in Africa is not much more than breath on a mirror. . . ."

The Bushman dance, this cloud-racked night, in the parklands fringing the Kalahari Desert was a different affair. The Bushmen had hung around our camp all day in a state of constant anxiety. They didn't like it; they wanted to get back into the safety of the thick bush, or, better still—out into the waterless tracts of the desert again. The Bushmen can live out there, where no white man can, as they know the secret of the undergound water-soil. Among every group of desert Bushmen several carry a four-foot hollow reed. Where a prospector or a white hunter will be dying of thirst, a Bushman will calmly shove down this hollow pipe of his and suck water out of the earth. Bushmen have often guided white men to their death this way, letting them die of thirst, while they were secretly drinking a supply of brackish water at night.

An ordinary Bushman fire is just a few twigs. They sleep curved around them at nights.

When we saw them collecting whole sections of dead thorn trunks to make an enormous fire we knew that they had decided to dance. When the Dorset man's tame Bushman, Jacobus, had translated to the wild Bushmen that the white master, with the glass before his eyes (the "four-eyed" man), was the strongest friend they had among the white bosses, they made no reply. Their mute, interesting faces showed no response. But one of the Bushman women from the Dorset man's farm came to Jacobus and said they were going to initiate one of their young men in the "doctor" dance. It would be the first of the four dances he would have to go through, before he became a doctor.

THIS was the dance where they danced the boy into a state of hypnosis. Even though we knew that these Bushmen were not tame, we could not help suspecting the usual set-up. It is hard to believe you are ever seeing the real thing in native life. And, I suppose, the actual reason for the authenticity of this weird dance was that the Bushmen were too primitive to be able to fake it.

With the yellow light from the fire lighting up all the leaves in the shivering camel-thorns above them, the Bushmen began a slow, circular stamping around the grass. The intention seemed to be to take the shortest step possible. The men, with their grotesque protruding stomachs and buttocks, stamped, staggered, and limped as one. This was being done to exorcise the sickness from a child's body. The mother sat by the fire, holding the tiny atom in her lap.

The withered old professional doctor was solemnly technical. He danced out of the circle, rubbed his hand once, twice, three times down the child's back; then he hopped to an adult—and rubbed the sickness into him. As if he was dissipating it. Dispersing it into stronger bodies.

The young Bushman who was being initiated danced with his eyes closed, obviously deliberately losing himself in the rhythm. This was unceasing, always to a high chant from the women. A quick clap of their tiny hands synchronised with the witch doctor's half-steps. Their tiny voices broke, like a yodel.

There were four doctors. One began to bark and howl like an animal. He suddenly ran round the circle with his hands touching the ground before his feet. Another suddenly screamed, rushed to the fire, seized a flaming brand, and darted with it into the group of women. He was seized by two of the elders of the tribe, held firmly, while one of them waved the burning piece of flame-flecked wood a few inches up and down before his eyes—as if to bring him out of a delirium. Then they led him aside from the circle, where he fell flat in the grass.

It was impossible to get into contact with its chronological meaning; but, as the dance progressed, it became obvious that the boy was being danced into a trance. The old doctor kept dancing up to him and professionally feeling his stomach. It was also quite plain that he *was* professional in his diagnosis—that from the feel of the boy's stomach he was able to gauge his condition. After one of these experimental feels he suddenly put out his arms and caught the boy falling. He reversed his position, stepping over the boy, and dragged him between his legs into the centre of the circle. And there the boy lay.

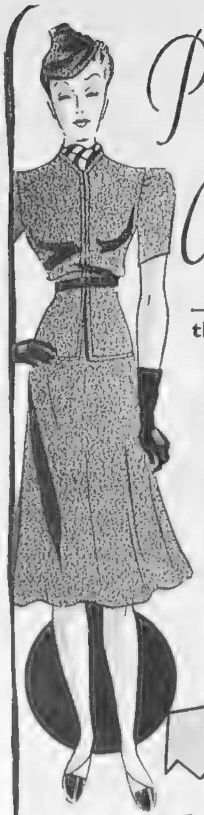
AS I said at the outset of this article, we tried to open his eyes. It was equivalent to examining a corpse. When I let go his pipe-stem arms he fell back as if dead. Then the tiny old witch doctor, with amazing strength, whipped the boy to his feet and blew into each ear. When the boy fell back he was sitting in a position that is difficult to describe: he was resting on his haunches, but his legs were splayed backward alongside his body. It was a contortion that no white man's joints could negotiate.

This was about midnight. We left the dance and went across to another clump of thorn trees, under which had been set up our camp-cots under their mosquito nets. Through its fine webbing I watched the Bushmen doctors take their initiate and walk him up and down under the light-flickering leaves of the spidery thorn trees. His legs bent under him every time they let go of him. About one a.m., for I looked at my watch, I saw the boy stumbling among the outer thorn trees by himself. He hung on, as he passed from one to another, to keep from falling. The clouds began to black out the moon entirely. The Bushmen's fire died. And I saw them, with their little cubs of children, curled up around it. I fell asleep thinking of the rigour of their existence—that all their lives they would sleep in the wet woods like this, and that the greatest shelter they would ever know would be the tiny lean-tos of twigs and bushes we had come across in the parklands.

It was three o'clock exactly when I woke up to find a heavy rain falling on my face.

Then I heard laughter. It came in a steady ripple from the dark patch of thorn trees, under which I thought the Bushmen were sleeping. But not a bit; they were enjoying themselves. Rain meant nothing to these forest people; their wet skins were as accustomed to it as that of any furry animal. It amused them, to see the consternation it caused the strange white men.

END



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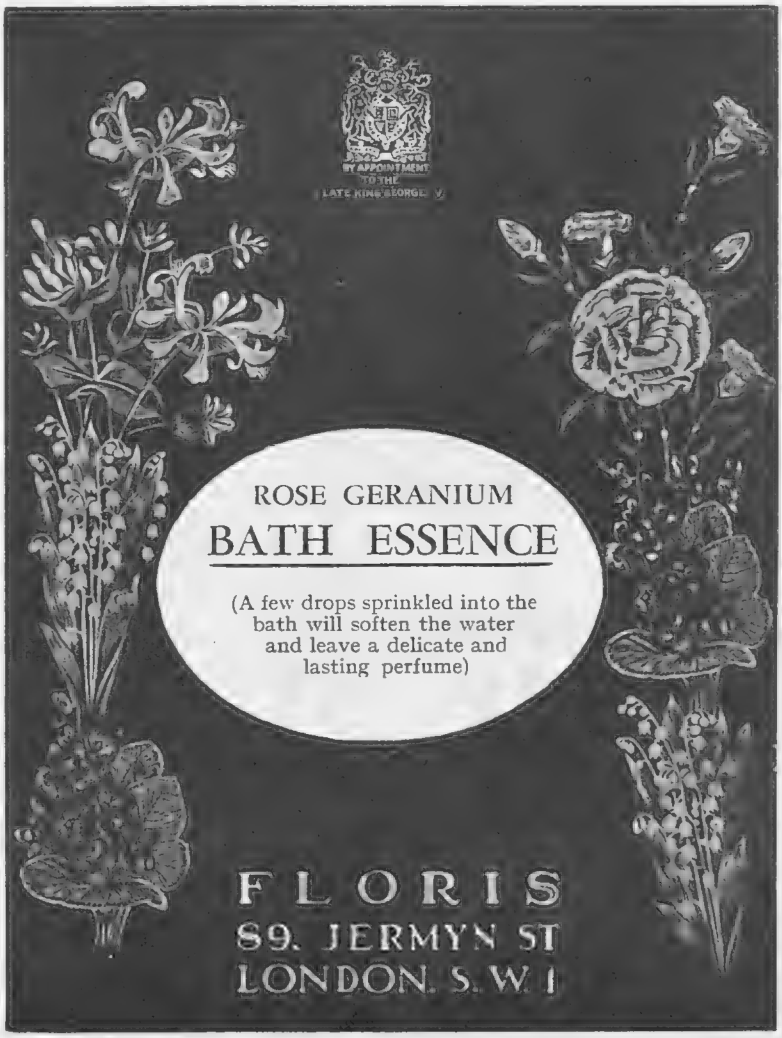

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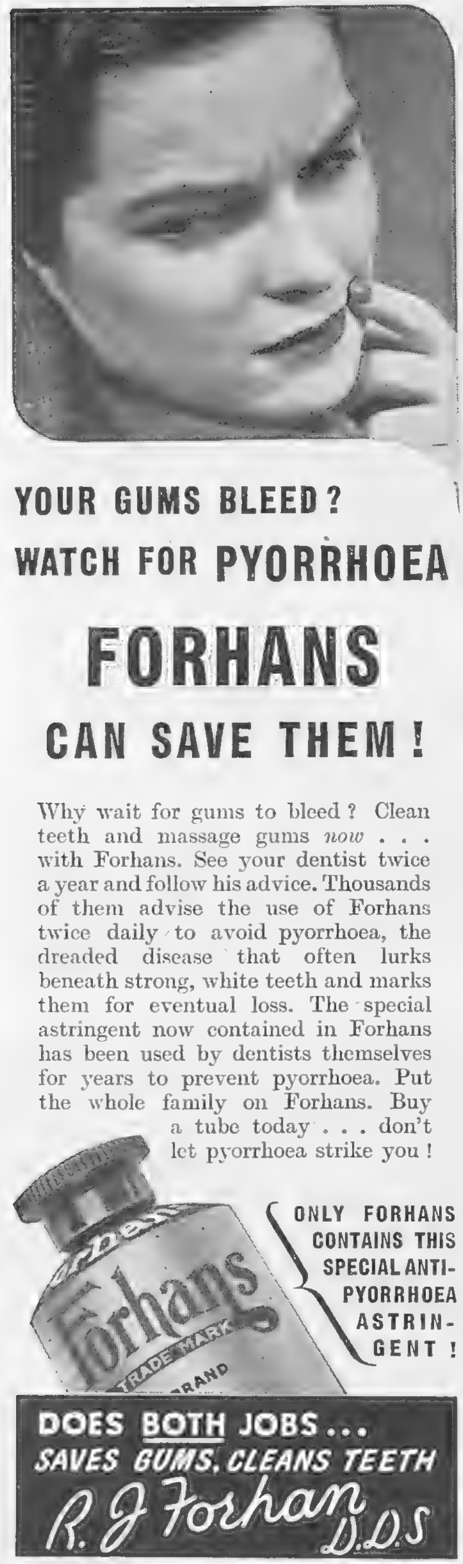
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Wings of To-morrow

(*Continued from page 13*)

autostrade link with Paris, through the forests of Marly and Saint-Cloud, and the Bois de Boulogne. Curious to think that only twenty years ago the airport for the capital was Le Bourget, with a light fog 257 days of the year, a medium to thin one fifty-seven days of the year, and a drive to Paris through the grimy and crowded streets of la Villette, the slaughter-house district.

As he descended John could see activity around the huge winged boat moored nose-on against the flood-lit dock. It dwarfed the other craft moored on the farther side of the big lake, cleared now for the flying boat. Vauban would be surprised if he returned now and saw what they had done with the reservoir he had made 250 years ago to feed the lake and fountains of the palace of the Sun King of France!

It was 1.15 a.m. when Mr. Smith hurried out of the quayside garage, weighed in with his wife and their week-end suitcase. They were the last comers. The London feeder for the big boat had dumped its passengers a half-hour ago, and was half-way back now: but it was a 400 m.p.h. flyer. The usual motley bunch were at the bar, evening frocks mixed with travelling tweeds, and there were some dressing-gowns over pyjamas. In the restaurant, a few late suppers. But most people had gone to bed. Night flying the Atlantic had lost its thrill. Travellers took it like the old London-Edinburgh night express. They got their sleep while they could. They were due in at 8.45 a.m. next morning and passengers had to be cleared by 9.15.

But when the floor of their twin cabin vibrated slightly, Mrs. Smith, night-gowned, paused in the act of brushing her teeth. "We're off." She was young. The idea still excited her of speeding through the night over Brittany and lower Normandy, out over the nocturnal Atlantic, with morning tea timed to arrive as the fabulous skyline of New York hit the horizon, like the mirage of a dream Babylon.

But Mr. Smith was pensive. He was thinking: "We'll come back by the British boat Monday morning. Midnight, and we'll be in Southampton by six. Breakfast, a leg-stretch, and I'll be in the office before ten. I'll radio the airport to have my plane flown over to Southampton. Now, if I had one of those new model amphibians, I could have it dropped right down in the water at the air port, and I could use the Thames airport and garage if I wanted to. Having a car-plane is silly these days. What I need is a car-boat-plane: and I'll have it!"

WE will leave Mr. John Smith—he may be you, or your son, within the measurable future—and his wife, and their fellow passengers, moving at the speed of the latest bomber (but under the speed of the latest fighter) over the transatlantic airway of tomorrow, and return to to-day. Two points emerge from the general picture here sketched with a few print marks across a sky to come.

One is that all the details of the pen-picture belong to the realm of existing plan, government of air-line long-term programme, aircraft designer ideas and blue-prints, aims of manufacturers' research men. They represent less a flight of fancy than an extension into the future of the curves of a trend of invention, development and progress already established, and moving all the time.

The other point that emerges is that—not for the first time—we have to thank war processes for technical progress which otherwise might be a hundred years away.

Over a thousand million pounds is being spent annually now in the world on aviation—building machines, building industries to build machines in quantity by mass-production, training men and women to fly, establishing flying grounds and organisation, experiment, and test. Research is being driven at an unprecedented pace. More than a million men and women annually now are learning to fly. Government money research is doing what private enterprise research would take a century to do.

Not so many years ago I sat in an office at Imperial Airways airport headquarters at Croydon and discussed transatlantic service possibilities with one of the line chiefs. He did not quite laugh, but his smile broadened. The latest multi-engined aeroplane for commercial use, he pointed out, had an "economic jump" of only 350 miles. Beyond that, running expenses ate the profits. Besides, a plane with a 2,500 miles range would be all petrol tank. Possibly, the Atlantic, and all very long ranges, were airship jobs.

Commander Burney then was building one of the two big forty-passenger airships, which were going to conquer the empire distances and earn a profit of twenty per cent. on capital. I had a talk with him, too, in his little high-perched office at his airship-builders' headquarters—a small, compact, naval-officer type of man, smoking a big pipe, and just a little over-sanguine, I thought, about the weight-pruning possibilities of the Diesel engines he planned on installing.

Down at Hornchurch they were very pleased with some new fighter machines that would be 170 miles an hour, no less. . . .

LAST year, taking a look over the Royal Air Force by permission of the Air Ministry, I went up in a two-seater fighter to observe an exercise. Clouds, a rolling sea of clouds. One saw the earth picture through occasional gaps. The pilot gave me a direction and I took a squint left of his gun sight, and saw a cluster of tiny silver specks in the blue. Three minutes later they were big as seagulls, winging along steadily; a flight of bombers, half a squadron, in "V" formation. Then I spotted some more dots, higher and to the right. They grew in size with great rapidity, coming down on the covey of bombers. They were flying at 300 m.p.h., and my pilot remarked that the new "Spitfires" ought to better them by fifty to 100 miles an hour, and would probably have to if they were to catch bombers to-morrow, because the latter were touching 300 miles an hour now. Each of those big bombers in the sky could cross the Atlantic non-stop with a heavy load.

To-day fighters are flying over six miles a minute with a climbing rate of 20,000 feet in eight minutes, and big bombers are flying five miles a minute and can cover nearly 6,000 miles non-stop.

Vertical-lift planes for the private owner, 400 m.p.h. 500-passenger boats on a daily trans-oceanic schedule, a world planned for air transportation as to-day it is planned for sea, road and rail transportation—these things are on the way.

Aviation has made such giant strides in the last ten years that only the reckless now predict that something is improbable, impossible, or impracticable in the air realm. Engines, aerodynamics, organisation, money, lower costs, and air-mindedness: all are combining to contract the gap between the present, and what had looked like the hazy vision of a remote future.

At the War's end, the British had the largest and most efficient aircraft industry in the world, and a personnel second to none. But aviation sagged for lack of a commercial incentive. Mail contracts were still held by the shipping companies. An air-mail letter was an expensive luxury. Machine designs remained backward. Speeds were slow. There was little money in the business. Imperial Airways in 1924 had only fifteen small one or two-engined aircraft, operating over 1,760 miles of route.

It was not until the recent war threat to Britain's earth-encircling and scattered empire became plain and pointed, that the politicians and bureaucracy inaugurated dynamic policies of development framed to provide a profit incentive for the infant air industry. When the British Government put all first-class empire mails into the air, British aviation got its first real meal of the food of the gods, capitalistic brand. Imperial Airways promptly ordered forty big mail-and-passenger carrying long-range air liners. Now it has eighty-seven great multi-engined airliners built or building. It operates 30,000 miles of route and is adding another 5,000, across the Atlantic and the Tasman Sea, this year.

The British politicians have to do something, or the Americans, Germans, French, Russians, and the Dutch, with government money back of them, will develop and operate mercantile air services which to-morrow will take the cream of the world air traffic.

At present, the Americans hold the lead. Pan-American Airways, eyeing the future profit possibilities of the 9,000-mile route to the Orient, and the 3,000-mile route to Europe, harnessed a Russian brain to the problem of building a ship to bridge the great oceans. Sikorsky provided the *China Clipper*, grandfather of the *Yankee Clipper*. There were 32,000 miles of preparatory flying, 40,000 miles of exploratory and survey trips, 620,000 miles of scheduled mail flights; and on April 21, 1937, when San Francisco Bay was swathed in hot clammy mist, the first air passengers for the Orient took their seats.

Sikorsky is the genius who is turning out the biggest, best-performance craft for long-distance work so far from his great plant on the banks of the Housatonic, where it merges with Long Island Sound, above Bridgeport. He does not spend much time behind the glass door of a private office. When he is busy on a new design, you will find him out with a crew of specialists, towing a five-foot model at the end of a motor boat. He has a famous assistant, a little Russian named Mike Gluhareff. Behind the eyes of Gluhareff, peering through pince-nez, is one of the world's greatest brains in the field of aerodynamics and hydrodynamics.

The big flying boats for the British are coming out of the Short Brothers plant. The three Short brothers—Horace, Oswald and Eustace—engineers who had gained experience in building balloons, built the machine in which in 1909 J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon won the £1,000 prize for the first circular flight of a mile in a British-built machine. But they early recognized the importance of seaplanes for British needs, and concentrated on that field. It was their chief designer who told the Royal Aeronautical Society recently that "no limit in size of the flying boat is yet in sight." In the next few years these builders foresee flying boats four times the size of the *Yankee Clipper*.

Probably by that time we shall be flying in the substratosphere, above the weather. Speeds there are higher because air resistance is diminished. The Russians, Kokkinaki and Gordienko, who set out to fly from Moscow to New York non-stop (but crashed at Miscou, New Brunswick) kept at an altitude always exceeding 17,000 feet, and found that coffee and cocoa were unpleasantly sweet, chicken was too hard to cut with a knife, and an apple was like stone, while continual use of oxygen kept the mouth dry and changed the taste of everything. Said Kokkinaki: "I think doctors will have to find new foods for high altitudes."

But there seems no need for this. Pressure cabins will become an essential part of the design of long-distance machines. By maintaining constant pressure inside the plane, they will enable long-distance high-flying machines to descend fast instead of slowly without inconveniencing the passengers through too-rapid temperature pressure changes; and the latter need not swallow to keep the delicate Eustachian tubes between throat and ear clear.

The main driving factor back of all this is war and war preparations. But if we have no war, the real air age—which has not yet come, which is only showing as a first dawn-flush—will arrive with a rush. The first world war jumped half-a-century by putting masses of money and energy—not commercially but as a matter of

(*Continued on page* 100)

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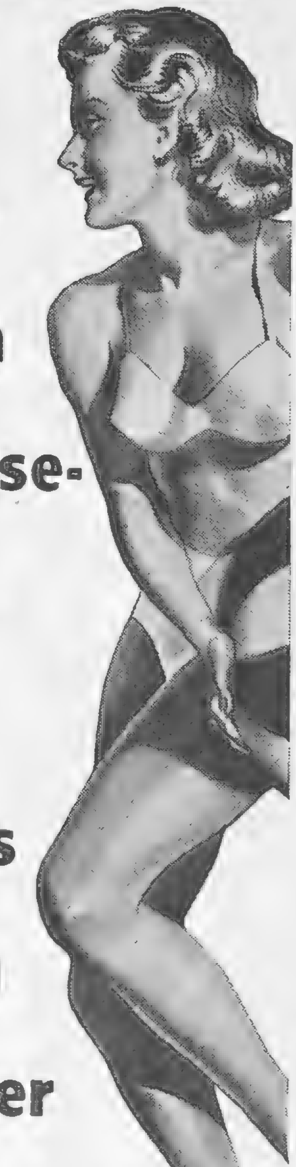

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life-or-death necessity—behind aviation. History repeats itself now.

Here we come to the big enigma of the future. There is a sharp line of cleavage in air development. The internal combustion engine has been hitched to the uses of the individual citizen. It is the private-citizen chariot. Its commercial usage is subsidiary to its private usage. Where are aviation and the flying machine headed? So far, they have gone along rather in the manner of sea transportation, war and commerce, with a side-line in sport and pleasure—an air-yachting movement on the side, but more expensive than sea-yachting. The rest of the world outside.

But one of these days the rest of the world is coming in, as it came into the motor car movement, and for the same reasons. It is going to be more convenient for the citizen to fly his own plane than to drive his own car. The machines are going to be as cheap, or cheaper, on quantity production. They will be safer. They will be faster, more comfortable, and more fool-proof. They are going to expand the frontiers of life.

Designers I have talked to say that there are two trends. One is towards eliminating wings altogether except as part of the whole structural design. This means that a machine will not need wings whose sole purpose is to sustain it in the air. It will be wing-shaped, but the wings will be part of the flying ship as the hull in a sea boat is part of the whole boat. This machine will be used for long-distance, heavy-load work.

Wings of To-morrow

The other trend is towards the rotary-wing. The short distance and the private plane will be direct-lift machines on the helicopter or a like principle.

More than a year ago a German helicopter took off and flew around a Berlin hall, an area smaller than the main hall at Olympia. The aviator was a small-sized young woman. She took the machine vertically up into the air under the roof of the exhibition hall. She held it suspended in mid-air. She moved it forwards, sideways, up, down, and backwards. She did what aircraft designers the world over said was impossible. The machine established a whole new series of world records.

Germany will not long hold supremacy in this field of flying—the most significant from the general-public viewpoint, since it brings into view the day when the public which at present motors, will fly, and the later day when the mass-production manufacturers who now make millions out of supplying the medium-bracket-income citizens with a family motor car, will make new millions by converting the machines in their giant plants for quantity production of car-planes, machines no bigger than a broad-bodied contemporary car, with stub wings, and capable of being used as a motor car, airplane, or even as a water-boat or hydroplane, by simple all-use designs and adaptable devices.

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END

Picnics

(Continued from page 70)

Vanilla Sandwiches

One pint packet Bird's Vanilla Custard Powder.
Prepared custard.
Half a pound castor sugar.
Four ounces ground almonds.
One egg.

Beat well the egg and sugar, then add the almonds. Mix together, and then add the custard powder. Mix until quite smooth, then roll out to about one-eighth of an inch thick and cut into strips three inches wide. Bake on a well-greased tin for twenty minutes in a slow oven. When nearly cooked, brush over with egg white.

Make a really thick custard, let it get quite cold and use this to make a sandwich filling of the biscuits.

Cheese Tartines

Kraft Velveeta Cheese.
Biscuits or stale brown bread.
Chives and pepper or Yorkshire Relish.

Work the cheese to a paste with some amusing flavouring and spread on biscuits or neatly-cut fingers of stale brown bread.

Crab Salad

Half a pint Chivers Aspic Jelly.
One tin crab. Lettuce.

Make up aspic jelly as directed on packet and set a little in the bottom of six individual moulds. Decorate with crab. Chop remaining crab finely and mix with seasoning and add to the well-whisked jelly. Fill the moulds with this mixture, and when set turn out on to lettuce leaves.

Salads

(Continued from page 71)

outside leaves of green salads; they make excellent soups or vegetable dishes. Wash the good leaves in cold water, dry well in a cloth and only dress the salad at the last possible moment, doing it yourself on the dining table.

There are many complicated green salads which can be lined with green leaves or in which the crisp taste will harmoniously blend with the complex mixture you have chosen.

ELABORATE SALADS

Jamaica Salad

Bananas, tomatoes.
Lettuce leaves, lemon, salt, pepper.
*Heinz Thick Whip Salad Cream.

Prepare the lettuce as for a green salad, keeping just a few of the best leaves, well dried, for lining each salad plate. Dust with salt and pepper and sprinkle with a little lemon juice. Peel and remove seeds from the tomatoes and cut or chop lightly. Peel the bananas, scrape them and cut into thin rounds.

Arrange these prettily—either a bed of tomato with the banana on top or mixed together—on top and decorate with a few blobs of salad cream, handing some more separately.

The same type of salad can be served with:

Pineapple and beetroot.
Apples and chopped nuts.
Onion, tomato and beetroot.
Orange and tomato.
Shredded white cabbage, grated raw carrot, etc.

But remember, for all these salads, the dressing should be served separately, even though you use a little as decoration, for you should not mix this type in a bowl.

Salade Richelieu

Cherries, tomato, beetroot.
Lettuce leaves.
Lemon, salt, pepper, Heinz Thick Whip Salad Cream.

This is made in one bowl and served in another. Stone the cherries (really ripe ones) and cut in two or three, cut the beetroot and peel and cut "de-pipped" tomatoes to match. Dress with salad cream and mix at the last minute. Have your salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves—seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice—and place the mixture in the middle.

END

* Heinz Thick Whip Salad Cream is new this year. It has the same ingredients as their famous Salad Cream, but is specially whipped, which makes it lighter, milder, fluffier.

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 37)

I pray thee, live no longer with the wife whom thou now hast. Behold, I will give thee instead my own daughter in marriage; take her to live with thee. But part first with the wife thou now hast—I like not that thou keep to her." To this Masistes, greatly astonished, answered: "My lord and master, how strange a speech hast thou uttered! Thou biddest me put away my wife, who has borne me three goodly youths, and daughters besides, whereof thou hast taken one and espoused her to a son of thine own—thou biddest me put away this wife, notwithstanding that she pleases me greatly, and marry a daughter of thine! In truth, O king, that I am accounted worthy to wed thy daughter, is an honour which I mightily esteem; but yet to do as thou sayest am I in no wise willing. I pray thee, use not force to compel me to yield to thy prayer. Be sure thy daughter will find a husband, to the full as worthy as myself. Suffer me then to live on with my wife."

Thus did Masistes answer; and Xerxes, in wrath, replied: "I will tell thee, Masistes, what thou hast gained by these words. I will not give thee my daughter; nor shalt thou live any longer with thine own wife. So mayest thou learn, in time to come, to take what is offered thee." Masistes, when he heard this, withdrew, only saying: "Master, thou has not yet taken my life."

During this dramatic interview Amestris had not wasted any time. The messengers that had been sent by the king to fetch Masistes were followed at a short distance by a number of armed men sent by Amestris with definite orders.

Taken completely unawares, Masistes's wife received these messengers with that sweet smile that above all her other charms had made her famous and generally beloved. But their attitude and the unsheathing of weapons soon changed the enchanting smile into a contraction of terror.

The grim task was not to destroy her life, but her beauty, and the disfiguring mutilations profaned also her perfect body.

Not long elapsed and Masistes was back home after the disheartening scene with his brother. He hurried through the courtyard where the sight of the doorkeeper in tears warned him that something dreadful had happened. Palpitating with fear, he hurried to his wife's apartments. Other servants tried to stop him, but he pushed them aside. Not even when he reached his wife's chamber did the gruesome reality reveal itself in all its horror, for the unfortunate woman was almost entirely covered with bandages. She could only speak through her eyes, the only visible points of her face. Nothing could be more touching than the scene that followed between the loving pair.

It was then that Masistes, in an outburst of most legitimate indignation, swore to devote the rest of his life to one object only, and that was the destruction of the court of Xerxes. He knew, too, that there was no time to be wasted, for it was clear that his brother was determined to exterminate him and all his family. He was sure that if he could reach the Bactrians in his position of Satrap he would raise a sufficient army to crush that nest of vipers living in the heart of Persia.

An improvised caravan was mobilised on the spot, and only with what could be provided at a moment's notice, Masistes, his beloved wife, bandaged like an Egyptian mummy, his children and all the servants that wanted to follow them, left the town in a north-easterly direction.

When the king was told of Masistes's flight and of the vengeance that he intended to take, he immediately ordered a strong body of mounted men to ride at a breathless pace, reach Masistes on the road, and his last words were: "Not one must remain alive."

The thundering body of horsemen disappeared in a cloud of dust into the hilly country. The rest we know.

End

no roughness.
not a line.
no big pores.
no muddiness.
not a blemish

THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON—

"The 'Skin-Vitamin' in Pond's Creams has actually transformed my complexion"

LADY NORMANTON'S experience, described in her own words below at the right, is that of thousands of women. And the skin-vitamin in Pond's Cream can do as much for you! Tests have proved that it replaces dull, blemished, old-looking skin with healthy, flawless NEW skin — in just a few weeks!

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Citizens in Cold Storage

(Continued from page 23)

on international affairs, learning (and teaching) languages, radio discussion groups, furniture making, music, drama and physical training.

The men of the party went to bed in the bright clean rooms of the settlement itself, the women slept in miners' cottages, and even overnight were revising their ideas of what is behind the scenes in the resurrection of a "distressed area." For twelve years (it is again a woman of the party whose impressions count) these families have been subjected to an economic "war of attrition" such as few communities can have experienced. Savings disappeared long since; women struggled to cope with homes that gradually got shabbier and shabbier. A few years since with the coming of their own settlement and by their own activities these people have made it possible to repair their homes. Aided by grants the settlement experts have shown them how to make their own furniture, their own carpets and textile decorations.

THAT next day, Saturday, they spent in an orderly hurricane of visits; they chiefly wanted to see the offspring clubs up and down the valley from Newport and Pontypool to Blaenavon and Brynmawr.

One of the two women gives me the best picture of those clubs at work! Here is not affair of "workers" doing good to the locals; but the folk themselves in unanimous revolt. They had a good chance to see them that evening when the settlement was in full swing and giving a display.

"They go about as if the place belongs to them—it does, of course: there is absolutely no class distinction, and, by the way, no inverted snobbery, either!

"You know the usual self-conscious club affair? None of this here, and I've hardly ever seen such good-looking girls! After the display—there was physical training, dancing and dramatics—we all danced and, do you know, they were awfully friendly and nice to us. . . ."

Here she expressed the innate diffidence of these relatively prosperous folk: who were, they thankfully tell me, received with kindness and friendliness by the people.

But these visitors, for all their diffidence, are practical people: and they begin to explore the positive, material value of the work that, aided by their experts, the Welsh "refugees from depression" are doing for their own salvation.

First, when the jobs come along (and in a thin trickle they are coming) men without work for three, four, five—seven years are not fit men: boys who have never known work, have never known the rhythm of disciplined action. Watch Noah Grainger in his gymnasium: his own passion for physical training translated into his terrific energy and that of his pupils. "They might have been training for Olympic Games. . . ." was the comment of one of the visitors.

"Older women's keep fit classes"—boys' and younger women's training: cycling, camping, football, cricket and summer camps—these are some of the activities that are beginning to take hold of the valley like an infectious disease, spread by the central settlement.

And—those slowly disintegrating homes? The genius of one woman, a Swiss, has helped stop the rot that is "sheer shabbiness" from spreading in the homes of the wholly or partly unemployed. Coming from the Rhondda, Clara Schweizer has evolved and invented handcraft ways of carpet making, textile decoration and a dozen odd things that have saved homes from grey despair: dressmaking and weaving have made smart, women whom worry and poverty had got down—and nearly out.

"And," this with naïve surprise from one visitor, "they don't segregate the unemployed." When a man gets a job he still belongs but pays twopence a week instead of the unemployed rate of a penny a week for his entire club activities. The main industries of iron, steel, tinplate and coal have not yet staged anything like a "come back"—but the grosser horrors of the workless have been alleviated by transference of the younger girls and men, and by the beginning of several small industries that have helped stabilise the situation. But there are still a large number of *wholly unemployed* men and women, and that nightmare "irreducible core" of those who will never again find employment in their work.

Here the Londoners (and indeed all thinking people) are inclined to pass from the obvious healthy rennaissance of the valley people to the equally obvious and equally unhealthy inertia of general economics: "what," asks someone, "is the good of folk dancing, and of orchestral music, however spontaneous, *if there be no move towards finding work for the people?*"

They were then taken to see a trading estate that, backed by Government and other help, is a bold and intelligent step.

First, those men who may never work again at their own jobs. Here we have, surely, the "grey-faced ghosts" in embryo? And it was this problem that started what Howard Marshall so rightly describes as "one of the most exciting stories of constructive endeavour which present world chaos has produced." It was early in 1935, when hundreds of men of early middle age in the district had been out of work for ten years or more, that a small body of brave people approached some of them with a strange idea. The fact that this body is called "An Order of friends," shows their links with the Quakers, though all are not of that persuasion; and it appears the moving spirit is one, Peter Scott. The idea was that the "Order of friends" should provide land, machinery and stock, so that the unemployed with no hope of work might set to and produce commodities for their own and their dependents' use. Men were doubtful: there was the question of the dole? It was settled that they would still receive their full dole. They would only pay out cost price for the goods they themselves were to make: and so the dole would go, perhaps, twice as far.

But it was difficult to reconcile men, too long accustomed to the tyranny of money-token, *to forgo that weekly pay packet.*

However, the experiment was started: grants were received from the commissioner, and 180 men came forward. Membership doubled in the next year, and during last year there were 400 members, while more than 1,500 people are now helped by the work of the Subsistence Production Society's scheme.

Under expert voluntary workers men, accustomed only to mining and steel working, learned to till, to tend livestock, and to farm.

Thence the party of nine went to see the "official" constructive effort, the now famous Treforest Trading Estate some six miles from Cardiff. A spectacular and intelligent effort that holds hope for the future, and already employs 2,000 on the estate, of whom, strangely, about forty per cent are women.

Sunday night, and the visit was at an end: they had seen the background, and it had been all they had been led to expect—devastation after bombardment by a force both pitiless and stupid. But they returned with the story (which the cameraman also tells) of a people rising, Phœnix-like, from these ashes; and emerged from the decade of the depression with a hardiness and a culture of mind that almost intimidated their visitors. *These depressed areas are not "dead," and they are, indeed, no longer even dazed*: and a generation has grown up that has time to think and has used that time.

Said the inevitable arm-chair critic to whom I told this story: "Ah—but what could they really see in two days, those young people from comfortable jobs in London?"

"Just," I replied rudely, "two days more than you have ever had the energy to go and see."

END

The Other Girl

(*Continued from page* 27)

out at the top of the curve. They were not pretty ears—especially if they belonged to a girl.

Henry knew now. He didn't have to ask any more questions. He had all the proof he wanted. It was almost as though, remembering the ecstasy of their young love, he felt again Georgie's arms around him, the touch of her lips.

And now he was sitting in a restaurant with her daughter, and the girl didn't know who he was, and he wondered how he was going to tell her. He couldn't just say, "I'm your father, my dear," and expect her to fall around his neck and kiss him. How was he going to explain away those eighteen years?

"I hope you'll come to the cabaret and hear me sing," she said.

"I will," he promised, "to-night."

She smiled and seemed quite pleased. He called the waiter and paid the bill.

"Thank you," said Georgie. "Monsieur has been very kind." She gave him her hand. "*Au revoir.*"

It was a song about a *cocu*—a cuckold—and Henry sat and listened to it, trying to feel as, it seemed to him, a father should. It was a new experience, and he told himself, "I'll have to get used to it." The cabaret wasn't much of a place, hot, crowded. Henry sat at a table by himself with a brandy and soda. He tried to analyse his feelings, a difficult thing to do in the circumstances. If he had never seen her before, if, by accident, he had drifted into that place, what would he have thought? He wasn't sure. Poor kid! She was trying so hard to please. Henry never took his eyes away from her face. He found himself scrutinising it in a professional way, as he would have done had he been about to employ her as a model, noting the various angles, the shape of her head, the chin, the fine, clean chiselling of nose and mouth. She knew how to stand, with a sort of natural grace, and how to use her hands. She was charming. And a little pathetic. Flushed. With dilated eyes and too much lipstick. Of course there wasn't a man there who wouldn't gladly have paid a hundred francs for a kiss from those fresh young lips. Perhaps, Henry thought uneasily, some of them had! If Alice had been there she would certainly have noticed his ears. Henry could feel them burning. He realised he was being very silly. He must pull himself together. He would have to make up his mind what to do, very soon now, and sooner or later he would have to tell Alice. No getting away from that.

"Hello!" She had come straight to his table. She smiled and sat down beside him.

"I liked your singing," he told her.

"Thank you, monsieur. I got a lot of applause, didn't I? I always do. People are so kind. Of course," she added honestly, "I know I'm not very good. I really can't sing." She shrugged her bare shoulders. "I have to earn my living. This is easy! I used to work in a dressmaking establishment on the rue de la Paix. Downstairs in the basement. All day long. I wanted to be a mannequin, but they said my figure wasn't good enough."

"They're crazy," Henry told her. "You have a lovely figure. I ought to know. Remember, I told you?" He wasn't sure whether he had or not. "I'm an artist."

"Maybe you'd like me to pose for you?"

"Would you?"

"Surely; why not?"

He was thinking of the portrait he had made of her mother—"A Girl with Blue Eyes."

"Have you a studio?" she asked.

"Not here—that is, I live in New York."

"Married?" She smiled a little. "But of course you are."

"Why—of course?"

Henry knew what she meant. There was nothing romantic about him. He was just a nice, grey-haired American, old enough to be her father. Well, *he was her father!*

(*Continued on page* 104)

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"Did you leave your wife in New York?"

"No, London." He hoped Alice was still in London. He didn't want her in Paris—not now. Not until he had this settled.

THE clerk at the American Express Company, looking through his little window, sighed and gave a shrug, as much as to say, "Here's that pest of a woman again!" He knew, of course, what she wanted. She came in every day, sometimes twice or even three times a day, and always asked the same question:

"Has Mr. Henry Branston been in?"

The clerk knew that she was Mrs. Branston, and that she was staying at the Hotel George V. Until to-day his reply had always been in the negative, but now he said, "Yes, your husband was here. About an hour ago."

"Oh!" She couldn't hide her relief. But then her mouth tightened and by the look in her eye the clerk suspected that Mr. Branston, when she got hold of him, would have a lot of explaining to do. "Did he leave a message for me?" she asked.

"No, madam."

The clerk watched her as she turned and hurried out. She took a taxi to the Hotel George V. At the desk they informed her, "Your husband was here. He left word that he would return in half an hour. Would you please wait for him?"

Alice went up to her room.

It was a week since she had left London. After discussing the matter with the Ormsbys, she had decided it would be best to pack up and follow him. There was no telling what Henry might do. Of course, she never for a moment imagined that he would do anything really terrible. Not Henry! After being married to him for eighteen years, she felt pretty sure there wasn't anything about him she didn't know.

"Oh, well," she thought, with a sigh, "it won't be long now. I'll soon find out."

At last the telephone rang.

"Mr. Branston is downstairs."

"All right. Send him up."

She felt all at once horribly nervous; she didn't know why; it was almost as though she had a premonition. But then she pulled herself together and opened the door.

He had on the same suit, a light tweed, which he had worn when she last saw him. It needed pressing. What was the matter with him? He needed a haircut. And—good heavens!—he was wearing a beret.

He smiled and said, "Hello, Alice," as though nothing had happened. He put his arm around her and gave her a kiss.

The first thing she said was, "Where did you get *that*?"

"Oh, you mean——?" He held up the beret. "Don't you like it?"

"You know perfectly well I don't. It makes you look ridiculous."

She didn't like the twinkle in his eye either.

"Well," he began, "it's rather a long story, my dear."

"I needn't tell you what people think. The Ormsbys. Everybody!"

"Oh, to hell with the Ormsbys," said Henry cheerfully.

She watched him light his pipe.

"What did you mean by writing me that note?"

"Just what it said. I was fed up and needed a rest. Besides," he added, chuckling, "I was afraid if I didn't run away I'd have to do a portrait of Gladys. I couldn't bear the thought."

"You make me sick. The Ormsbys were perfectly sweet to us. Besides, they'd have paid you for it."

"There isn't enough money in the world."

"You've been in Paris a week."

"That's right."

"Where *are* you living?" she asked.

"Over on the Left Bank. In a hotel on the rue de Vaugirard."

"What a crazy idea!"

"Not at all," he smiled. "It's the same place where I lived eighteen years ago!"

"Now I know you're crazy," Alice told him. After a moment, she added, "It's a good thing I'm here."

"Yes, it is," Henry agreed.

And then he told her—about Georgie.

He saw her cheeks flush and turn pale, and he wondered what she was thinking. She seemed strangely quiet. She didn't even look as if she was angry. He hadn't dared to hope she would take it like this. So nicely. So sanely and sensibly. True, it had all happened so long ago. Eighteen years!

"Oh, my dear," he said.

Her voice came out strong. "Let's not be sentimental."

"You're being wonderful, Alice."

"Are you sure she *is* your daughter?"

"Of course." Henry blushed furiously, and added, "She has my ears."

"What nonsense!"

"No, it isn't. I'm sure that when you see her——"

"Where is she?"

"I left her at home—that is, I mean at the hotel. She's living there with me."

"Oh, she is!"

Henry looked at her and sighed. She had been holding herself in, and now there was going to be a scene. Well, he couldn't blame her.

He asked humbly, "What are we going to do?"

"Where did you say this hotel was?"

He gave her the address. "I'll take you to see her now, if you like."

"No, I'll go by myself."

"But, Alice——"

"Shut up!" She was suddenly beside herself. "Now, you listen to me. I'm going to have a talk with this girl. I don't know what's to be done. If she's really your daughter——"

"She is, Alice."

"What's her name?"

"Georgette."

Alice put on her hat, grimly.

"I'll take care of this in my own way. I want you to promise me you'll stay here until I get back."

Henry tried to argue with her, but it wasn't any use. So he let her go.

He told himself, "It's up to Georgie now. When Alice sees what a sweet kid she is . . ."

IT was incredible to think that he had known her only a week. As he sat there smoking his pipe and waiting impatiently for Alice to return, his mind went back to their first meeting, and he remembered how, that night when she left the cabaret, he was waiting for her at the stage door. He had told her, finally. It wasn't hard; the hard part was to make her believe it. Henry remembered it all perfectly. There was a big yellow moon; it didn't look real, but like the moon on a Japanese print. He felt quite absurd, and at the same time very happy. Georgie had a room in a house back of the Montparnasse Station. Up a flight of dark stairs. In the morning he made her move into his hotel. She was sweet. A darling.

He told himself confidently, "Yes, it's going to be all right."

ONE door opened and he saw it was Alice. She was like a conquering general, and she turned to her army, two page boys, and told them to bring in the things they were carrying.

"I packed up everything you had and brought it along," she explained. "It's beyond me how you ever got yourself in such a mess, but it's all right now. Georgie was very sensible. She won't bother you any more. I gave her a cheque."

Henry shook his head, unable to speak.

"It was the only thing to do," Alice pointed out. "It isn't as if she meant anything to you. Of course she doesn't. How could she? You've only known her a week. A girl you picked up in a café. A cabaret singer. All that nonsense about her being your daughter. It's too stupid. Really, you ought to have your head examined."

Henry found his voice. "Alice! What have you done?"

She stood there like one of the Fates.

"We're going home. I didn't waste a minute. I booked our passage. We're sailing "To-night."

He gave her a long, searching look. Yes, she meant it. Words were useless. Nothing he could say would move her. It was as though all the years of their married life she had worn a mask, a kind of armour, and now for the first time he saw her face; his eyes stripped her bare, and he found what he wanted—the naked truth.

She said, "It's no good your making a fuss. I'm not going to stand for any more nonsense. I've quite made up my mind. We'll have lunch and then catch the boat train to Le Havre."

"Yes, Alice."

"It's time you showed a little sense."

"Yes, Alice."

She gave a sigh of relief. It was going to be easier than she thought. She felt like a poker player who has tried a bluff and waiting to be called sees his opponent put down the winning hand.

"I'll be ready for lunch in ten minutes."

"All right," he agreed.

ON the way to Le Havre, Henry was very quiet. His face was a perfect blank; it told her nothing. Alice wondered if he was thinking about Georgie. It made no difference now. But, after this dreadful experience, she knew she must be careful. She watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

They had a very nice cabin. A steward brought in their things and Alice gave him a tip. She took care of everything, as she always did. What, she asked herself, would Henry do without her? She made a mental note not to forget to send the Ormsbys a wireless message. Later she would write Gladys a long letter, and she wondered how she could explain their sudden departure without mentioning that wretched girl.

It was almost sailing time when Henry said quietly, "Well, my dear, I hope you have a pleasant voyage."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"This is good-bye," he told her.

She gave a gasp. She tried to speak, but words failed her.

He smiled a little. "I'm staying here with Georgie."

She screamed at him, "My God, Henry! Are you going to ruin your life?"

"Depends how you look at it. I'm going back where I left off eighteen years ago. I never want to make another illustration or magazine cover as long as I live. I'm through being a popular artist. Success in life isn't only how much money you make. It's more than that. I don't know what it is, but I'm going to try to find out."

"You're mad!"

"Maybe so. I know a little place in Brittany where it costs almost nothing to live. You'd hate it, Alice. We won't have many comforts. There isn't even a bathroom," he chuckled. "Georgie will cook and take care of the house, and I'll paint her. We're going to have a chance really to get acquainted."

"What about *me*?"

"Oh, you'll get along. I suppose you'll divorce me. I think that would be best."

"How can you be so heartless and selfish?" Alice began to weep hysterically.

In his mind's eye Henry had a picture of Georgie, simple and charming, with her mother's eyes, blue as a summer sky, or like water in the sunlight. He would call it "Portrait of the Artist's Daughter."

He didn't stop to take his things. There wasn't time, and anyway he wouldn't need them.

He said, "Good-bye, Alice. Good luck!" and skipped down the gangplank.

He felt like a prisoner who after serving a sentence of eighteen long years at last has his freedom again. He wanted to laugh and cry and wave his arms in the air.

The train that carried him back to Paris was a magic carpet, and he flew straight over the rooftops to the Café du Dôme, where he found Georgie sitting on the terrace—waiting for him.

END

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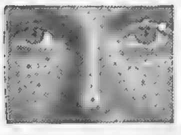

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There And Back Again

(Continued from page 51)

"Shall I?"

"Listen. We've read your little book on tactics. We've got you in line for a big job when the crisis comes."

"Now isn't that grand! I thought you were treating me extra nicely. Well, I must be getting along."

I WENT after Brenda. She was no longer in her state-room. I sought her, with some confidence, in the bar. There she was, surrounded by a sprinkling of the smarter voyagers, all of them looking rather jittery.

I drew her aside. "There's no doubt about it, we've got to get out of this."

"That's what I say, dear. That's what they all say. Come and meet everybody. This is Miles Glysson. Fancy! You've seen him on the screen, dear. Do show some sense. Mrs. Merton. Mrs. Dudley-Herring. Mr. Cote. Mr. Whitfield."

It was a concourse of the adipose, the faded and the slick. "Well, my dear people," I said, "we appear to be in rather a mess."

"I shall go straight to the British Consul, the moment I set foot on shore."

"They can't get me out there without a contract."

"We've been shanghaid, kidnapped. Haven't they any G-men in the other place?"

"Can't they send a couple of chaser planes after us?"

I explained to them, in words of one syllable, how the infernal regions had a right to all earthly products below a certain old-fashioned standard. "Consequently," I said, "it appears that Heaven is not concerned with G-men, chaser planes, or ourselves."

"There is no need to be rude, Mr. Sayers."

"We are," said I, "only joining other products of our age: heavy industry, armaments, totalitarianism . . ."

"Gee! I won't stand for that!" said a bulbous-nosed individual. "Unless they've got bootleggers too."

"They have national aspirations, claims to colonies. And I imagine there's going to be a war."

"They'll be licked for a cert."

"Probably. But we shall be there."

"Not me, sweetie. You said you'd get me out of it."

"I will, if every one will co-operate."

"What's the idea?"

"Did any of you see Heaven, when we passed it just now?"

"No. We've been having a quencher down here."

"Ah, well! Perhaps that's why we're here. It looks fine."

"Go on."

"We may not be nationals, but, since they have all the good things on earth, they may have a generous attitude to refugees."

"Like England."

"Yes—at the time of the Huguenots."

"None of that Bolshie talk, Sayers. We took in several Spanish children."

"As you will. Well, gentlemen, we have to seize the ship. When the crew are at lunch, we lock them in their various mess-rooms. The ladies, meanwhile, have all rung for their stewards, and must entertain them with a little conversation."

"But—they are so dark."

"I said conversation. Parties of us will deal with those men that remain at large—the officers, the wireless operator, all the rest of them. Spread the word secretly through the ship. Zero hour is twelve noon."

THE idea was taken up enthusiastically, and carried out without a hitch. I blew my whistle. Scuffling started on every deck and gangway; the crew were heaved over the rail by dozens. We then turned our attention to those we had locked up, and in a few minutes we were masters of the vessel.

"Hot work, eh!"

"Grand show!"

"I say! Did you notice them falling? How their clothes came off?"

"Did you see their hoofs and horns?"

"Did you smell the sulphur?"

"Yes. Amazing!"

I soon found an ex-naval man and an amateur yachtsman, and one or two handy mechanics in the steerage. The ship was ultra-modern; they had only to watch the oil-feed and handle the wheel, while I mounted to the chart and controls, and set our course for Heaven.

Soon the golden cliffs glowed once more upon the sky line. The blue air divided itself into the blue of the sky above, and the turquoise of a radiant sea below. The heavenly horizon spread wider before us, till it took in all the sky. We saw mountains, plains, rivers, bays, reefs, beaches, woods and meadows coming down to the beaches, flowers in the meadows, gazelles peeping from the fringes of the trees.

Our ship, like a homing swan, volplaned from the bright air on to the bright sea. A skirt of dazzling froth spread round us like the petticoats of a Pavlova. The sound of the engine stopped, the vibration ceased, she glided under her own impetus into a deep and sheltered inlet, where the gay, astonished fish came flickering about our keel.

Moorings were made fast. "Gentlemen! A hearty vote of thanks to our gallant skipper."

"Hear! Hear!"

"I say, let's have a look round."

"Yes. We'll explore."

I LED the way into the forest. I had noted as we approached that this was one of those wild and unvisited regions, long lost from earth, but necessary to complete the bliss of the inhabitants of the populated regions of Heaven. It was a poetic dream of the tropics, the *terræ incognitæ*, the remote Bermudas, in which no doubt the blessed permitted only their fancies to roam.

The feet of certain members of the company began to hurt them, so we returned to the beach.

"Well, a very interesting afternoon!"

"What a setting for a jungle romance!"

"Do you really think so, Mr. Glysson?"

"I do, Mrs. Downie."

"Darling, do you think there'll be a moon?"

"Are we going to spend the night at anchor, skipper? Or do we move on somewhere?"

"Yes. What about a spot of civilisation?"

"Some place where there's a casino."

"Native dancers, maybe."

"Listen, all of you," said I. "We are not on a pleasure cruise. This is not Honolulu. We are aliens here. It is up to us to prove we are not undesirable."

"I hope you don't mean me, darling. That wouldn't be very polite."

"I'm sure he can't possibly mean you, Mrs. Downie."

"I don't know what you mean, Miles, but you're terrible."

"Listen," I said. "You must understand that we are barbarous interlopers here. We have landed on the most unfrequented spot on all the coast, in the faint hope of remaining undetected till we are fit to be seen."

"Well, you managed pretty well, I must say. Bringing us to a place where you can't even get a manicure."

"Let alone a facial."

"Or a permanent, or a decent frock."

"The ladies are right. We'll look like a crowd of tramps before the week's out."

"It is possible," I said, "that before some ages are past we may have different expressions on our faces. That is my hope.

"I bet we goddam-well will!"

"We may," I persisted forlornly, "by living frugal lives, by building huts, gathering fruits, tilling patches, making plantations, by simplicity and toil in short, absorb something of this landscape, and make ourselves fit to live in it. We may become the tolerated

Hottentots of Heaven, and this our reservation. Later, possibly . . ."

"You seem to know the hell of a lot about it."

"The set's O.K. for a short scene on ocation, but I don't like the script."

"Oh, Miles, you're so witty!"

"Where did you get all this dope, anyway?"

"I don't know," I said. "I . . ."

"Look, there's a native! Let's ask him. Hi!"

I looked round. A young man stood on the edge of the wood. At the peremptory shouts of our party, he advanced towards us, smiling with perfect good humour. He looked as if he had been a long time in the forest: he was as brown and ragged as a filbert in its husk.

"Hi, you! Savvy English?"

"Yes."

"We want to speak to someone in authority."

"You have only to say what you wish."

"You mean we can have whatever we want?"

"Yes."

"Oh! It *is* Heaven then? I was beginning to wonder."

"I hope we both want the same thing," said Miles Glysson to Brenda.

"I think I can speak for us all. We want a guide. We want to get somewhere civilised."

"Somewhere with a casino."

"A spot of night life."

"An up-to-date hotel—somewhere smart to eat. A decent floor show."

"I should think that could be managed," said the stranger. "Let us go aboard this boat of yours."

"You see, Sayers, you were crazy!"

I said nothing. We trooped aboard. The moorings were cast off. The stranger mounted to the bridge, where I followed him. The rest of them herded into the bar.

"Do you want to go there too?" asked the stranger.

"No," said I.

"Then perhaps you won't," said he.

He set the controls full speed ahead, and descended to take the wheel. He steered us out of the creek, past the last headland, and swung the boat back upon the course by which we had come. Then he locked the wheel.

He gave me a radiant smile. "I must leave you now," he said. "Maybe I'll see you later." With that, he dived over the side.

"Let me come too," I cried, and I dived after him.

We were already far from the golden shore—too far. I felt my strength leave me. I slackened. I choked. I sank. I sank, suffocating, out of the light, through darkness, through cold, through whirling wastes of stars.

At last I felt again the faint beginnings of warmth. I struggled for breath.

"Good lord, sergeant," I heard someone say, "I think this one's alive."

END

Summer Drinks

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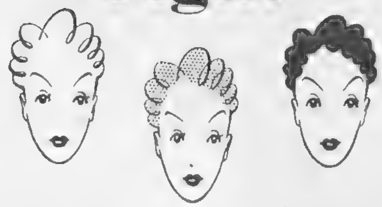

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A Hero of the Screen

(*Continued from page* 11)

telescoping the last three. Dozens of people were killed. I went out trying to help the stretcher bearers. I don't know whether I was much use, and it was all very awful. I hope I shall never see so much blood again in all my life.

"When we finally got to Hollywood I was offered a thousand dollars a week to play in *Stephen Steps Out.* I was only fourteen and it was a lot of money, especially as they paid it me for six consecutive weeks. In the cast were Theodore Roberts and Noah Beery. The story was by Richard Harding Davis. Thanks to a lot of advance publicity I made a thoroughly unwarranted but triumphal entry, but I was much embarrassed by the newspaper critics who said it was shocking, that with so many really experienced boy actors in Hollywood a totally untrained kid like myself should trade on his father's name and be given a star part. When I met these critics in person I always agreed with them rather pompously, but I did point out that I was doing my best. But it was all of no avail. The picture turned out to be just about as charming as cold haggis two days old. It was a really sensational flop, and I would have done much better if I had started lower down the ladder. The truth was that they had over-sold me to such an extent that the failure made even more noise than the greatest success could possibly have done. So they fired me without more ado. Still, I had most of the six thousand dollars left, and with it returned to Paris. At least, it paid off our debts. I was not really so fed up as you might imagine. I simply had no alternative.

"In Paris I started my studies again. That was in 1924, the year of the Olympic Games. In this way I met a lot of athletes and used to go and run with Charley Paddock and the other champion sprinters. In fact, I was around with them so much that they made me their mascot and gave me the team badge. It was then that I first met Johnnie Weissmuller. I even swam with him!

"Meantime, father had come over for the Olympic Games and there was an awful outburst. It was really the continuation of a feud which had started before I went to Hollywood to make *Stephen Steps Out.* Father wanted me to go back to school. Mother and I were both too proud to tell him that we couldn't afford it. You see, I was not alone. There were others in the family to think of. Father even suggested that he would pay—in addition to the divorce settlement—to send me to a public school and then on to Oxford or Harvard, or wherever I liked; but I had already had that smell of grease paint in my nostrils and already felt the thrill of that life and the people in it. I was so offensively advanced that I could not bear the idea of going back to school among chaps of my own age. I always preferred older people. It was not until I was eighteen that I started to grow younger. Well, I had this row with father, in the course of which he solemnly disowned me. Finally we made it up after a few weeks. Very grandly he announced that he would like me to become his best friend, beside just being his son. I said I wished to be an individual, which he thought meant gumption. So he backed me up on the private understanding that he was to give me no physical or economic assistance, leaving me to make a success or failure of myself as an actor on my own. Actually, this only involved the purest moral issues, as I had no job and no prospect of one. Even when I was at that age people would say, 'He can't jump as high as his father. He doesn't even look like his father, much less act like his father.' Again I thought very seriously of changing my name, but unfortunately I mentioned it to a newspaper man who made such a fuss about it that it would have done me no good at all, even if I had changed it. There I was, stuck in Paris, until finally Jesse Lasky, who had been a friend of the family for years, allowed his sentiment to get the better of his judgment temporarily, and offered me a job. I am afraid that his sentiment lost out shortly afterwards, but in the meanwhile he gave me a job as a stock actor at £10 a week. It sounds good money, but actually I was entirely responsible for keeping a roof over my mother's head and with the £10 I also had to help my grandparents, as well as an uncle and aunt. Father had apparently no idea how hard up we were, and when I got home from the studio I was 'bottle washer and cook' to the family. But, at that early age, being 'head man' was a very pleasant sensation and I was very conscious of my importance.

"The first picture I made on my second arrival in Hollywood was *Air Mail,* with Billie Dove, Warner Baxter and Mary Brian. It was an interesting aeroplane picture, in the Nevada Mountains, near Reno—my first experience of it. Reno divorces had not become popular then and it was still quite a tiny place in the midst of the desert. During the making of the picture we visited several of those Western "ghost towns," abandoned by gold prospectors overnight. It was extraordinary to see the poker chips still lying on the floor round the tables, as well as worthless gold stocks and even occasional bills. I remember noticing how several of the houses were built of bottles cemented into the walls because timber was so scarce and there were a lot of bottles because the prospectors drank so hard. I had only a tiny part in this film, but followed it up with *Wild Horse Mesa,* another location picture, with Jack Holt, Billie Dove again, and Noah Beery.

"At that time I was rumoured to be engaged to almost every girl in Hollywood, but the one I was seen around most with was Betty Bronson, who had played in the film version of *Peter Pan.*

"Shortly after finishing this film they came to me and said that there was a terrible slump in Hollywood and that I must take fifty per cent cut in my salary or they would be unable to exercise their option of retaining my services at the end of the twelve months. You notice how they always cut the salaries of the little fellows first. If they tried it on the stars, the latter would walk out into the opposition studios then and there. Which reminds me of the hysteria that has been reigning in British studios. These slumps are new to them. In Hollywood they occur regularly every four or five years. Everybody is used to them. But to get back to my own sad little story. I accepted the cut in salary but when option time came round they didn't take it up, so I might just as well have had that badly needed £5 after all. However, I had made a lot of friends. Pola Negri had arrived and her feud with Gloria Swanson was in full swing. I knew them both, and used to go to their parties, and I also knew Rudolf Valentino, and was fascinated by him. He had real virility and imagination and style. Valentino combined showmanship and intelligence, and both without offence. There were all sorts of rumours about his ultimate death, but the official verdict was one of natural causes.

"I also saw father at this time. He was making *The Thief of Bagdad.* But, generally speaking, people only tolerated me, neither acclaiming nor declaiming me. I was always an also-ran, living mostly on promises until I got another job. In Hollywood, one's credit remains fairly good for quite a period of time. Tradespeople there are used to actors and actresses. At this stage of my career I did an odd assortment of quickies, in what is known as 'Poverty Row.' Once I got down—but was glad to do so—to thirty shillings for a day's work. Then, all of a sudden, after two parts in two pictures, the names of which I cannot remember, I was suddenly selected to play in *Stella Dallas.* It was a terrific thrill. Samuel Goldwyn made the choice of every part a matter of nation-wide importance and prodigious publicity, followed by the announcement of the lucky actor or actress chosen for each part. I was given all sorts of tests. Finally they put a false moustache on me, for, though I was able to grow one for myself, it was too fuzzy and indeterminate at that youthful age.

"Having finished *Stella Dallas*, I received a lot of attention for some reason or another. This was particularly satisfying because I got it on my own merits and not through having the same name as my father. I won't say that many people asked for my autograph, because in Hollywood they are so used to actors and actresses that even the stars are taken for granted and only the out-of-town people show any interest in them.

"Over there they have a phrase called, 'Keeping up with the Joneses.' This means maintaining a 'front' of some kind. It is a form of snobbery made necessary by managers and producers who don't want to give jobs to people if they think they need them. So we moved house. It was rather an expensive one, but father was so pleased with my recent success that he gave me my first motor car and our reconciliation was complete.

"For some time I played round in several pictures with my salary going up all the time. Unfortunately, although any amount of money was spent on them they were all flops and so I suffered with them. But I was already getting philosophical and took nothing too much to heart even though I had to play small parts again for four or five months. I could not afford to take many of them, however, for when you have reached a certain professional status in the trade, you can't drop your leading parts for 'bits.' If you do, you have to start all over again to climb out of the rut. You can imagine, therefore, it was pretty hard work keeping up this 'front,' and having to turn down jobs which were badly needed but which would have lowered questionable prestige. I had to take a long view of the situation and, as I say, to realise that it is better to play nothing, than a 'bit.' Prejudice is so strong in Hollywood. The small parts I did do were in stage shows in art theatres and clubs. Curiously enough, etiquette permits you to do this. It was regarded as a combination of getting more acting experience and of a stunt. I even played Romeo. I am afraid, though, that I was getting terribly affected. I had developed a hero worship of John Barrymore, and wore long hair and low-cut collars. I was horribly artistic, always cultivating arty cliques and getting fanatical ideas about politics. I pretended that only the unconventional was interesting—and yet it could not have been more dull. I even wrote poetry. I had almost enough verse to make a book of it. I also wrote articles for a magazine called *Vanity Fair*, and did my own illustrations. Neither the articles nor the illustrations were terribly good, but they attracted attention because the material was about well-known people in the public eye whom I knew. When I read them over not long ago, they struck me as being most impertinent.

"This extreme period through which I went was, I am sure, self-defence against my personal slump. It was the outcome of an inferiority complex. I was determined to make myself conspicuous somehow or another, being without a job. The only balance I had against these enthusiasms and rebellious attitudes towards society and life in general was an old man who lived on a hill called Thomas G. Patten. He had been quite a big figure in the diplomatic service until he lost his money and health. He was a profound scholar who had lived a very full life and was good enough to straighten out my problem for me. I saw my father occasionally at this time and felt rebellious even towards him. It was a resentment against any one or anything which spelt achievement. I felt I was bursting with everything necessary for success and yet somehow no one noticed it. I felt a terrific martyr and everything I did or thought was magnified out of all reason in its importance to myself. Every nibble of a job was the offer of a great part. Every time I was turned down—and this frequently happened—it was the conspiracy of a group

(*Continued on page* 110)

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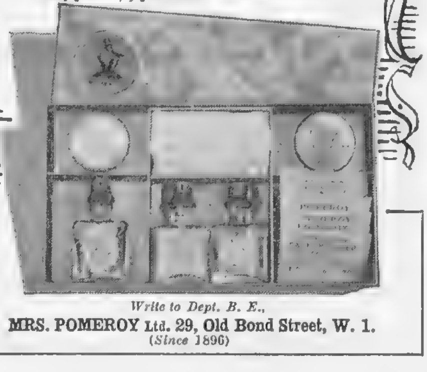

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of producers who were blackballing me in secret conclave. And if I had an unfortunate flirtation, nothing so disastrous had happened since Beatrice left Dante. To put it as briefly as possible, I had developed, without any possible excuse for it, the most fantastically full-blown ego that any young man under twenty had ever acquired. It was only through the toleration of the people who knew me before this period that I was able to get over it—this and a continuance of bad times which finally made me realise that my unfortunate position was entirely my own fault and not due to the way the world was run.

The worst blow of all occurred at about this time. I had taken tests for a very big part indeed, and decided with the whole family, to build a new house on the strength of it. I invited relatives to come and join us and even sent them their railway fares. I became condescending to every one I met. I ordered five suits at the most expensive tailor, costing between £25 and £30. They were actually for use in the picture. Then one evening, to my absolute horror, my agent called at the house to say that the part about which I had been so boastful had been written completely out of the picture. Well, it was a bitter blow, but I had acquired this strange defence against life and refused to show it. My whole world had been knocked from under my feet. The balloon I had made for myself had been pricked. I realised that I could not afford to be a defeatist any more. I tried to dismiss the subject and suggested we should all go to the theatre and celebrate, because I had never really thought much of the part as suggested, anyway.

"At this time I was engaged to Helene Costello, the sister of Dolores Costello, but that broke up soon afterwards and my cup of bitterness was full. Looking back, I really feel a little sorry for myself. This pose of mine worked at the time. Mother said, "Isn't Douglas wonderful? Isn't he courageous?" And yet I was eating my heart out. After all, I was only eighteen. Yes, I must have been a queer boy. I studied elocution. I wore striped coats and the brightest mufflers. I did have a few men friends, but they all looked rather doubtfully on me, not being sure whether I was a genius or just "nuts." I must have been pretty lonely, and I'm afraid I blubbered when nobody was looking, for I was given to terrific fits of self-pity, though I would rather have died than let anybody know it. Besides, I was afraid that it would get back to my father, and I was determined to appear to be independent. I wanted him to think that the reason I was not working was because I didn't approve of the parts offered me.

"Then I had a piece of luck. I played in *Young Woodley*, on the stage. The show got marvellous notices and the critics were nice to me. After the first night, Charlie Chaplin sat with me until two o'clock in the morning on a kerbstone outside the theatre. I remember he went on talking until after the streets lamps had been turned out. Then he took me off to some café and I did not get home until after 5 o'clock in the morning. I was in the seventh heaven of delight with Chaplin, and to have him talking to me about me, could not have been more flattering.

"Next day I received an invitation to go to a party from a girl called Joan Crawford. I had only just met her. Soon after that we started going around together and within six months we were engaged. It was about that time that when I was playing in a well-known play called *The Jest*, in San Francisco. On New Year's Eve, which was the last night of the show, I celebrated too much. I started giggling in the most dramatic scenes. Fortunately, there were only about twenty people in the audience. I was so horrified the next day that I swore I would never touch a drop again. Worse still, mother and father got to know about it. Naturally, they were simply furious. They thought that no drink had ever touched my lips.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE)

Seconds Out of the Ring

(*Continued from page* 15)

where it was and hurried into the clubhouse to ring up their solicitors.

On their way further insults and threats were hurled between them.

"I'll be briefing Sir Oswald Parkins, K.C.," Wullie shouted out. "He'll twist the guts oot of ye!"

And Hamish, not to be outdone, yelled back.

"Och, to hell with that! I'll be having Sir Godfrey Mordaunt, K.C., and Roland Vine, K.C., forby. Ye'll jist be a rare mess with the twa of them on yer back!"

THE glad tidings soon spread to the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn. Even while it was still only a rumour, divers learned K.C.s, not to mention their juniors, began taking down certain heavy volumes from their dusty shelves and polishing up their knowledge of the law on patents. They knew pretty well what the argument was about, and there was a glorious array of authorities to choose from. Starting with Anderson *v.* Anderson in 1853 there had been a whole host of rulings, most of which, except to a properly trained legal mind, seemed flatly to contradict one another. It looked really as though it were going to be the windfall of the century. Far be it from them to contemplate making a case last longer than it need, but with any luck it seemed that this could not possibly be settled in a day under three weeks. It was going to cost £30,000 if it cost a penny. So it was not surprising that they all began to wear a jaunty expectant look like débutantes on the eve of their first proposal.

Wullie, on the other hand, after the first hot wave of bellicosity had died down, began to look anything but jaunty. His experience of the law so far had been confined to hearsay and one or two appearances for unruly behaviour long ago in the police court at Glasgow. That had only cost him a few shillings. This seemed likely to be a very different kind of affair, much worse than he had ever anticipated. His misgivings increased every time he went to see his solicitors. It was days before he could get them to say anything about the cost of the proceedings. That came out incidentally as a matter of no importance. They mentioned—oh, so sweetly and casually!—that the brief would be marked at two thousand guineas with a hundred guineas refresher for every day in court, and Wullie just quietly passed out.

He hardly slept a wink that night in spite of having emptied the whisky decanter. For he knew that was by no means the end of it. There was the junior to pay—three-quarters as much again, and expert witnesses, and heaven knows what else besides. Of course, Hamish would lose, and Hamish would have to pay the costs. But wasn't there some scoundrel called the taxing master who lopped off large chunks as being excessive? Who was going to pay that part? And again, supposing by some awful accident Hamish didn't lose! Supposing . . . Wullie came out in a cold sweat at the back of the neck when he thought of that. He just managed to bear it for twenty-four hours more; then he decided that there was only one thing to do, and that was to swallow one's pride and go and have a talk with Hamish, who, after all, was a reasonable Scotsman.

Hamish was in his office and gave him a sharp shrewd look as he walked in.

"Weel, weel, so ye've come to see me, Wullie. Now what can it be that ye've got to say?"

Wullie sat down without answering, and Hamish put his head on one side and went on.

"Can it be that ye're getting cold feet, Wullie?"

"No fear!" Wullie answered stoutly; he knew he would have to go about this with great care. "I jist wanted to give ye a chance to settle oot of court. They say I've got a case that's an absolute sairtainty."

"That's verra strange, Wullie," Hamish retorted, "because

(*Continued on page* 112)

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I'm told I simply canna lose it. They're all quite positive aboot that. And so they ought to be with the price they charge! My wor-rd, ye'll have an awfu' big bill to pay at the end of it, Wullie!"

"Aw, that's nothing to me—and *I'll* no be paying it, anyway. . . . But jist as a matter of interest, Hamish, what are they asking ye?"

"Twa thousand guineas for the damned K.C. alone!" Hamish broke out bitterly. "And the laird knows what mair besides—and it's money down, too, before ye go into court. They dinna even trust ye that far!"

"Aye, it's pairfectly ineequitous! All that money for a lot of blather."

Both men paused for a moment, shaking their heads sadly over the wickedness of the world. Then at last Wullie put his head on one side and went on:

"Ye know, Hamish, I've always had a sneaking admiration for ye, although ye are a liar and a cheat—and a damned bad gowfer forby."

Hamish, always cautious, now eyed him with the gravest suspicion.

"Ye're maistly up to some dirty work, Wullie, when ye start handing oot the compliments."

"Na, na," Wullie waved this aside. "But I was jist conseedering that, in spite of their twa thousand guineas and all their sairtainty, ane of these damned K.C.s is going to turn oot to be wrong!"

"That's true enough, and he'll have pocketed his fee whether he's wrong or no."

"Aye, he will! And then there's anither thing. The patent's mine—there's no possible doot aboot that. But if it didna happen to be mine, then it wud be yours. I'm willing to admit that."

"That's verra kind of ye, Wullie. And I'll admit that if it wasna mine, then ye'd have mair right to it than any ither body."

"That's jist what I'm getting at, Hamish. Wha'ever that patent belongs to, it sairtainly doesna belong to a pack of thieving K.C.s, and it's they who'll be getting it all if we're no careful."

Hamish sat back with half-closed eyes.

"I dinna want to be hard on ye, Wullie," he said. "Ye've only to admit that ye never had any right to the patent and we'll call the whole thing off."

"Na, na!" Wullie shook his head. "This matter's got to be settled once and for all. I'm no withdrawing from the case."

"Weel then, what's all the blather aboot?"

"It's jist this, Hamish. I've foond oot that there's jist ane wee bit of sense in the Law after all."

"Then ye're mair perspicacious than I am, Wullie."

"Aye, I always was that. But this is the wee bit of sense that I've foond oot. Ye're no obliged to employ lawyers if ye think ye can get on without them. Ye're at pairfect liberty to conduct yer ain case."

Wullie paused a moment for this to sink in. Hamish thought it over very carefully and at last slowly shook his head.

"It's too deefficult a matter, Wullie. Ye've got to be a lawyer to know even where to begin."

"I think I could do it fine!" Wullie retorted.

"Na, na, ye dinna even speak the language. Ye couldna make them understand."

"Is that hoo ye really feel aboot it, Hamish?"

"Aye, it's a pity; it would save a lot of money. But that's hoo it is."

"Weel, weel, I was afraid that would be it. But I understand verra well. Ye see, ye havena got a really guid case like me, Hamish. Ye'd need a first-class K.C. to make anything oot of it at all."

"What's that ye say!" Hamish was rising satisfactorily to the bait.

"I jist said ye hadna got a case. And then again ye havena got a guid, open, honest face like me, and ye canna express yersel'. Oh, I can weel understand that ye'd make a verra puir impression on yer ain."

Hamish had jumped wildly to his feet, thrusting his chin forward.

"I'm a better man than ye are, Wullie Alexander, and ye know it fine. I'll fight ye onywhere and in ony way and gi'e ye a licking."

"Weel then, ye'll fight it oot man to man in court?"

"I will that!"

"Not anither penny on solicitors or counsel?"

"Not anither penny! They've had a packet already, damn them."

Wullie held out his hand.

"Guid for ye, Hamish. I'll trust ye this time."

Hamish took the hand in a vice-like grip for a second.

"It'll be a grand scrap, Wullie. Guid luck to ye."

Wullie walked straight to the door with the aggressive swinging motion of a kiltie.

LINCOLN'S INN during this period was like the Stock Exchange just before one of Hitler's speeches. Rumour held full sway, and the stocks of various K.C.s had spectacular rises and falls as it was whispered that they had landed or failed to land the prize. The tension became more acute still when a date was fixed for the hearing and still nothing definite was known. The truth was simply not believed when at last it did come out. It was impossible, scandalous, an outrage! After that, when the rumour was confirmed, their mood changed from incredulity to blind rage, and from blind rage to not very convincing amusement. The K.C.s and juniors who had been so full of hope now drifted in silence through the vast corridors with the wan dignity of jilted lovelies.

Finally, when the case was called, a good many of them could not resist the temptation to drop into court and see what was happening. There was the Bench in all its majesty, the clerks, the police, the ushers; but down there in the arena where there ought to have been such a galaxy of robed and whispered talent, what was there? No

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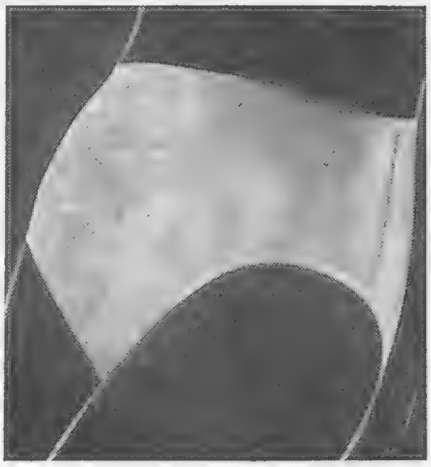

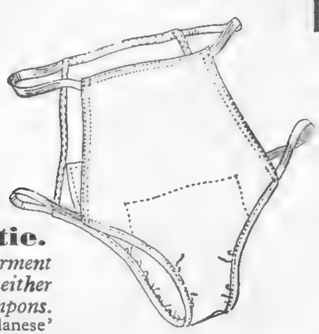

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solicitors. No counsel. Not a wig. Not a gown. It was like a bare unfurnished room robbed of its brocades. Just an immense area of yellow varnished table, and round it nothing but the stocky, tough, unsuitable figures of Sir William Alexander and Sir Hamish Mackay. And they were not even adequately dressed for the occasion. It was a very hot day and they had come in flannel trousers, unbuttoned coats, and much too visible belts.

Wullie and Hamish remained blissfully unconscious of what was being thought around them. They spoke neither to each other nor to any one else. Their minds were fully occupied rehearsing over all the telling points which they had already practised declaiming in front of their shaving mirrors. As a result of this preoccupation, they did not notice the entry of the judge, and had to have their shoulders tapped by the usher before they scrambled to their feet.

Meanwhile, His Lordship had looked sourly at the court, bowed, and sat down. Having sat down he paid no further attention to any one for some minutes, but proceeded to deal with his private correspondence. However, at last he wearily leaned forward.

"Which of you," he inquired, "is the plaintiff in this case?"

Wullie and Hamish immediately both rose to their feet, and His Lordship stared at them incredulously.

"I asked," he repeated, "which of you was the plaintiff in this case?"

"We're baith plaintiffs," Wullie said shortly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"We're baith plaintiffs," Hamish kindly explained. "Ye see, I'm complaining that Sir William has done the dirty on me, and he's complaining—verra erroneously—that I've done the dirty on him."

"So there's no doot that we're baith plaintiffs," Wullie ended triumphantly.

His Lordship treated this suggestion with the contempt that it deserved and did not deign to answer. He opened another letter on his desk, read it, and finally went on very slowly and methodically.

"According to the submissions here, Sir William Alexander is the plaintiff. Which of you is Sir William?"

"That's me here!" Wullie bobbed up.

His Lordship winced at the grammar, but proceeded with the same weary, caustic precision.

"Very well then, as you are the plaintiff, the other party to the case, Sir Hamish Mackay, will be the defendant. I think it may save the time of the court if you could succeed in memorising that. The normal procedure is for the plaintiff's counsel to begin by stating his case." (Wullie bobbed up again here, eager to get on with it; but he was immediately waved to his seat.) "I wish, however," the judge proceeded without hurrying, "in view of the unusual circumstances to address you both very seriously. I do not know and I am not going to ask how it is that you both appear here before me unrepresented by counsel. I am merely going to point out that this is likely to be a long and difficult case. The law on the subject of patents is complicated—very complicated indeed."

"It wasna me wha made it complicated!" Wullie interrupted indignantly. "And it wasna Sir Hamish, either."

For a moment the judge looked round dreamily as if to ask, "Are such things really happening here?" Then at last he gathered himself together again and went on:

"I have not suggested," he said patiently, "that it was either you or Sir Hamish who made the law complicated. I am simply stating that it is very complicated."

It was now Hamish's turn to interrupt.

"It's yer ain fault and no oors if ye've let it get addled," he said loudly. "The question between Sir William and mysel' is a pairfectly simple matter. We're jist needing some ither body to decide it for us, and that's all."

His Lordship seemed stifled for a moment.

"I am willing to allow you every reasonable latitude," he said. "But you must not interrupt me again, especially with such frivolous and irrelevant observations. I am going to adjourn for one week to give you time to reconsider your decision and make proper arrangements, and when you appear here before me again, you will be suitably attired. Court adjourned!"

HIS LORDSHIP looked considerably more human when he had removed his robes. On this occasion he looked very human indeed. He was striding up and down his room in his shirt sleeves and a towering rage. Hell's bells, he kept muttering, they can't go on like this! Don't they realise that *I'll* have to do all the work if they don't get counsel to sift and digest it for me beforehand? It's not my place to do that. Why, damn it all, I might forget something, make some serious mistake, and I haven't even got a jury to put the blame on.

Discreet pressure was accordingly brought to bear on Wullie and Hamish during the following week to see the error of their ways and observe the conventions. But it availed nothing. As a matter of fact, by now Wullie and Hamish had rather overlooked the fact that they were suing each other. The struggle was developing into one of these modern undeclared wars between the two of them and the High Court of Justice.

When the case was called again on the following Monday, Wullie and Hamish both appeared in lawyers' gowns: silk ones, too, such as only the K.C.s wore. These were quickly removed from them by the scandalised ushers before His Lordship appeared; and they were then revealed in the same disreputable raiment to which he had already taken exception.

Once again His Lordship looked sourly at the court, bowed, and sat down.

"You are improperly dressed again!" he said sharply. "I spoke about that last week."

"That's no oor fault," Hamish answered in an aggrieved tone.

(*Continued on page* 114)

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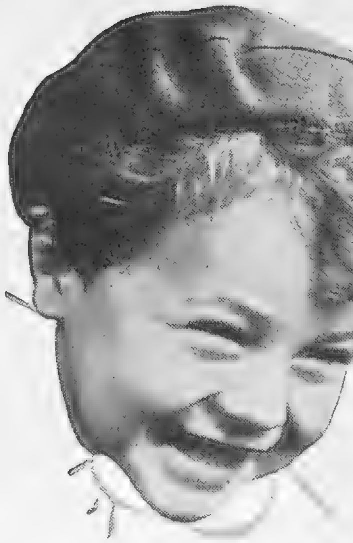

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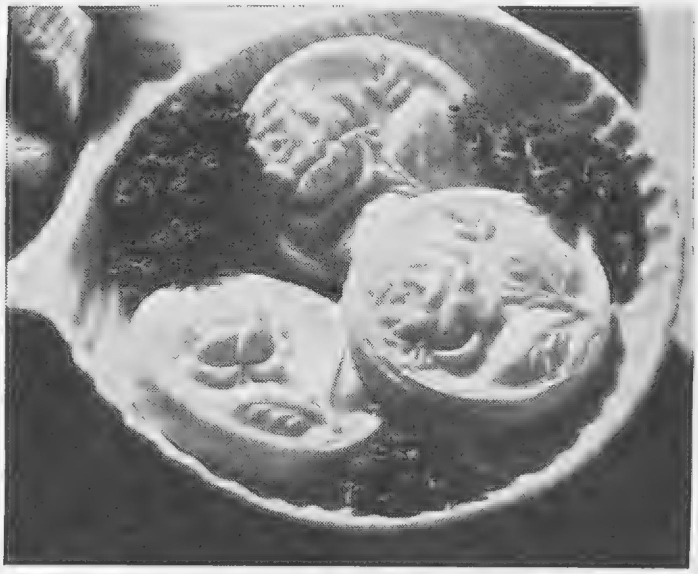

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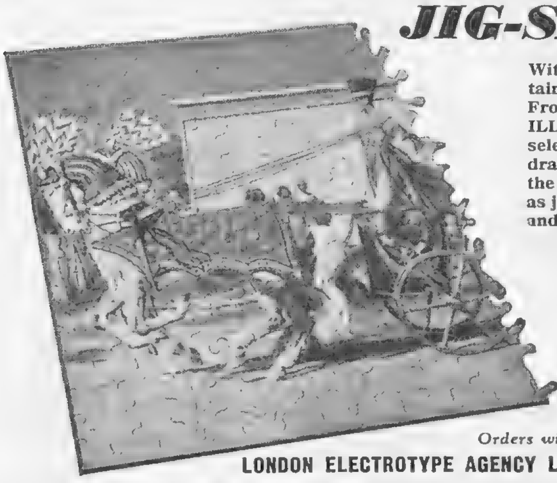

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"We got oorsel's a fine pair of black gowns, but they took them away from us."

"Oh, what does this mean?" His Lordship stared about him querulously, and the clerk proceeded to do some curious gymnastics standing up on the seat and whispering in his ear.

His Lordship listened, frowning; then slowly sat back and addressed the pair of them again.

"I shall pass over that matter for the moment," he began heavily. "But am I to understand that you both still persist in ignoring my advice?"

"Aye!" said Wullie and Hamish simultaneously and shortly.

"I am not accustomed to having my advice ignored," His Lordship continued with great dignity. "Before we go any further, I must know your precise reasons for doing so."

"That's a verra simple matter," Wullie answered promptly. "It wud cost far too much money to take it!"

"But there is a great deal of money involved in this case!"

"Aye, there is—a packet! And Hamish and me are no letting any ither body lay a finger on it."

His Lordship sat back looking deeply offended. Even Hamish thought that Wullie had expressed their point of view with rather stark crudity, and he gave him a nudge and murmured in that terribly audible whisper of his, "Whist, Wullie, can ye no see ye're vexing the man?"

Hamish then turned to the judge and tried to put it more agreeably.

"Wud ye let me try to explain, me lud?"

"I should be deeply grateful," His Lordship said sourly, "for any one to explain it to me."

"Weel then, it's jist like this," Hamish went on. "We'll suppose I was going to a doctor wi' a pain in the belly——"

"Surely this is not very relevant!"

"Oh aye, it is, me lud. But we'll call it a pain in the neck, if ye like, for that's what Sir William's been to me for a great many years."

"Sir Hamish, I must really ask you to confine yourself——"

"It's no guid asking me, me lud. I'm telling ye, and I'm telling ye jist this. I know fine mysel' where the pain is, and I dinna need a pack of ither doctors to do the talking for me. Ane's enough, and all I want is to be cured of it."

This was too much for His Lordship's patience. He suddenly threw down his pencil and rose to his feet.

"This is outrageous!" he stormed. "I—I . . . I shall . . . Court adjourned!"

Hamish and Wullie watched him open-mouthed as he stalked out of court again, then they turned and looked at one another in disgust.

"Och, to hell with this!" Wullie exclaimed. "What d'ye say, Hamish? Wull we settle this in oor ain way?"

"Aye, come on!" Hamish answered at once. "Itherwise we'll be jabbering here for the rest of oor lives."

Before any one realised what was happening, both their coats were off and they were slamming and bashing at each other across the solicitors' yellow table. Ushers, attendants, K.C.s and juniors hurried down to separate them with the result that the fight soon became general, and the air was filled with the shrill sounds of tearing silk and rending wigs. It was the police who finally restored order. When they had done so, Wullie and Hamish were transferred in custody from the litigants' table to the dock and there summarily fined a hundred pounds each for contempt of court.

THAT was the end of the celebrated case of Alexander *v.* Mackay. That night Wullie and Hamish travelled up in the night express to the purer air of Scotland. The only damage they had suffered was a slightly black and drooping lid on Hamish's left eye, and a contused abrasion on Wullie's chin. They were both in high spirits and sat side by side on the sleeping berth, celebrating, with a bottle of whisky on the washstand.

"Wullie, ye're as bonnie a fighter as ever ye were!" Hamish said admiringly.

"Aye, and ye're no so bad yersel', Hamish," Wullie generously replied. "I saw ye get in a fine bash at ane of them gownies."

"Weel, they ought to have kept oot of it, should they no?"

"Aye, they should—but I'm awfu' glad they didna!"

Glasses were refilled, drained, and there was a silence.

"All the same," Wullie went on at length with a note of sadness. "Twa hundred pound was an awfu' price to pay jist for a wee scrap like yon."

"Aye, it's jist terrible," Hamish agreed. "I always knew them gownies would get it oot of us ane way or anither."

Another pause. Once again the wickedness of the world was overwhelming them. Then at last Wullie managed to find a crumb of comfort in it.

"Ah, weel," he ended resignedly, "after all it might have been guineas!"

END

Shock Times for Diplomats

(*Continued from page* 9)

Grandi, no such Fascist or Nazi name suggests itself. In Washington is Signor Suvich, once prominent as the Duce's Foreign Under-Secretary, but the young man flopped in that post as he has since failed to put himself over in America. There are no more Luthers or Neuraths. Instead, Foreign Office permanent officials such as Dr. Dircksen of London. The totalitarian way is to favour the employment of bureaucratic officials who will never become stars, to change them quite often—who can mention off-hand the names of the Italian Ambassadors in Paris and Berlin or of the German Ambassadors in Washington and Rome?—most people would not be able to, because the names are not only as good as unknown but their bearers have not been in their present posts more than a short while—and, thirdly, to send out "hot men" to this and that country when a special or big job has to be done.

Sometimes, perhaps, not so hot—as in the ase of that special envoy, Von Papen, whom Hitler rushed out to Ankara in the hope that he might queer the pitch for our alliance with Turkey. A second "special" is Herr Wohltat, who, after negotiating the economic and general-pressure arrangement between the Reich and Roumania, left immediately afterwards for Burgos to try and do the same with Franco. Dr. Schacht has been used for imilar missions. And so has the great Göring himself, sole member of the Nazi ierarchy to journey regularly to foreign ountries *en mission*. Göring has been to Poland, Hungary, the Balkans, Turkey, Tripoli, Spain, and, of course, Italy, even to the French Riviera.

Von Ribbentrop's system of obtaining guidance from Nazi embassies and legations, he laid down himself while serving in London. It is also to a large extent the Fascist or Ciano system. It is based on reliance for accurate information on the large, educated, and well-placed Nazi (and Fascist) colonies established within the western democracies and other countries. There has never before been anything like these controlled colonies, studded with hand-picked agents moving in every stratum, every useful member card-indexed and instructed that he or she is permanently a personal outpost of the homeland. What finer forcing ground for observers, listeners, for persons acquiring the general trend of opinion, especially when intermingling with them in camouflaged guise are members of the Gestapo and the Ovra? This is no "sensational writing"; we know it to be happening. And it has succeeded so well on occasion that the Nazi Foreign Minister has been able to report to his leader, as he did last September, that he knew for a positive fact that the British would not then (*Continued on page* 116)

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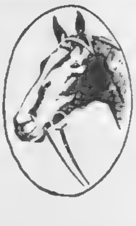

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fight. Hence the destruction of Czecho-Slovakia was possible of being put in train.

The totalitarian envoy is the fountain-head of all this information. It is up to him to know the relative value of the information or opinions brought to him, and to boil matters into an understandable whole for forwarding to his chief. On the result, he is judged. Whether totalitarian envoys are men of culture and charm, maintaining respect and admiration for their countries, whether their banquets and *soirées* are among the most brilliant, scarcely matters any longer save in the surviving case of Count Grandi, though we may expect the Duke of Alba to enter the lists should he remain in his present post.

The last German effort to charm was that of Von Ribbentrop himself during his quaint eighteen months' tenure of the London Embassy, for half of which time he was cruising the Continent as the Führer's special reporter. Handsome, a good mixer from his champagne selling, a fine linguist, attractive to the ladies but also a man's man, Ribbentrop was given a swollen cheque with which to double the size of the Carlton House Terrace Embassy, and decorate and furnish it lavishly, so that here might be given the most brilliant diplomatic occasions of the season, at which all good pro-Germans in high society could "share." And how there were wads of them in those days, from dukes and duchesses down, and one wonders if they are a trifle ashamed of themselves to-day, for having been such idiots and dangers to their own country; though probably they are brazenly nothing of the kind.

Ribbentrop's job was to pull the wool over our eyes, amid wooing of the blood-is-thicker-than-water type, of how-we-Germans-like-and-admire-you-English. Bolshevism was eternally flaunted before us as the only enemy. But the stupid English were not to be hoodwinked; at any rate, not the Press which early on christened the spectacular new envoy Von Ribbenflop. And flop he did, his triple Nazi saluting of the King, at a Buckingham Palace audience, proving the last straw. And Ribbentrop withdrew, beaten and angered, humiliated, to the Berlin Foreign Office where, you may be sure, his subsequent rudeness to Britain's envoy was the comeback of a small man unable to stomach a failure caused by his own gaucherie among people *not* so easily taken in as may appear from surface signs.

The advantage the dictators enjoy in the matter of maintaining secrecy of plans and preparations has never been better shown than by the hush-hush conditions that surrounded the throwing up of the Siegfried Line last year. All not employed on the construction were simply conducted out of the vast area involved, and all engaged on the intensive work, to the tune of 400,000 German nationals, were closely watched at their job by day and in barracks by night. Chances of leakage were reduced almost to zero. Result: the democracies were not certain how far the work of construction had progressed when show-down September came. (Hitler averred the job was finished, but gave himself away later, in December, when he said that the line would be finished by Christmas.)

The same one hundred per cent secrecy is made to enfold totalitarian projects and moves in "The White War" waged on the diplomatic chessboard. Young third and fourth secretaries cannot blab about this and that in the offing or about to befall, if only because their own chiefs are unaware of such projects which are kept the exclusive property of a minimum of absolutely necessary pivotal men who will preside over the new move on the *tapis*. The general effect of which is: shock times for diplomats.

By a stroke of good fortune, the credentials of Sir Percy Loraine to Rome were made out just in advance of the overrunning of Albania, otherwise Mussolini might have declined to receive the new ambassador until his papers had been altered to include King Victor-Emmanuel as King of Albania, a change Britain has not recognised. A good example of the hard life ambassadors have to weather these times concerns Lord Perth. As Sir Eric Drummond, he left the Secretariat of the League, "with bells on," to take the Rome Embassy. That was in 1934, and no sooner had he got to Rome than the Abyssinian affair began, and for the next five years the Lord Perth-to-be experienced about the most painful passage any British Ambassador has had within living memory. Possibly because of his League connexions, the Duce treated him with contempt when he didn't bark openly at him. If Lord Perth kept the Foreign Office accurately advised of feeling in Italy, and of the general trend there, as I believe was the case, he deserves a signal honour in his retirement. For every known obstacle was put in his way.

The suppression of Ethiopia, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Albania, has meant the disappearance of several dozen diplomats of varying category, although some have refused to give up their legations to the conqueror (as with the Czech in the United States). Other envoys engage in strange handing-over, as when Franco's victory meant the Spanish Government ambassadors making way for the Nationalist representatives in capital after capital. In Paris, the outgoing Spaniards spent the last day skinning the embassy of everything possible, for shipment to Mexico pending the return (?) of a republic to Spain. I was in Tangiers the night the parallel handing-over occurred there, and it was a more reasonable affair. The two men conferred exhaustively for three distant but courteous hours at the American Consulate, after which the outgoing fellow departed for friendly Casablanca. The Italian minister, Sig. Rosso, had offered his flamboyant house for the rendezvous, but the Franco man, Dr. A., had refused.

It is here, in Tangiers, that our consul, ranking as minister, has been a source of some worry to local Britons who say Mr. Keeling is pro-Fascist, having a Cuban-Italian wife, sons with Franco's army, etc., etc. There is quite a clique against Consul Keeling, headed by a sturdy seaman from "down under." One allegation was that, instead of being at his post, Mr. Keeling was at Salamanca during the September crisis. Was he perchance sent there, as a friend, to try and keep Franco neutral? After all, it is possible. A second suggestion was that Mr. Keeling took no interest in his own British colony and spent his time with cosmopolitans, of whom there is no lack locally. Far be it for me to take sides, yet it is a fact that the allegations against Mr. Keeling have been heard of late in other climes, against British diplomats. That these are pro-Fascist, or take insufficient interest in furthering the good name of their own countries; have a profound contempt for the Press, which is sheer nonsense nowadays, however parts of the Press may behave; that they mix only with the aristocracy; make no effort to explain events in their own countries; that the tendency to develop into aloof snobs, with concomitant shrinkage of usefulness, is not on the decrease.

Another thing that more and more British diplomats must develop is a grasp of finance and economics; while, if not acting as propagandists, they must be ready to interpret their own people and events at home, compete, to put it bluntly, with the mass of lies and disparagement spread abroad by certain "ideologists." It is hoped that Lord Lothian may do this in the United States. The outgoing envoy did not, nor did he or his lady exercise particular tact with the Washington correspondents, of whom there are five hundred, among them some of the most influential people in the country. One has heard the same sort of thing in the Balkans where the British Council has been working nobly to explain Britain in lands whose British envoys should be tackling this job themselves.

It is also argued that the efficiency of the Service will be advanced if automatic promotion is made to give way to promotion by merit, and early pensions introduced for worthy diplomats with no obvious future. On more than one occasion in recent times, chargés d'affaires have been of more use than their ambassadors. (*Continued on page* 118)

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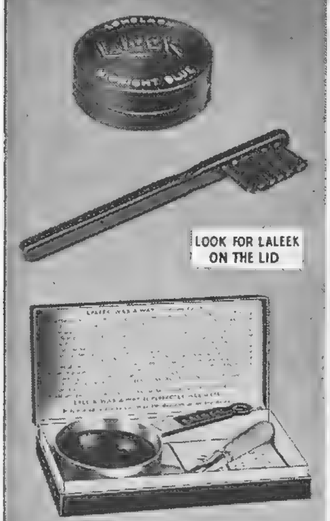

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Shock Times for Diplomats

Sometimes the Americans strike it lucky with their envoys, sometimes not. The trouble is that the Service is not sufficiently a career one, and that the highest posts usually find new nominees after each Presidential election. There is an absence of continuity, of specialised training, because the highest the career men are allowed to get is councillor of embassy.

THREE of the present Americans, in London, Paris, and Rome, are pretty hot. Mr. Kennedy needs no introduction here, nor all the little Kennedies. Mr. Bullitt is something of the same sort of live wire, in Paris. If a failing could be unearthed with these two gentlemen, it may be that they like too well the countries to which they are accredited, and show it too obviously, while at the same time registering more than dislike for certain other latitudes. Henry P. Fletcher, in Rome, probably refrains from too great a personal show of sentiment and opinion—at least, that is, if he is the former Under Secretary of State who presented the writer to President Harding, in the White House, eighteen years ago.

Messrs. Kennedy and Bullitt are the two livest wires in the game, yet even they are unable to deal normally with shock times and have to report back personally to the President as often as thrice a year. This is called "clarifying the situation for the home government," and it does need periodic clarification when the dictators have been on the war—or what they would term the peace-through-justice—path!

ENVOYS have a way of unexpectedly earning the spotlight and then of fading out. Who remembers Sir Esmond Ovey now? Yet, six years ago, at the time of the Metropolitan-Vickers sabotage trials in Russia, Sir Esmond was all over the front page when he had to be switched over to South America for having a regular rumpus with Foreign Commissar Litvinoff. British envoys rarely have rumpuses. They may be shot at and severely wounded, like Sir E. Knatchbull-Hugessen, in China; he had better luck in Turkey than in China, having been the man on the spot, who saw the Anglo-Turkish pact through. This is about the greatest kind of success a diplomat can expect these outrageous times: to have his name linked with local preparation of the ground, conducting to successful final negotiation. They may be slighted and snubbed, like Sir Nevile Henderson, or partially ignored, as was the Earl of Perth over a period; they do not get hot and bothered. It would be impossible to imagine this happening, for instance, to such a suave mortal as Sir Eric Phipps, who inhabits the most "intriguing" of all embassies, the former love nest of Pauline Bonaparte in the rue St. Honoré. The only other embassy to equal it for colourfulness must be the Palazzo Farnese in Rome, built by a future Pope, Paul III, and which included among its decorators Michaelangelo.

At the Farnese hereabouts is a remarkable envoy indeed. M. François Poncet was interested in French heavy industry before surprisingly going to Berlin just before Hitler. Possessor of the quickest wit and sharpest intellect, François Poncet's work for the Quai d'Orsay has been voted uniformly first rate. What is more, he came to be a friend of the Nazi leaders, and the Führer sent his own plane to collect the ambassador on the latter's departure from the Reich for a no less difficult post in Rome. M. François Poncet surprised the Germans by being such a family man—did successful Frenchmen usually run to a young brood of eight? Another trait did not so surprise: François Poncet's record as No. 1 diplomatic wit and inventor of half the humorous yarns and quips about dictators and their henchmen. After Berlin, Rome has now strangely begun to ripple with these anecdotes, not a few revolving round the criticised young Count Ciano who did more than any other to bring down the German yoke on Italy.

END

That Old Feeling

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Sometimes," said the girl, "I'm sure of it."

But she let him take her over to the "Fort George" for breakfast and by the time he was stowing her into the car for the ride to Saint Clements their names were Elsa and Johnnie. Then Johnnie mentioned to-night.

"You see," he said, "I have to come back here, because John Diehl wants to be brought out, so's he can leave for God's Lake in the morning. How about dinner?"

"In those clothes?"

"Beneath a rough exterior," said Johnnie, "beats a heart of gold."

"You'd never be the one to deny it," Elsa answered, trying to look stern and only succeeding in registering that this was the time of her life. Then she turned serious. "But I can't have dinner," she said. "I'm sorry—honestly. I have another date."

The pilot tried to debate the point. Dates were made to be broken. Anyway, how'd she know when she made it that things were going to be like this? Going to be like what? Well, er, like this—you know. She was still sorry. "All right, then, have it your own way," he said. "If you don't want to come, I'm certainly the last guy on earth to keep on asking you. Do you give this geologist, Gillespie, the same kind of run around?"

The flat of a gloved hand met Johnnie's cheek squarely. Without another word, he pulled over to the sidewalk, reached across and pushed the door handle down. As she stood erect beside the car, it leaped from the kerb and missed a passing truck by an eyelash's eyelash. He drove six blocks before he could collect what he presumed to be his thoughts, decided to go back and apologise, thought better of it by remembering about passengers. Oh, well, she only had a couple of blocks to walk, anyway. Not until he was pulling in behind the hangar to park did he realise that her baggage was still in the back seat.

Johnnie was silent and red-faced as he fired the starter and took off, because Diehl was complaining about being held up and so were some of the others, but as they swung west and circled the hospital a girl in a nurse's cap waved from a top floor window. Probably some old hag, Johnnie thought, but felt better anyway. When they landed at Sachem River, Diehl asked about getting back to Winnipeg later and Johnnie said that would be fine. There were two or three loads of package freight waiting at the upper end of the tractor road to be moved into Dill Lake. He'd ferry them across and be back about three.

Johnnie checked in at the radio station, where he spent ten minutes writing on message blanks, which he crumpled into ball shapes and threw away as soon as he had written "I still have your bags." After that he spent the next four hours flipping supplies across from the winter road into Dill Lake.

Diehl was nowhere in sight when he got back to Sachem and Johnnie paced up and down beside the ship like a husband hanging around a department store, damning all engineers and coupling them in his thoughts with members of the geological fraternity. After half an hour he walked up the hill to the Mine Office and told the accountant he'd better get a message to Diehl that the plane would be leaving in ten minutes, with or without. Mightn't be another ship in for three or four days, the way the weather looked. The hoist man found the engineer on the three hundred foot level and he came running fifteen minutes later, just as Johnnie was getting ready to pull out alone. The sky, beginning to dull over before they left, was dusk when they reached the half-way mark and blacked out before they came over the city. Johnnie landed close in to the hangars to miss the wires. He laughed when Diehl said it was pretty late to be flying over the back country. Obviously, Diehl wasn't hoping to see a blonde.

Johnnie fished into the back compartment for his bag, collected Elsa's luggage from the airport office and

(*Continued on page 120*)

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phoned a taxi. At seven o'clock he was standing outside the Nurses' Home at Saint Clements, disguised in urban habiliments, hoping she'd come out that way. At seven-eighteen he went in and asked for her. At seven twenty-five she appeared, and said, "Hello, Johnnie. Nice to see you," as though there had been no face-slapping that morning or any other morning. Johnnie said, "Hello, Elsa. I brought your bags." The girl made no move to pick them up.

"Well," he said, after some minutes of this, "guess I better be going."

"Aren't you going to carry the bags over to the elevator first? I always thought you liked carrying bags."

"Oh, that's an old habit. I finally got it down."

But he carried them over and Elsa said, "Wait here while I take them up to my room." So he waited.

She came back, and they went into an alcove and sat down.

Elsa said, "I'm sorry about this morning."

Johnnie said, "Me, too. It was all my fault."

He finally noticed that she was wearing her coat and hat, so he said, "Well, I guess I better be going."

She said, "That's too bad. I forgot to tell you I broke my date."

Johnnie practically went into a ground loop.

If a girl slapped your face and then broke a date to see you, she must think you were okay. They walked as far as the car line, Johnnie forgetting to remember that taxis had been invented. He didn't say a word all the way downtown, because he felt too good to talk. They went to dinner at the "Saint Charles" and danced awhile. Afterwards, they walked back to the hospital because Elsa said she wanted air.

Enderby left him at the Winnipeg base while Manners went back to Transportia for a check-over. Every morning Johnnie flew passengers into Sachem. All day he ferried freight from the tractor road to the mines around the country. Every afternoon he watched the sky and the weather reports with all the anxiety of a margin victim studying the gyrations of Oompah Gold, telling himself it would be terrible to have to tie up at Sachem or Dill overnight. But when the weather was clear and the ceiling high, he'd go hoicking down the alley singing "*Dum*-di-*dum*-di-*dum*, I got that o-o-old feeling." Those were days, my masters!

Life was like that for a week, until the day Gillespie pulled in on Twenty-four from Transportia to buy supplies for Spirit Island. The same afternoon Manners flew back to take on his regular chore again and Johnnie, coming in at sundown from Dill Lake, was handed a note from Enderby which read, "Come home. All is forgiven." He called Elsa, and before he could tell her his troubles she said, "Oh, Johnnie, I'm sorry, but I can't see you to-night." The Conquergood world seemed to be going into a tailspin.

"Listen, angel cake," he pleaded. "I'm pushing off to Transportia in the morning, back to my regular job. Manners came back to-day."

"Oh, damn! That spoils everything. I had to make another engagement, Johnnie. One I can't break—honest."

"But you've *got* to break it, Elsa. I may not see you again for a couple of weeks!"

"Look, Johnnie. I had to make a dinner date which means a lot to me. Something I have to do to be decent. But I can get away by nine and meet you. I'll tell you all about it then. All right?"

Johnnie was feeling better again. "All right if you say so," he said. "Make it nine o'clock in the lobby at the 'George'."

At the mail desk in the rotunda, where he stopped on his way to his room, Johnnie met Gillespie going out, looking like a plush horse. The item didn't seem particularly pregnant at the minute. This was the guy he had beaten out. Probably a very nice guy, too.

"Hullo, Gil," he said, "that's a swell suit you got there. Who's keeping you now?"

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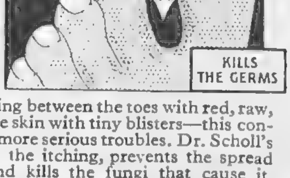

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Gillespie said, "Ah, there, Johnnie! What goes on? When you coming back on your own run?"

They shook hands and parted, and Johnnie walked over to the elevators in a glow of charity towards the defeated. But suddenly, as his car passed the fourth floor, a thought hit him between the eyes with the force of a berserk brick. His mind had become involved with one of those fantastic concerns which the fifth-grade arithmetic likes to couch in such terms as, "A young lady leaves her home at seven o'clock to keep a dinner appointment with a gentleman, postponing an engagement with an aviator in order to do so. At seventeen the aviator meets her former sweetheart, all trigged out like a broken shin. So what?" It was the answer to this simple conundrum which had felled Johnnie Conquergood as surely as if he had been struck by a blunt instrument. Obviously, it was "Girl two times boy."

A COUPLE of strong, quick ones only made him more certain that he was just a grade "A" flying fish. He ordered dinner to be sent up, and sat in an arm-chair, outglaring the soup tureen. Then he selected a crusty roll and hurled it across the room. None of these physical or spiritual exercises served to expel the angry gloom from his soul, however. At half-past eight he went down to the lobby and tried glowering at a page, who said, "'Night, Mr. Conquergood!" Nothing seemed to help.

At five minutes past nine Elsa came through the swinging doors with Gillespie, who tipped his hat and walked towards the elevators. So I was right, Johnnie thought. The old runaround.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," he said as she approached. "It was nice knowing you."

Elsa looked unhappy.

"Listen, Johnnie," she said. "Sit down and let me tell you what it's all about."

"You don't need to bother. I may be a sap, but I still have my eyesight. Anyway, I guess I made a good stand-in. Or did I?"

"You're acting like a big baby, Johnnie Conquergood, and you know you are. For goodness' sake be sensible!"

His knowledge that her statement was completely accurate didn't help much.

"Okay," he said, "call it baby. Shall I tell you what you're acting like?"

"No. You can spare me the pleasure. I know all the single-syllable words."

"My God, Elsa! Last night we spend two hours talking about getting married . . ."

"Don't worry. I wouldn't marry a man with a temper like yours for all the Japs in China."

"Don't worry is right. Your option expired six paragraphs back!"

"It must be nice to be listed on the open market again."

This last with the calm frigidity peculiar to angry women in love.

JOHNNIE and the KD2, plus the hangover essential to keep the performance in character, cleared for Transportia at daylight.

Enderby came out on the dock to meet him and said, "Hi, Johnnie! How is Winnipeg?"

Johnnie glowered. "You've been to Winnipeg. Why ask me?"

"Oh, skip it," said the manager. "You ain't the first guy who ever had blonde trouble."

"What do you mean, blonde trouble?"

"Nothing, nothing. I was just thinking of something Chuck said in a letter. Skip it, will yuh?"

Johnnie looked sultry, but he said: "Okay, skip it. Where do I go from here?"

"The boss says to tell you he wants you for that freight contract from Jackpine into the Elysium. We got ninety tons to move. Mostly mining machinery."

"Right," said Johnnie. "I'll get my stuff together and push off after dinner."

Johnnie ripped into the Elysium freight pile like a bulldozer tearing at stumps and boulders. Up the alley at daylight with a cabin-load of machine parts, timber and plank. Back to Jackpine to load again and scuttle north across the wilderness. Three trips a day, day in and day out. Loading ship at night to be ready to go at daylight. Enderby radioed him to quit taking chances with weather, but the Elysium outfit were riding hard for deliveries, so that was just a matter of form. In two weeks the Jackpine freight pile had been pared to less than half the size it had been when he blew in with his hangover to move it. He had even managed to erase Elsa completely from his mind, except while in the air, lying awake in his bedroll, or hanging around the Jackpine bunkhouse. He was, he told himself, practically a cure. That was his state of mind as on the third week-end out from Transportia, the Saturday he had the message from Enderby to fly across to Spirit Island on Sunday and report to old man Murdoch for a charter trip back to the railroad.

Johnnie didn't want to go to Spirit Island. Why couldn't Enderby leave him alone until this job was finished? Why couldn't he send a ship from the base to get Murdoch? Why hadn't they held Craig there overnight, when he took the mail in? Sure as hell Gillespie would be around, laughing in his parka. What if Elsa should be there, paying her old man a visit? God! She might even be one of his passengers! Maybe the best thing to do would be to quit, right now, and get a new job back east.

The weather at Jackpine on Sunday morning was of that indefinable texture called lousy. The radio report said it was better at Spirit Island, but still not so good. Johnnie considered the idea of messaging Enderby that he couldn't make the flight, but about eleven he took off, landing just before noon and phoning from the shack down by the lake to the mine, to say he was there and ready any time. The young fellow in the mine office said he'd tell Mr. Murdoch right away. Would Johnnie wait near the phone?

Her old man called back in about five minutes. "Your party will be right down, Johnnie. How about the weather?"

Johnnie said it was all right, but he'd like to be on his way (*Continued on page 122*)

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as soon as possible. Well, it was something not to have to go up to the mine and meet everybody. Probably they all knew the story by now and were laughing at him for the sucker he was. He'd get out of here and back to Transportia. Then he'd tell Enderby he wanted to quit as soon as they could find a relief man. He was still rehearsing resignation speeches when he heard Murdoch's snowmobile coming down the trail through the woods.

Elsa and Gillespie were in the back. So that's it, is it, he thought? Honeymoon flight. Right about then Johnnie had murder in his heart and a couple of equally angry clichés in his thoughts. Without so much as a hello, he turned his back and walked down to the ship to take the cover off. Elsa and the geologist followed him down the shore, Gillespie carrying the two valises which had started all the trouble, plus an eiderdown bedroll.

Gillespie lifted the baggage into the cabin. "You all ready, Johnnie?" he asked.

"All set."

"Well, good-bye, Elsa."

"Good-bye, Gil. Thanks for everything."

"Listen, Elsa," Johnnie said, after she had stepped up into the cabin. "What about Gillespie? Isn't he coming?"

"No."

"You mean you and he aren't going places together?"

"For goodness' sake why should we?" Elsa laughed one of those female laughs which get their auditors exactly nowhere, particularly when the solitary auditor happens to be a young man who is dangerously in love with the lady who laughs. Johnnie decided that the business was altogether too screwy for him to fathom. Charter jobs for one passenger, and that passenger a nurse who just happens to be a mine manager's daughter. Oh, well. . . . He gunned the motor and taxied out. Elsa waved to Gillespie on the shore. So they were still that way, were they? Well, why not?

As he cut the gun to swing into the wind for the take-off, Johnnie felt a tap on a shoulder and looked up, just as the ship started to roar across the lake.

Elsa shouted, "All right to sit up here beside you?"

Johnnie shouted back, "You can't be shot for just sitting!"

They rode in silence for almost an hour, until they had passed over Jackpine. The weather was sticky and the air bumpy, and Johnnie was glad for that, because it gave him all the alibi he needed for not breaking into small talk. Seeing her again like this made him realise as sharply as ever that he had been hit on the head by a wagon tongue. He just had to find out where he stood. That was all.

Five minutes south of Jackpine he made his decision. Had he better call Transportia? Aw, the hell with Transportia! The engine roar died to a chuckle, the nose tilted down and the KD2 turned into a sweeping bank over Cormorant Lake. Female curiosity overcame his passenger.

"What's happening now?" she asked.

"Forced landing," he grunted, and kept his eyes groundward. Otherwise he might have seen the phantom of a smile fluttering about her lips. The skis whisked snow and the KD2 settled into a gentle landing. Johnnie gunned the motor and coasted inshore. Then he killed the engine and leaned back in his seat.

Elsa asked, "How now?"

Johnnie said, "Here we are. Glad you remembered your sleeping bag. I'll throw 'em both out and you can bring your grips."

"Where?"

"Up there. Nice, quiet, empty fire rangers' cabin. Light fire. Cook supper. Wait for rescue."

She said, "But Johnnie——" and thought better of it. Let him play the hand.

They wallowed through the snow to the shack and Johnnie foraged for stove wood. After that he went back to the ship and brought up an armful of canned goods.

They ate in silence. Johnnie couldn't figure what it was he wanted to say, or where to begin saying it. The girl still held to the view that it was his deal. After supper they sat by the stove on a couple of empty dynamite boxes and smoked, neither saying anything of moment, barring small talk about the weather and the chances of being picked up. Johnnie said: "Oh, we're right on the alley. They'll find us in the morning if the weather's decent." After that they were silent again; Elsa because she hadn't selected an opening gambit, Johnnie because he was thinking that he didn't want to be picked up to-morrow morning, or any other morning.

Finally she said: "Any unfinished business to come before the meeting?"

And he said: "Look here, I just want to get the record straight. I apologise. You know what I mean. For the way I acted that last night in Winnipeg."

"You didn't give a girl much chance, did you?"

"How do you mean, much chance?"

"To explain. About Gillespie, I mean."

"What was there to explain? He came to town and you wanted to go out with him. Why not?"

"Johnnie Conquergood, sometimes I think you're the biggest cluck I ever met. Do you know why I went out to dinner with Gil that night?"

"Sure. Because he asked you. The only trouble, you were just playing around. Me, I was being serious."

Johnnie got up and threw wood into the stove. That way he could turn his back on her. He didn't want to show her his face just then. It might tell her too much.

"Darling," she asked, "will you ever

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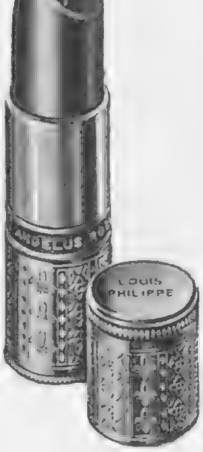

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learn sense? Gil came in on the sleeper from Transportia and called me at the hospital. I didn't know you were going back in the morning. So I said yes, I'd meet him for dinner. Know why?"

"My God, Elsa, I've been waiting for you to say why for damned nearly a month, plus the last couple of hours since we landed here. I'll bite. Why?"

"Well, the answer, my sweet," she told him, gently and in a half-whisper, "is that I wanted to tell Gil about us, and that I couldn't be seeing him any more."

Johnnie Conquergood made a four-point landing on knees and toes beside an empty dynamite box. After that, blackout.

Half an hour or so later, Johnnie began to do a little practical thinking. "Listen, sweet," he said, emerging from a rainbow haze, "while you get yourself tucked into your bedroll over by the stove, I've got to go down to the ship. Won't be long."

Back in the pilot's seat he clipped on the headphones and tapped the key. He listened and then called again, repeating the procedure perhaps six times. After the last, and longest, pause he chuckled and slipped the phones back on their hook. When he came back to the fire rangers' cabin Elsa was buried to the chin in bedroll. He unrolled his own bag and took off his boots. Then he tiptoed across the room and kissed her before sliding into his eiderdown.

"Gosh, this is grand," she whispered across the hut.

"Not half as grand as it will be by this time to-morrow."

"Why, what'll be the difference to-morrow?"

"You and I will be in Drawing Room A, eastbound on Twenty-three. Honeymooning."

"But suppose they don't find us?"

"We'll find ourselves. Get up in the morning. Cook breakfast. Fly home. Get married. Just like that."

"Conquergood, you wouldn't fool a girl, would you? Will that crate fly?"

"One shot on the starter, angel, and we go to town."

Lovely feminine laughter, the sweetest a corny aeroplane pilot ever heard, pealed out from the stove corner.

"Oh, Johnnie dear," she said. "You're worse than I am. Here am I, all compromised to the last shred and I did it to myself. What about our forced landing?"

"There wasn't any forced landing, Miss Murdoch. I just sat down to talk to you awhile."

She lay silent for a minute in her corner. Then she said: "Well, I can match you. What did you think of your charter load to-day, Conquergood?"

He said: "I was as mad as hell. Where were you supposed to be going in all that hurry, that you couldn't wait for the mail plane, Monday?"

"Nowhere special. I had to see you and find out, that's all. What's a girl supposed to do when an intrepid aviator walks out on her? Take up knitting? I tried that, and it doesn't work. So I flew in Friday to see dad, and told him all about everything. Old Bill likes you, Johnnie, and he likes me even better. So I pushed him around until he radioed Stan Stannard for a ship and said it had to be you. That's how we framed *you*, Mister Pilot. Then you framed me right back."

They laughed again, just because it felt so grand to be laughing together. Then Johnnie announced that the occasion was one calling for immediate celebration. So he got up and brewed a pot of tea and they sat by the stove and talked the night away.

By half-past seven they were stepping off Cormorant Lake, heading for the railway.

"Nurse," said Elsa, "Barely Averts Fate That Is Worse Than Death!"

"Pilot," retorted Johnnie, setting the elevators, "Shows Heart of Gold Beneath Rough Exterior!"

Over Little Spruce Falls he clipped on the headphones and threw in the switch.

"Conquergood to

(*Continued on page* 125)

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STRIPED SWEATER

In our issue of May last, on page 70, detailed instructions were given for knitting an attractive striped sweater.

The wool to be used was referred to as Templeton "Ayr," whereas it should be Templeton's "Ayrbeam" wool, which can be obtained everywhere.

Should any reader experience difficulty in obtaining their requirements, Messrs. James Templeton & Son. Ltd., Worsted Spinners of Ayr, Scotland, will be happy to help them in any way they can.

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That Old Feeling

Transportia," he called. "How's the weather? You listening, Charlie?"

"Yair, I'm listening. And wait till Enderby sees you. Then it'll be your turn to listen. You had this outfit grey-headed until we got your call last night. What's the big idea?"

"Skip it, Charlie. Got your pencil handy? Then take a letter. 'Reverend Johnson, Firedale. Dear sir. Please charter plane forthwith and be at Airways office, Transportia, by nine bells to marry me and my gal. Sincerely yours.' Now get hold of the railway and hire me the drawing-room on Twenty-three to-night. Name of Mr. and Mrs. Conquergood. Oh, and hey, Charlie! Add a P.S. to that letter and tell the parson to bring a licence!"

"What kind of licence; dog, beer, or shotgun?"

"Listen, mug. What did I tell you from this same old crate a month ago? Well, this is my big day. I got that old feeling, Charlie, and I'm going into the marriage business!"

"They say it's nice work if you can get it," said Charles, and went off the air.

END

Midsummer Health Bill

(*Continued from page* 40)

eked out by a little steamed fish or the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff foam and two teaspoonfuls of Glucose D and two of fresh cream stirred in.

This would also be correct if sickness and giddiness were present. But if the colic persists, call in the doctor, for it may presage a serious complaint.

Berry Poisoning

IN spite of all kinds of warnings, children gather bright berries from the hedges, often as food for their dolls, and then cannot resist a taste.

Symptoms vary with berries, but generally the child comes home flushed, uncontrollable and petulant, finds it difficult to breathe and yet keeps on falling asleep between sharp spasms of discomfort.

Give an emetic, either of two tablespoonfuls of salt in half pint of water, or one tablespoonful bicarbonate in same, or if the child cannot swallow these, induce vomiting by plunging two fingers down its throat.

Send for a doctor, but keep the child awake, even if it fights and seems half delirious. Give raw eggs beaten up with milk, and if these induce greater pain, another emetic. If the child refuses to swallow, don't force it. Be careful to keep what is brought up for diagnosis.

Boils

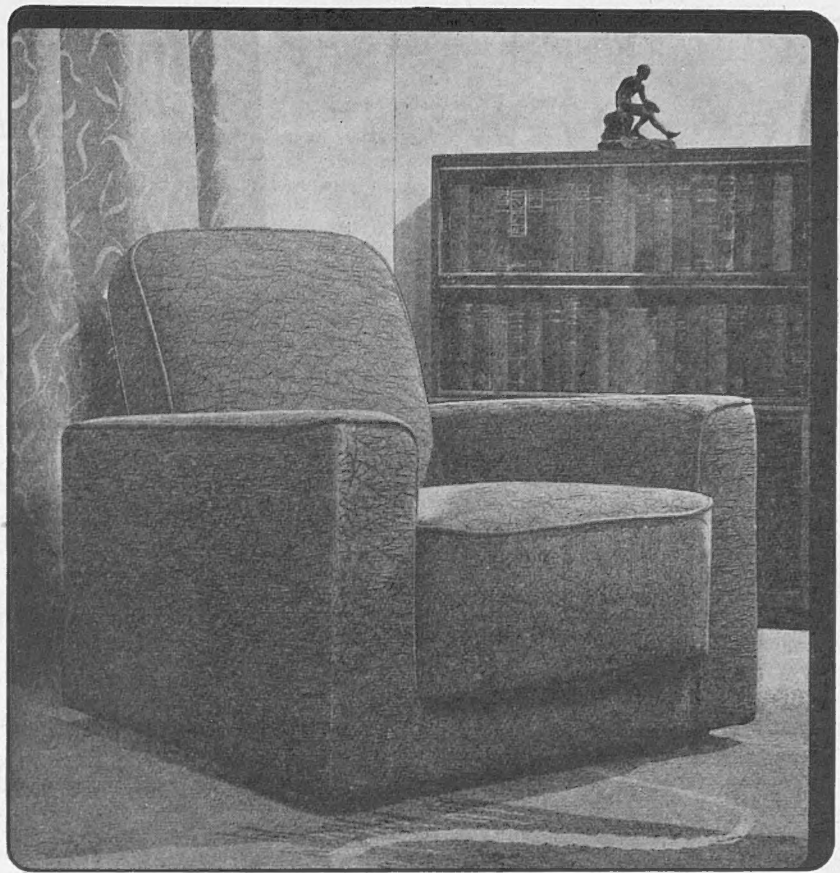
THESE should be bathed once every two hours with hot boric water (one teaspoonful boracic acid powder to a pint of boiling water). Dab this on the swellings with teasings of cotton-wool, a fresh teasing for every dab, and then throw them into a special container where they will not contact anything, as boils are highly infectious.

Continue the fomentations for at least two days after the swelling has burst, wiping it over with hydrogen peroxide after each bathe. Next powder heavily with boracic acid and leave exposed to the air, if on the face. If on the body, dress the boil between bathes with pink lint wrung out in hot water, waterproofed in with a piece of jaconet and secured by a bandage, until it has burst. After this conclude the two-hourly bathes with hydrogen peroxide and boracic acid, replacing the lint with a piece of dry gauze.

Warning: It is better not to lance or prick at home. Go to a doctor to do this.

Take Stanoxyl tablets as directed on the tube, and fifteen drops daily of Radio-stoleum. Also fresh fruit and salads in abundance. Keep off salt foods.

STIES: Follow the same diet and bathing routine as for boils, except for the peroxide. Call on your chemist to inquire whether, in your case, mercury ointment would be good.



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No—that almost artificial whiteness is probably due to a certain brand of magnesia that turns the dingiest teeth white. It has been found that 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid, by its chemistry in the mouth removes the acid stains so many have on their teeth—especially hard smokers.

Get for yourself the dentifrice that contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' and watch your teeth whiten day by day until they are a natural white—and stay that way. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their clients. Not because of its remarkable whitening action, but for its amazing effect on acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia will absolutely correct any acid condition of the mouth. But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube.

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Scotland and the Scots

Land of Beauty and Romance

No country surpasses Scotland in the attractions it offers to the tourist or the resident. Within its borders is every kind of scenery. There are lush pastures, moorlands, mountains, great pine forests, picturesque waterfalls and rivers and lochs which have inspired the most eminent artists. The coast has wonderful variety—golden sands backed by dunes, sea-lochs winding far into the recesses of the mountains, lovely straits and bays, and stupendous cliffs and innumerable islands haunted by myriads of sea-birds.

Every form of sport flourishes. Golf courses are in or around every city, town and village. Facilities for tennis and bowling are everywhere. Football draws enormous crowds. The rugby game is identified with famous colleges and public schools. Hockey and badminton are popular. Yachting on the Clyde provides exciting matches. There are frequent horse-races. Grouse shooting on the moors and deer-stalking among the mountains attract thousands of "guns" every year, and Scotland is the angler's paradise. The salmon reaches on the Tay, the Dee and the Spey are famous, and like the shootings, command large rentals.

Scotland being a small country every place is within easy reach of the centres of population. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway, colloquially the L.M.S., penetrates to the most remote villages. On the main routes sleeping-cars make night journeys comfortable while in the daytime meals are relished in the dining-cars without the traveller missing any of the glorious scenery through which the trains are swiftly moving.

The company's hotel at Gleneagles is a palatial edifice replete with every luxury and commanding a magnificent prospect.

The climate of Scotland varies. In the east it is dry and cold but invigorating, on the west coast it is humid and mild. On the shores of the Moray Firth the rainfall is the lowest in the country. Among the hills the rain comes down heavily, but this has the beneficial effect of helping the fishing.

The stranger coming to Scotland should select one of the comprehensive tours from the L.M.S. programme. Cost of living is reasonable and is a matter of individual taste and inclination.

For all-the-year-round residence most people prefer the cities. Glasgow, the great commercial metropolis with its stirring life and warm-hearted citizens, is an excellent centre despite its unfriendly critics.

Edinburgh, the capital, has, like its western rival, a famous university, celebrated scholastic institutions, hotels and boarding houses to suit every class; theatres, music halls and picture houses, facilities for select and popular dancing and municipal and private golf courses.

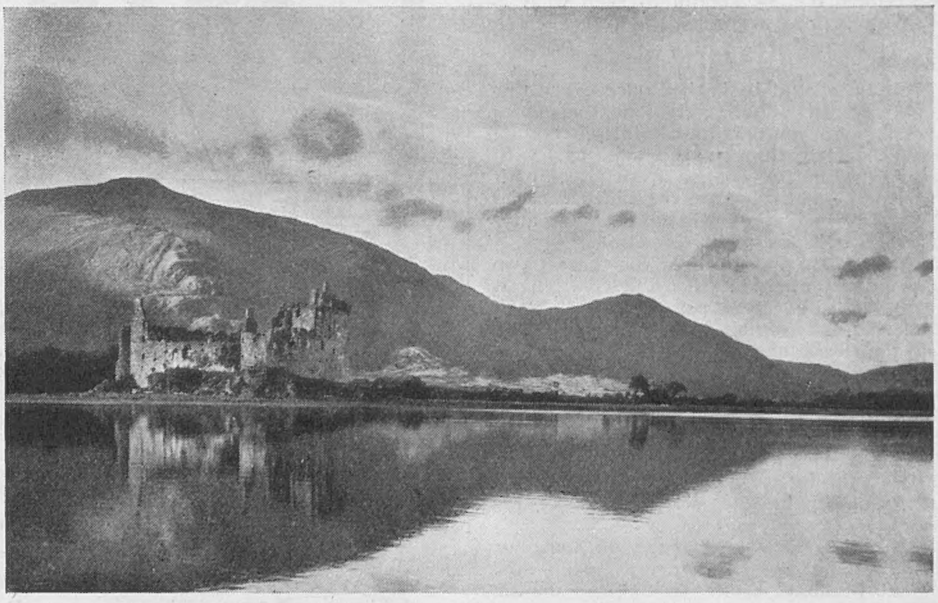
Formerly Scotland suffered from a depressing Sabbatarianism. These times are past. On Sundays railway and other traffic is as brisk in the season as on the busiest weekday, and the principal trains have their full refreshment service.

Throughout Scotland there are many places whose natural attractions make them ideal for holidays and perennially for lovers of quiet ways.

Taymouth Castle Hotel, at the east end of Loch Tay, is unique. Aberfeldy, the nearest station, Dunkeld and Pitlochry, in the vicinity have typical Highland scenery. The Hotel Hydro at Peebles and the season Spa at Strathpeffer specialise in every form of curative treatment. Bridge of Allan has mineral wells of long-established fame. Callander, the gateway to the Trossachs, is steeped in the romance of *The Lady of the Lake*. Rothesay, Dunoon and Largs on fair Clydeside are foremost among British watering places.

The Highland section of the L.M.S. penetrates the Grampian fastnesses to descend by the Speyside holiday haunts to Inverness. From the Highland capital the Caledonian Canal is a favourite tourist route to the world-renowned Oban ("The Queen of the West.") North of Inverness one of the most sublime railway routes winds from Dingwall by mountain, moor and loch to Kyle of Lochalsh. From there it is only half a mile "over the sea to Skye," that marvellous island, the delight of sportsmen in general and of mountaineers in particular.

Still farther north than Dingwall lie Dornoch with an L.M.S. hotel, famous golf links and exhilarating sea bathing; Lairg, the doorway to the fascinations of the north-west and finally, the northernmost town on the mainland, Thurso, on a bonnie bay which is the place of embarkation for the Orkney and Shetland Islands.



A view of Kilchurn Castle across Loch Aire, Argyllshire

1.7.39

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